THE

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

VOLUME LXXXVI.

JULY—OCTOBER, 1866.

"Truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep."
SHAKESPEARE.

„Wahrheitsliebe zeigt sich darin, daß man überall das Gute zu finden und zu schätzen weiß."
GÖTHE.

AMERICAN EDITION.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY,
38 WALKER STREET, WEST OF BROADWAY.

1866.

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WESTMINSTER REVIEW,

No. CLXIX.

FOR JULY, 1866.

Art. I.—Tenant-right in Ireland.

1. *Contributions to an Inquiry into the State of Ireland.* By the Right Hon. Lord Dufferin, K.P. London: John Murray. 1866.
2. *Speech of Mr. J. S. Mill on the Tenure and Improvement of Land (Ireland) Bill.* "The Times" of Friday, May 18, 1866.
3. *Digest of Evidence taken before her Majesty's Commissioners of Inquiry into the State of the Law and Practice in respect to the Occupation of Land in Ireland (Devon Commission).* Dublin. 1847.

It is not surprising that the leading politicians of England should be irritated, if not staggered, on finding their favourite maxims concerning property in land publicly impeached by the combined voice of the best scientific thinkers and the sterner logic of national disaffection. It was perplexing in the extreme to discover, after years of impotent legislation, that Indian zemindars were not landlords, and Indian ryots perversely resisted the process of transmutation, by State alchemy, into English tenants. It was trying indeed to have to pay with the price of half a continent for the bitter lesson that Pennsylvania colonists demand very different institutions from those acceptable to Lowland graziers and Hertfordshire peasants. But the cup of misgiving and stupid wonder was not full till it began to be whispered, in tones louder and yet more loud, that hard by the very shores of England and Scotland—nay, within the magic circle of the British Isles themselves—there were to be found habits and usages conflicting violently with those most cherished in England—a population determinedly resenting every attempt to assimilate the two,—and claims, notions, and watchwords echoed from every side strangely unfamiliar to the English ear, and striking, as it would seem, at the very root of all order and established law.

It had, indeed, already begun to be dimly understood, not without lurking shame and helpless remorse, that the Catholic majority of the Irish people had for ages past undergone a truculent and insolent persecution far exceeding that practised by the most intolerant despotisms of Europe. It had been noticed at last, after the desultory fashion common in Irish discussions, that the Celtic temperament differed from the Anglo-Saxon, and that the memories of enforced annexation, and of alternate revolts and re-conquests, still smouldered beneath the surface with a virulence as exasperating as it was inextinguishable. All this was to a certain extent admitted and allowed for in every English speculation (so far as a certain vague and intermittent attention deserved the name) on Irish affairs. Such grounds of international discord were, in some indefinite measure, intelligible, and even pardonable. It was only when the rules and notions applicable to landed property in Ireland were found to diverge from the time-honoured English type, and the phenomenon declared itself unmistakeably that a nation speaking the English language could survive to the nineteenth century without tenant-farmers' or landlords' improvements, and in their place hereditary tenancies-at-will and a certain strange usurpation called "tenant-right," that the full tide of English incredulity and petulant opposition began vehemently to flow. Since then has been witnessed the pitiful spectacle of statesmen, otherwise large-hearted and sagacious, floundering ignominiously amidst a chaotic mass of details the most minute, and generalizations the most unlimited. Every form of speech that could alarm the timid or stimulate the feeble-minded by the alternate force of misstatement and exaggeration has been recklessly laid under tribute; every mode of seductive fallacy, every variety of combination that could diversify the use of the terms "rights of property," "claims of ownership," "inalienable interest in land," and the like, has been spasmodically and distractedly resorted to. The dead past has been conjured into life, and the most obsolete and untenable assumptions of mediævalism have been unblushingly reproduced. If by the mere process of passionately taking arms against a sea of troubles it were possible always to end them,

the perplexities of English statesmen in relation to the tenure of land in Ireland would long before this have received an effectual quietus.

It happens, however, unluckily, that there is no question of the day where the weapons most in use are more palpably unsuitable to the conflict, none which more imperiously insists, for its determination, on patient argument in place of rude declamation, and self-restrained moral and political sagacity in place of recriminating egotism. The proper relations to be recognised and promoted between an increasing population and the severely confined territory of a long-inhabited country present in turn almost every problem that can occupy the gravest thoughts of the statesman and the philanthropist. The several aspects presented to each class of observers have to be precisely discriminated, and their relative value and importance made to furnish ground for a correct arrangement and orderly subordination. There is the social, the economical, and the legal view of the same aggregate facts, each view involving distinct complexities, and none of them wanting in its special interest and importance. Again, there is the policy of the remote future, and there are the immediate exigencies of the absorbing present; in intimate union with either of these, and furnishing no mean guide to both, are the traditions and associations that derive all their light and meaning from the history of the past. So far is it from being true that the Irish land question can be dismissed by a vulgar appeal to the popular passions and prejudices of the English nation, by an inexact use of large and undefined terms, or by a puerile grumbling, because the laws and customs that commend themselves so irresistibly to the instincts of Englishmen seem very far removed from the dictates of an universal reason in the eyes of all other civilized people on the face of the earth.

At every stage of political controversy there are three distinct regions of thought and discussion, which it is convenient to prevent, as much as practicable, from encroaching upon one another. There is, first, the ultimate ideal which, according to their special preferences, those engaged in speculation hope some time or other will be reached. If men differ about this, the discrepancy can scarcely fail to be reflected in all their further debates and operations. Those who prefer quiet to improvement, obedience to independence, the security and luxury of a few to the general amelioration and spontaneous energy of all, will carry their prejudices into their most colloquial talk and most insignificant legislative act. The hue of the fountain will reappear, however diluted, in the most distant rivulet. Thus, though nothing is more confounding than to import into the discussion of some narrow question of ways and means large and indefinite terms, yet, on the other hand, so long as people differ hopelessly as to the end before them, all attempted co-operation in providing the means is exposed to the hazard of being illusory and ineffectual.

The next question in order is, as to what kind of general policy is most suitable to the present conjuncture, taking into consideration the history of the nation, the current events of the day, the obstacles likely to arise, either among the people to receive the new law, or else in the administrative body itself by whom the law is made, and paying due regard to all other transitory circumstances likely to affect the operation of such law. The third question generally turns on the peculiar merits of some special measure professing to carry into effect the general policy demanded by the wants of the day, and, in so doing, to promote the advancement of that more far-sighted and comprehensive policy (whatever it may be) on which the eyes of all wise and benevolent legislators should be ever unswervingly fixed.

Now, applying these observations to the Irish land question, it cannot be doubted that, unfortunately for Ireland, the widest discrepancy does exist among English statesmen as to the ultimate aim to which all legislation is to be steadily directed. This discrepancy is none the less glaring and unfortunate because it is only obscurely and hesitatingly confessed, and is for the most part shrouded under terms which, when strictly defined, everybody agrees to respect and employ. On the one side are those, of whom Mr. Mill is the coryphæus, who will rest content with no other policy for Ireland than that which contemplates a time when every Irishman will be no longer a dissolute pauper, but an independent farmer, labourer, or artizan; no longer ignorant and slavish, but intelligent and self-respecting; no longer a prick and thorn in the sides of the English Government, but proudly responding to every wave of patriotic enthusiasm that floats over the rest of the British isles. This end, and only this end, is to be sought singly and simply in and for itself; and to this every lesser or narrower aim must forcibly give place. In the presence of this ulterior design, prescriptive rights, claims of landlords, property in the national soil, must be submitted to an unflinching scrutiny; as conducing to this alone can they stand for a single day; if not distinctly conducing to this, they can only have conceded to them a provisional longevity; if opposed to this, they must be battered to the ground. Such, briefly stated, is the view on the one side. It is manifestly compatible with the most sensitive recognition of the respect due to all existing claims; it is not inconsistent with the commendation of special measures, having even apparently a strictly conservative bearing; still less is it removed from that appreciative tone of mind which peculiarly or alone qualifies the possessor to grapple with all the intricate and antithetical conditions of every political problem. It may and does amalgamate with the most tenacious persuasion of the necessity and value of the institution of private property. It may deprecate, as the weightiest of all calamities, any capricious or violent interruption in the enjoyment of vested claims. It may even shrink from the turbid atmosphere of actual political struggles, and betake itself rather to the more ethereal serenity of philosophic retirement. It will, however, none the less really underlie all the arguments and public acts of its adherents; it will be steady, motionless,

uncompromising, reflecting ever the placid tranquillity of that eternal image, beyond it and above, ever conspicuous and ever the same—that is to say, the largest measure of happiness for the largest proportion of the sentient creation.

Opposed to this view is that held by those whose demands are confessedly less exacting, and aspirations less comprehensive. Admitting, indeed, that the welfare of a country is the welfare of all its inhabitants, and that the claims of the future properly divide a statesman's attention with those of the present, they believe also that there are other ends comparable with, if not superior to, those which have been enunciated above. The different point of view cannot be better exhibited than by the following appropriate illustration:—A certain limited portion of the whole community have, owing to a series of historical catastrophes, become the lords and masters of the national soil of Ireland. This small and fortunate fraction retain in their hands the undisputed possession of what, in some countries, and most of all in Ireland, forms the sole means of supporting life. They are the sole employers of labour, and they can select or reject candidates for employment, according as their unfettered judgment or caprice may suggest. They can exalt, by creating tenancies, those whom they choose to favour into the condition of being deputies or representatives of themselves; they can punish or oppress, as arbitrary choice may determine, by means of distresses and evictions. Now, in addressing themselves to speculate on such a distribution of forces, the two classes of thinkers under consideration may go a long part of the way together. They will both agree to recognise the urgent claims to a certain kind of provisional favouritism possessed by the present dominant section of the population. They may admit, in hearty concord, that the situation of this section, familiarized as it is, and even endeared, to the national sentiments by a continuous series of historical associations, cannot be menaced and impaired without calculable loss; that any political act which might, in its consequences, endanger the public reverence that properly attaches to rights of property once legally acquired would be disastrous in the extreme; and, further, that certain personal and educating influences do in fact flow from the existence of this paramount corporation of owners, and that, on this account, at least, they are rather fit objects of favour and encouragement than of suspicion and destruction. Thus far the two classes of statesmen accompany each other, but no farther.

Notwithstanding all these liberal concessions, the followers of Mr. Mill go on to assert that the condition of a country may happen to be such that legislation must be directed rather to limit than to confirm or extend the legal rights of the traditional proprietors of the soil. In default of such limitation being applied, the true and everlasting interests of the whole will be sacrificed to the narrow assumptions of a small part. Applying this reasoning to the present condition of Ireland, it is pointed out that the only remedial policy likely at once to conciliate, to regenerate, and to secure that country, is courageously to restrain the existing rights of landlords, and to confirm certain spontaneous aggressions already habitually practised by tenants. The opposite opinions may be compendiously stated as the negation of these.

These discrepancies in general principles being ascertained, the next step is to determine with precision what is the actual condition of Ireland which has originated these feuds. It is generally agreed that there is no more urgent question of domestic policy than the treatment of this unlucky member of the British confederation: that every course of action hitherto pursued by England has been miserably narrow and selfish, resulting only in hatred the more envenomed, and alienation the more emphatic: that, in a word, to do nothing would be a public blot and stain on British statesmanship, and to do what is right would be the proudest achievement that any British statesman has, in all the course of England's tempestuous annals, ever performed.

It is not generally known, or it is forgotten, that, even now, after the stream of emigration has been week by week draining the population for years, the number of inhabitants to every square mile in Ireland still very considerably exceeds that found in almost every other country of Europe. In Spain there are 90 inhabitants to the square mile, in Scotland 101, in Austria 148, in Prussia 171, in France 177, in Ireland there are 181. In the agricultural districts of many of the northern counties of Ireland the population ranges from 200 to 300 to the square mile, and even reaches 450 in parts of Armagh and Down, for which the large number of hand-loom weavers, who also cultivate a small portion of the land, will partly account. Now, owing, in part, to the yet undeveloped natural and artificial resources of Ireland, as regards coals, minerals, and staples of manufacture, and, in part, to the accidental dependence of the whole population for the support of life on a succulent product of the earth—the potato—it is notorious that an undue proportion of the inhabitants are found to bestow all their care, interest, and labour on the culture of the national soil. In 1836, it appeared—from a statement published on the most unexceptionable authority—that five persons were employed in the cultivation of the soil in Ireland, for every two that cultivated the same quantity of land in Great Britain; while the reproductive fertility of Great Britain was four times that of Ireland. At the present time, in England, only 10 per cent. of the population are engaged in the cultivation of the land, whereas in Ireland more than 18 per cent. are crowded into that occupation. Again, from the census returns of 1861, it appears that the number of persons occupying land in Ireland was about half a million, representing, through their families, a population of over two millions and a half. The most numerous class of occupiers, numbering 164,006, were those holding farms of between five and fifteen acres in extent.

From these rough but simple statistics it is manifest, at a glance, that no investigation can promise more valuable results than a careful

inquiry as to the actually existing relations of the occupiers and the proprietors of the soil. Next to this in importance is the further inquiry how the relations discovered to exist ought to be maintained, how far they should be modified, how far they should be abolished or changed. There are four classes of tenants whose cases require distinct consideration, though one or two of these classes can, after being distinctly noticed, be summarily dismissed. First, there are those tenants—generally occupying the largest farms or the largest assemblages of farms—who have entered into written contracts with their landlords of the most precise and stringent description. These tenants, if the line is drawn at those occupying more than thirty acres, number about 130,000. The habitual term of their leases is for thirty-one years or for lives, generally three in number, and renewable, and, in fact, renewed after a fresh valuation. The length of these leases is, for the greatest part at least of their duration, sufficient for every species of improvement amply to repay, with due interest, the capital invested upon it. The building, repairing, and renewing of the more permanent structures is generally made matter of strict and honourable arrangement between the two parties at the commencement of the tenure, and naturally forms part of the written agreement. Whatever treatment such a relation between the owner and occupier of the soil might deserve in a discussion on agriculture, or on abstract politics, or ethics, it is here only necessary to note that, as this form of tenure is the least special to Ireland, so it is, next to some of the happier forms of métayer tenancy, the most unobjectionable that society has yet developed. It is the form most common in the largest farms of England and Scotland, and therefore the conditions of it are sufficiently familiar to all. However considerable the acreage submitted to t in Ireland, the portion of the occupiers holding their tenures in this way would seem to be considerably less than a fourth part of the whole.

Secondly, there is the case of those who hold their land for a term certain, whether from year to year or for a short term of years, as seven or fourteen years, and whose contract is either not written at all, or written in such loose and inexact terms as to leave some of the most indispensable portions of every such contract to the future arbitrement of general law, custom, caprice, or chance. The case of this important description of tenure will fall under some general observations to be made after the remaining kinds of tenants have been defined.

Thirdly, there are the tenants holding in their families, as it mostly happens, the same land of the same family of owners for successive generations, and denominated "tenants-at-will." As these constitute far the most numerous of Irish occupiers, so the consideration of their case presents the most intricate and urgent problems. The characteristic evils of their condition are twofold. The habit of subdividing the land among members of the same family on the death of every tenant is persistently established, and seems, as things now are, scarcely to admit of active repression. Again, having no lease and no legal security of tenure, their actual interest in the land is the most fragile and fluxional possible, and so, however tenderly attached to the soil, they care for little else than to rear a pig for the purpose of paying the rent, and to cultivate just sufficient vegetables to keep them and their families in life from one year's end to another. It is not easy to conceive a general state of social existence prevalent over a large numerical proportion of a people more detrimental to the national character, more poisonous to the springs of life, hope, and joy, more irreparably mischievous to the productive energies of the soil. Surely those acute observers who have never hesitated to read in the paralysis of Eastern satrapies and the arrested energies of Greece, Egypt, and Spain, the broad but unlying characters impressed by misgovernment, tyranny, and peculation, will no longer fly to every imaginable ambush rather than face the crushing inference as to why Ireland is not as other lands, nor her people as their people.

Fourthly, there is the last class of tenants, who are midway in their situation between the lowest class just reviewed—that is, mere tenants-at-will—and the class immediately preceding, who were noticed as holding on a short and not very definitely described contract of lease. The consideration of this last class is the most interesting of all, and will supply an index towards the resolution of most of the problems presented by the rest. They are tenants-at-will, indeed, and have generally held their land in the same family for generations. In their case, however, the natural incidents of a tenancy-at-will have been controlled, and the condition of the tenants proportionately modified, through the operation of one of those strange natural interferences with the conscious legislation of a country called a "custom." There is no civilized country where the language of law, such as is recognised in the public tribunals, has not become, in the course of time, supplemented, coerced, or diverted by the inarticulately uttered wish of a respectable portion of the community. Where the recorded wish of any number of individuals is prompted by considerations either apparently reasonable or morally just, where that number is sufficiently vast, energetic, or influential, where the wish finds expression in repeated practice, and is shown by length of time to be steady, not fluctuating, sincere and lasting, not spurious and impulsive, it slides into an admitted custom, and in time forcibly obtrudes itself into the statute-book of the land. Such, no doubt, was the history of primogeniture, of gavelkind, of bills of exchange, of distress, of the right to the away-going crop—in a word, of far the largest part of the common law and even the commercial law of England.

The custom of "tenant-right" in Ireland is perhaps as remarkable an illustration as could be desired of the general nature of such spontaneous growths, both on account of the adhesive force with which it has indissolubly attached itself to the relations of landlord and tenant, and also from the momentous social and

political consequences, both for better and worse, to which it has given, and will continue to give, birth. This custom is especially prominent in Ulster, where alone it is recognised by landlords in their transactions with their tenants, but it also exists in a less distinctly expressed form in the other three provinces, and may be said to colour the common sentiments of the whole population with respect to the tenure of land.

Apart from the existence of this custom, a tenant-at-will was liable to be evicted from his estate at any moment the landlord chose to select. All the tenant's family and all his moveables would have to be removed from the ground as soon as conveniently could be done. The tenant was assumed to have ever before his eyes the insecure and transitory nature of his holding, and, therefore, would not be imprudent enough to lavish expense on improvements for which he himself might reap no return. Whatever was expended on the soil must be contentedly abandoned without requital or compensation. No encouragement had been given to invest capital, and so no allowance could be made or anticipated for the fatuity of irrational investment. The landlord might freely elect the succeeding tenant, and there existed no privity whatever between the tenant going out and the tenant coming in. The same story might be repeated over and over again for every temporary occupier of the soil, varying only in shadow or brightness according to the accidental moral qualities of the landlord or the prudence or rashness of the tenant.

Such were the rules, in default of all custom to the contrary, as to all tenancies-at-will. Such are still the rules, though probably the operation of them is now-a-days mitigated through the force of personal indulgence and the pressure of opinion, in those parts where any custom to the contrary has only obtained a feeble hold. In defiance of this rude code, however, there was brought about a most important change in the relations between landlords and tenants-at-will, partly owing to external events, and partly to the irrepressible instincts of a rough sentiment of justice. The actual series of incidents which resulted finally in the metamorphosis from pure tenancies-at-will, as described above, to tenancies continuing, for the most part, in the same family so long as the rent was paid, is wrapped in considerable obscurity. Some inquirers suppose, that, on that memorable "planting" of Ulster by James I., which is the most statesman-like and generous act ever consummated by Englishmen in dealing with a dependency, there arose between the original grantees and their first tenants a relation, to a certain extent, of a feudal character. These tenants had been induced to come over in large numbers from Scotland, and relied solely on the personal credit of those who called them forth. The "plantation" was carried out by Sir Arthur Chichester, who was appointed Lord Deputy in 1605. The estates to be distributed were divided into others of three sizes, that is of 2000, 1500, and 1000 acres. Those who obtained the largest were each bound within four years to build a castle and a "bawn," and to plant forty-eight able men, eighteen years old or upwards, of English or Scottish descent. Those of the second class were similarly bound to build a strong stone or brick house within two years. Those of the third class, a bawn, with a house of less value. Each class was thus obliged to plant a due proportion of British families, and to have their houses furnished with arms for their defence. The circumstances of this original tenure would thus naturally recal the old feudal conditions of holding an estate so long as the service, whatever it might be, was punctually rendered, or the payment into which it was afterwards commuted was regularly made. This is the feudal explanation with which that of Lord Dufferin does not, on the whole, conflict.

Lord Dufferin notices that the original grantees of the estates, then almost depopulated, let them off in large areas at low rents and under very long leases. In process of time each of these farms came to be subdivided amongst the younger members of the family, until at last—this process being repeated through several generations—the landlord, on re-entering upon the management of his property, found himself confronted by two dozen tenants, where his grandfather or great grandfather had only inducted one. In all probability (he goes on to add) every one of these two dozen tenants was surrounded by half-a-dozen stalwart sons, whose only notion of existence was to follow their father's plough as long as he lived, and subdivide his holding at his death. Thus it came about that the farm was constantly confirmed in the hands of the same family, and it was only a natural consequence that the tenant, and not the landlord, should make the improvements—the landlord, perhaps, supplying slates or timbers, as the case might be. It was a step farther, but a necessary one, to establish in the tenant a permanent interest in the improvements he made, at any rate to such an extent that, should the holding pass away from himself and his family, his claim to compensation for capital expended should be effectually recognised.

This claim is thus said to be the origin of what is called "Tenant-right." If this were all denoted by that term, the tendency and influence of the custom would be perfectly intelligible and simply beneficial. It happens, however, that tenant-right always means more than this, and sometimes does not mean even this. As generally understood in Ulster, tenant-right designates a claim to remuneration at the hands of the incoming tenant, asserted on the part of the outgoing tenant upon a change of tenancy. This remuneration is supposed to consist of two parts—that is, of repayment for the capital expended in the way of improvements with proper interest, and also of the liquidated value of "the good-will." The latter portion of the price is to an English ear somewhat startling, the tenancy being one, confessedly, held at will. It appears, however, from the evidence of a series of most unexceptionable witnesses produced before the Devon Commission—and this

evidence is confirmed by that of Lord Dufferin on his examination before Mr. Maguire's Commission—that sometimes the whole of the price paid by the incoming to the outgoing tenant consists solely of this latter portion, and bears no reference whatever to improvements. Nay, the price is sometimes equally exorbitant when there have been no improvements attempted whatever, and, according to some witnesses, even where there could have been founded a reasonable counter-claim on the score of dilapidations. It is said that sometimes as much is paid on the sole account of this "good-will" being passed on from one tenant to another, as is equivalent to the price of the fee-simple of the farm. This notion of the outgoing tenant being in proprietary possession of a saleable commodity quite distinct from his interest in the capital advanced by him for the benefit of the farm has taken the firmest root in the minds and feelings of the population. It is irrelevant to conjecture whether the outgoing tenant is looked upon as in some way a co-owner of the soil with the proprietor—subject to the necessity of partition at the proprietor's will—or whether the tenant's interest is treated as that of an inchoate copyholder in England, or whether the popular feeling has naturally sprung out of the ordinary contingencies of the case—that is, the disappointment of a tenant's natural expectations consequent on his being evicted from a farm occupied by his family from time immemorial. Certain it is that, if the fictitious price demanded by an outgoing tenant is refused by the incoming one, in some parts of the country it is impossible for the incoming tenant to maintain his ground. The most aggravated agrarian outrages have been simply due to attempted innovation upon tenant-right, and the civil authorities have hitherto been utterly powerless to cope with the rude process by which this time-honoured obligation is enforced. On a tenant being admitted by his landlord without paying to his predecessor the customary dues, his farm-buildings have been burnt, his property destroyed, and he himself forcibly removed, but without suffering the least personal injury. Some authorities liken the payment in question to "black-mail," as being necessary to insure the acquiescence of the marauding peasantry around in any change of tenancy.

Such is the custom of "tenant-right." The mere sketch of it here delineated is sufficient to suggest how far removed is Ireland of the present day from a public comprehension and self-restrained appreciation of the most familiar maxims of economy and law. It is surely time to unloose the swaddling-clothes, and teach the country finally to put away childish things. How best and most wisely to do this is the question now before the English legislature; and it will derive some scant rays of illumination from a closer scrutiny of the actual consequences, social and economical, that the best informed residents in Ireland assert to flow from the condition of public sentiment above described.

The current price for the good-will and improvements often, as has been already seen, quite independent of the value of the latter, is said to be as much as 10*l.*, 15*l.*, 20*l.*, and even 40*l.* an acre. The effect is, that this money is generally raised by the incoming tenant on a mortgage of the farm, and thus he enters upon his tenancy an embarrassed and impoverished man. He has no ready money to expend upon improving his estate, and, over and above the rent due to his landlord, he has to pay a heavy interest to the capitalist, or "middleman," from whom he borrowed the price paid to his predecessor. In the meantime this price, instead of being expended on the farm, is in most cases carried out of the country by the former tenant to America, and Ireland is so far deprived of capital naturally destined for her own improvement.

There are, however, other consequences of a different nature not wholly disadvantageous to all parties concerned. Thus it usually happens that a tenant-at will is indebted to his landlord for long arrears of rent. It is customary always to pay off these arrears out of the money obtained from the sale of the good-will before it reaches the pocket of the outgoing tenant. This alone is a sufficient reason for the custom of tenant-right not being very resolutely discouraged by Irish landlords. This saleable value of the good-will is treated by the tenant for all purposes as a principal portion of his property and assets. It is a common habit to charge the value of the good-will, by deed or otherwise, with portions for the wife and younger children; and it is not unusual to distribute all present and available capital among the younger children, and leave the farm, or the liquidated value of the "good-will," to the eldest son. It is transparent how unfavourable are such practices to the proper culture of the soil. It is found that improvidence in the highest degree is directly encouraged, since there is always supposed to remain behind in the value of the good-will enough to save from starvation all depending on the tenant's exertions, even in the most unfavourable event of the farm proving absolutely unprofitable and the rent not being paid. In the presence of this tenacious custom, it would seem as if ages must yet elapse before the population of Ireland can be inspired with the genius of intelligent and far-sighted industry, and placed in a hopeful track of moral regeneration.

It happens, however, by a strange contradiction, that this very custom of "tenant-right" supplies a basis upon which the patriotic Irish landlord may take his stand, and suggests, in more ways than one, the true solution of the interminable riddle. There are Irish landlords, like Lord Dufferin, who have seen this, and have already entered upon the adventurous and glowing path of eliciting good out of evil—the new out of the old—life out of death. It has been customary in Ulster—the natural home of "tenant-right"—to treat the landlord as the agent between the incoming and the outgoing tenant. The money is generally paid into his hands, and he pays it over, reserving the amount due to himself on the score of arrears of rent. It thus happens that the landlord has an opportunity of protesting against the exaction of an extortionate price. He has

special ground for doing this if the incoming tenant is notoriously poor, and the farm in question both obviously unimproved and signally in need of expensive improvements. It appears that, regulate the professed price as best he may, it is practically impossible to prevent a secret addition to that price passing, unknown to himself, between the incoming and outgoing tenants. Lord Dufferin has taken every pains to resist and impede this secret transaction, but he confesses that his efforts are, he has reason to know, in most cases ineffectual.

However, inasmuch as tenant-right is admitted on all hands to have originated in a claim on the ground of genuine improvements having been really effected by the outgoing tenant; and, as further, of the two parts of the price, one at least is alleged to be paid on account of capital disbursed by way of such genuine improvements, there is at least an opening afforded through which this element of payment for improvement may be disengaged and brought into clearer relief, and the other impalpable element of "good-will" gradually depressed. This is just what the most enlightened landlords are endeavouring to do, and it is what the legislature must stimulate the rest to do likewise.

At a recent meeting of his tenants, Lord Dufferin entreated them to do their best in assisting him in the task of discouraging their neighbours from giving such unreasonable sums as were still offered for land in the most unimproved condition. He alleged that, in spite of his efforts and without his knowledge, surreptitious sums were exacted from his tenants by those who had no justification for their conduct. Such practice, he said, could only end in misery and disappointment. He suggested, in the place of these secret and suicidal contracts, that the real improvements actually effected by the tenants should be estimated twice a year by a government arbitrator, or by one selected by the tenants themselves.

"He would see with his own eyes what had been done by the outgoing tenant; he would examine his drains and his buildings; he would hear the evidence of his neighbours as to the old fences which had been removed and the new ones erected; he would sniff at the manure heap, and test the condition of the soil; in fact, he would possess himself of every item of the claim that, whether in reason or otherwise, could be brought forward by the tenant. On the other hand, the landlord would also be represented by his agent, who would be able to urge whatever circumstances might be adduced as offsets to the amount demanded by way of compensation, in which counter-claim would, of course, be included contributions in the shape of timber, slates, &c., express easements of the rent, length of occupation, or deteriorations and waste. By such a process it is impossible not to believe that a settlement satisfactory to all parties would be arrived at."

This is a specimen of the mode by which it is possible to lay hold of notions already familiar to the minds of the population, and, by the conjoint process of developing what is sound, and pruning off what is pernicious, gradually pave the way for a total reconstruction of Irish tenures. Before investigating more particularly the subject of improvements, it is to be observed that there is another way by which intelligent landlords may turn to their own account the popular attachment to tenant-right. Most thinkers and experienced farmers are agreed that the indefinite subdivision of farms in Ireland is as bad for the farms themselves as it has proved for the condition of the tenants. The one are too small to be capable of benefiting by the expenditure of capital, the latter have no capital to spend. The aggregation of farms in a smaller number of hands would be odious if accomplished by reckless evictions. If effected through the medium of a scrupulous deference to the regulations of tenant-right, it is unobjectionable and even popular. Thus, by buying out their tenants at the current price of the good-will, sagacious landlords have recovered possession of their lands without hardship or acrimony. Lord Dufferin says he has expended something like 10,000*l.* or 11,000*l.* in this way.

Hence it is apparent that, in the case of all those tenants whose rights and obligations are not copiously and stringently defined by precisely written contracts, whether holding under a short lease, as bare tenants-at-will, or as tenants-at-will protected by a vague and indeterminate custom, the main issue of the Irish land question at present ultimately hinges on the relations, as they are and as they ought to be, between landlords and tenants, as respects agricultural improvements. The grand purpose, be it never forgotten, is so to legislate that the character of the people be best developed and their energies stimulated, at the same time that the national soil is undergoing the most advantageous treatment, with the view of having its productive powers elicited to the full. These objects will manifestly best be promoted by giving the tenant the largest encouragements to the investment of capital, and by fettering his discretion as little as possible as to the mode of such investment. Experience and self-interest will alone teach him how to avoid mistakes, and how to economize the use of his faculties and instruments. Arbitrary interference may prevent a special error or save a particular loss, but it will leave the man where it found him, uneducated and unconvinced by the wholesome discipline of occasional failure and mistake. All this plain reasoning points to one end, that in any legislative act professing to regulate the relations of landlord and tenant in Ireland, in cases where their mutual obligations with respect to improvements have been left undefined, if only such improvements are held subjects of compensation as are made with consent of the landlord, Ireland will remain just where she is. The condition of England and Scotland is healthy, that of Ireland is all but mortally diseased. It is cruel sophistry to keep on impotently exclaiming that the laws of property must not differ when made for a crisis involving the issues of life or death, regeneration or putrefaction, and when peacefully evolved through the healthy laws of organic growth. Everybody is tired of hearing and as-

serting that something must be done for Ireland. Nevertheless, so often as the sole and simple expedient is pointed out and shown to be as practicable as it is likely to prove infallible, every one starts back in nervous horror, and reiterates as loudly as before that nothing whatever shall be done for Ireland but what will cost nothing and effect less.

It is a well-worn fallacy, when people are displeased with a suggested idea, to give it a name commemorative, by its associations, of a series of historical events or notions abjured and abominated by all. The most temperate liberal measure is never without a noisy following who stigmatizes it as "radical" and "revolutionary." The sole truly benevolent system of morals mankind have invented or discovered is denominated as "organized selfishness." An enlightened sympathy with the struggles of all good men in their feverish hunt after the mangled and scattered limbs of truth is branded as latitudinarianism and infidelity. Similarly, it is impossible to suggest that legislation for Ireland must hereafter be directed to establishing on a firmer basis the actual and hereditary position of tenants-at-will, and to enlarging their aspirations by securing their independence, without incurring the charge of advocating a policy of so-called "confiscation." It is scarcely worth while pointing out that to limit a right is not to confiscate it; and to allege that a special emergency demands the legal claims of certain proprietors being curtailed is not to impair, even by one jot or one tittle, the general principles on which the rights of property are based. There is no maxim of political ethics with which people have better reason to be familiar in the present day, than that the legislature always regards property in land as revocable and conditional. This doctrine is tacitly admitted as applicable everywhere, except within the mysterious precincts which enclose the mutual relations of landlord and tenant. In England there are few tenants-at-will. These few do not retain their holdings in the same family from generation to generation. The landlord, and not the tenant, either makes, or immediately pays for, the improvements. The notion of acquiring a saleable interest in a tenancy-at-will has not so much as dawned upon the less erratic fancy of an English occupier. Surely, then (men say), it is a lamentable instance of human perversity, that in Ireland this should not be the same. The conception is obviously too absurd to be entertained for a moment, that an Irish tenant can have any rights against his landlord other than an English or Scotch tenant has against his. It is provoking that such contemptible claims should be thrust forward into such upstart prominence, and the large Irish question made to resolve itself into how most prudently to deal with a few thousand pauperized and ignorant peasants. That right of property in land should be infringed for a railway, a canal, a road, a new fortress, or a public building, is intelligible to the meanest and the simplest thinker; but to introduce a limitation into such a right with the view of benefiting tenants at a trifling and (as it will no doubt prove) imaginary loss to their landlords, even if the resurrection of a whole dependency be the object in view, is monstrous, intolerable, and profane.

All legislation having in view the elevation of the Irish tenantry must be directed to two distinct ends. The one is the ultimate conversion of tenancies-at-will into tenancies for terms of years, whether longer or shorter, such terms being clearly defined by contract; the other is the more complete establishment of the tenant's interest in his farm, in the product of his labour, and in the capital invested upon it. Of course, so long as the right to arbitrary eviction is recognised and used, all legislation with respect to compensation for improvements made without a landlord's consent is vain and illusory. For the attempt to make such improvements would be at once ground for summary dismissal. The only course for the State to adopt is to forge inducements for all negligent and selfish landlords to follow the identical course pursued by the most generous and far-sighted ones. The object sedulously desired by these latter is the substitution of short and simple contracts of lease for the tenancies-at-will everywhere prevalent. This substitution cannot be made without a compromise, and considering the rude and unreasoning habits of one party to such compromise, and that the ultimate gain will be enjoyed by both, it is safer and wiser that the landlords should endure the first brunt of the change. This principle being admitted, the policy for the State to adopt is clear before it. In the case of every tenancy-at-will existing after a certain date, the presumption in every legal controversy will be declared by Act of Parliament to be against the landlord and in favour of the tenant. No claim for rent will be allowed, except within a very limited period of its falling due. Some arbitrary term will be assigned, founded on the common duration of such tenancies-at-will, before the close of which reasonable compensation will be allowed to the tenant in case of his eviction. This last provision will prevent reckless and tyrannical evictions, while all the provisions will form a powerful motive to landlords at once to adopt the alternative course, to be cogently recommended throughout, of changing the tenure at will into a tenure by lease. Every facility for doing this commodiously and expeditiously will be provided by the Act, and it will be open to the landlords and tenants to bind themselves with as much particularity and stringency as they may choose; every such contract being, of course, enforced on both parties by the legal tribunals.

So far as the question of compensating the tenant for improvements effected during his lease is left an open one, general principles applicable to every case will be decisively laid down by the Act. It has already been seen that these principles must have in view the promotion of the largest amount of personal independence among the tenantry, together with the formation of such habits of honourable speculation as best consist with the permanent interest of the proprietor and the most judicious development of the natural qualities of the soil. For these purposes, when once a lease has been granted and no special arrangement has been

made as to compensation for improvements, the course open, on the whole, to the fewest objections, is to have a valuation at the end of the term by an arbitrator, either agreed upon by both parties or sanctioned by Government, and to compensate the tenant according to the improved annual letting value of the farm. This mode is the least inconvenient of any suggested, and likely best to conciliate the tenantry, which, it will be remembered, is here assumed throughout as part of the policy of the act; it is not, however, free from obvious economical and logical flaws. In the first place, the letting value of a small farm, when let by itself, may be increased by modes which will considerably depreciate the value of the same farm if hereafter let as portion of a much larger estate. In this case the landlord would never have consented to the improvements, would never have thought, either in England or Scotland, of making them himself, and may be even a considerable loser by them. This being so, it seems scarcely equitable that, on taking the farm into his own hands with the view of aggregating a number of farms together, he should have to remunerate his tenant for what are in fact, in his eyes, dilapidations. The answer to this is, that it is possible to draw a line between two kinds of improvements—that is, those which result in an increase of productiveness, such as draining, subsoiling, liming, and manuring, and those by which, with a view to more convenient occupation, merely formal alterations are made, or permanent structures set up, such as farm-sheds, dwelling-houses, fences, fixed machinery, and the like. The former class are, in the multitude of cases, always profitable in whatever way the farm may be occupied. The latter may easily be made matter of exception from the general licence with respect to improving, and be made to require the consent of the landlord. So far as they are really essential to the occupation and use of the farm, this consent, as well as a fair compensation in consequence of the advance made by the tenant, is not likely to be refused.

There is another manifest objection to the plan of compensating by the improved letting value, which presupposes radical differences of view on the subject of property in land. It is said that all the compensation to which a tenant has a reasonable claim is repayment, in some shape or other, of the capital advanced for improvements, together with the interest it carries, estimated at the current rate of the day, and perhaps a gratuity over for the trouble and inconvenience of advancing the capital. Now, the most valuable species of so-called improvements themselves effect the payment of these several sums—that is, the capital, the interest, and the gratuity, in a very short space of time. On some lands the process of subsoil ploughing or digging will double the produce in a couple of years. Draining will remunerate the farmer for every expense incurred in two, three, or at the most, in seven years. Manuring is equally reproductive within a period extremely brief.

Now, it is urged that when once these operations have repaid the expenditure they cost, together with the proper interest and a suitable reward for the diversion of the capital in this direction, nothing more is due to the tenant. If he continue on the farm, all the increased produce hereafter due to the improvements is quite as much, or rather much more, due to the essential vegetative faculties of the soil; and, so far from seeking to be compensated again on leaving the farm, he should be thankful that his lease protected him from having to pay more rent. Thus if, after being repaid over and over again in this way, he is again repaid by the landlord, because of the improved letting value of the farm, he will get more than he has even a colourable claim to, and the landlord will be fined in proportion to the reproductive energies of his own soil.

So long as current notions of property in land are at the basis of all legislation on the subject, this reasoning is clearly irresistible. It is, however, scarcely a practical objection to the proposed scheme of estimating the amount due by way of compensation to the outgoing tenants, inasmuch as the only subjects of the legislation here advocated are leases for very brief periods, or contracts informally drawn. In the one case the recognised admeasurement by the improved annual letting value would form a material inducement to an enterprising tenant, while the amount of over-payment would, from the shortness of the term, be confined within very narrow limits. In the other case, if landlords neglect to limit their liability by special contracts, the interests of the country demand that they should rather make too great compensation to their improving tenants than too small.

It is not, perhaps, a very profitable speculation to inquire whether the notions popular in England with respect to property in land are not, in the last degree, false and pernicious. Owing to the accidental processes by which the English constitution has been evolved, and the manly and independent spirit often evinced at critical times by large territorial owners, the proprietorship of land in England has assumed to itself, not without a certain general assent, something of a mystic virtue and significance. The progress of free trade, and the extensive occupation of the masses with manufacture and commerce, have drawn away unfriendly and sceptical eyes from a microscopic attention to usurpations up to this time perfectly innocent, albeit, in theory, formidably ambitious. It is only when countries such as India, Ireland, or distant colonial settlements, come within the field of view, that English thinkers are stimulated out of their indolent passivity to scrutinize severely the accredited faith as to property in land. Desperate speculators have again and again hoped to allay popular envy by exploring the dusty records of times gone by in order to insist that the land was once granted away by conquerors in return for stipulated services, and that these services have been commuted gradually into rents and tithes. Others have dispensed with the obligation to inquire after such records by falling back upon imagination instead, and have given abundant solace to themselves and their followers by excogitating a social contract, a right derived from occupancy, or a right included in the general claim of

every one to the fruits of his own labour. These particular vagaries have indeed their value as demonstrating inexorably the extreme worthlessness of all such speculations whatsoever. They are good enough to prop up that which has no tendency to fall, to satisfy those who have not the courage to doubt, to nourish those half-fledged thinkers who, so long as they are provided with a reason, care little whether it be right or wrong. For all other purposes of persuading landowners to make a good use of their gifts, or of mapping out the policy to be pursued by the State in controlling the rights and defining the obligations of all concerned in the use of the national soil, all historical and metaphysical dissertations whatever are mere cloudy integuments enveloping so much verbiage and cant.

The true method to follow is, first, to ascertain what is the legal situation actually occupied at the present day by landowners in respect to their land? what are the rights recognised as theirs in courts of justice? what are the obligations held incumbent upon them? what differences, if any, of tenure and modes of succession, are to be found in use? These provisional questions being determined, the the true political problem then presents itself as to whether, in the interests of the whole community, present and future, these rights, obligations, and modes of tenure demand support, modification, or abolition. Whatever be the result of this inquiry, the known evils of sudden change and the possibilities of miscalculation will not be overlooked, and the sentiments of the people will be indulgently deferred to. The general rules of satisfying well-grounded expectations, and consulting the interests of order, tranquillity, and security, will be as little as possible suspended. *Nullem numen abest, si sit prudentia* will be the motto of the sagacious statesman, who will devote his best faculties to interpreting the present and providing for the future, and, for these purposes alone, will trouble himself to dig up the dingy and inscrutable monuments of the past.

It is undeniable that, owing to the slow increase of population till within very recent time, and to certain special accidents in English history adverted to above, the State has hitherto indolently abstained from contesting the most egregious assumptions on the part of landed proprietors. A certain plausibility has thus attached itself to the popular superstition which clothes the owner of land with a number of indeterminate rights and qualities, and even imputes to him a certain adventitious dignity, on which it were little less than sacrilegious to encroach. It is forgotten that the logical consequence of allowing the national territory to be absorbed by a limited number of proprietors freed from all restrictions and control, might be the compulsory exclusion and banishment to other lands of the rest of the population. It is forgotten that, with however uncertain and vacillating a hand, the State always has, in fact, restricted the enjoyment, prescribed the modes of transfer, and strictly regulated the testamentary disposition of all property in land. At the present day, one Act of Parliament after another is compelling proprietors to exchange their lands for money, or empowering railway and telegraph companies to make their way under or over lands and houses for long ages held sacred from intrusion and disturbance. The aspect of the country, the convenience of passing from place to place, the support, moral advancement, and pleasure of the whole population, are, in their aggregate, at least as momentous considerations as a limited number of proprietary claims. It will take time, indeed, to dispossess the nation of the obvious analogy popularly drawn between property in goods which may be indefinitely multiplied, and property in the natural soil which every day becomes less in relation to the growing wants of an increasing and progressive population. So soon as this notion of a personal right existing in any individual to usurp a superficial portion of a severely circumscribed country is eradicated from the minds of English statesmen, then, and not till then, will they have a chance of grappling successfully with the territorial perplexities of Ireland, as well as with those of every other dependency submitted to their sway.

Art. II.—Brigandage.

English Travellers and Italian Brigands. A Narrative of Capture and Captivity. By W. J. C. Moens. London: 1866.

Mr. Moens's account of his captivity with the Italian brigands last year is well worth reading, not only for the interesting information it contains, but also as a curiosity in brigand literature. The subject of brigandage has been treated in a great number and variety of ways by artists, literary men, politicians, and social philosophers; but it has been reserved for our matter-of-fact age to produce a book in which it is regarded from the practical and business-like point of view of a "member of the Stock Exchange." Thirty years ago such a book would have been an impossibility, for the simple reason, that in those days it would never have entered the head of a gentleman of Mr. Moens's profession to venture into "cette galère," the country round Naples, unless, indeed, he were a man of classic or artistic tastes, who had been forced by an adverse fate into the uncongenial atmosphere of Capel-court, and was glad of an opportunity to escape from the tyranny of figures to the romantic and indolent land where he could indulge in his favourite pursuits undisturbed. Mr. Moens has no such amiable weakness. He chaffered with the brigands about his ransom with as much zest as if he were driving a bargain, and decidedly the most touching part of his book is where he describes his delight at finding a scrap of newspaper containing the last quotations in shares. But now-a-days we are so accustomed to anomalies of every kind, that even the singular and slightly ludicrous spectacle of a stockbroker among the brigands excites scarcely any other feeling than

that of curiosity, unless it be surprise at a "civis Romanus" having got into such a scrape. With both of these feelings, Mr. Moens, as a child of the age, fully sympathises. To gratify the former he has written a full,—a very full—true, and particular account of his adventures; and he shows his appreciation of the latter by severely blaming the Italian government for not having cleared the country of brigands years ago, "instead of leaving them alone till they carried off an Englishman."

If there is about Mr. Moens's book something of a City flavour, it must be admitted that it has also some of the City virtues. The often tedious minuteness with which he describes the events, many of them very common-place, of each day, at least shows that he is not an imaginative writer, who would throw in a touch here and there for effect, but that his only endeavour was conscientiously to describe everything he saw as he saw it. Being the very opposite of a romantic hero, he not only makes no pretension to appear in any such character, but does not scruple to relate many little incidents in which his realism and crotchetiness stand out in absurd contrast to the picturesque and unconventional life he led. It is very amusing, for instance, to observe how little, during the whole of the four months that he shared the wild existence of his captors, he adapted himself to the necessities of his position. On the second day of his captivity, he refuses a piece of sausage which is offered to him, because he thinks it looks indigestible, and is deservedly laughed at by the band, who tell him he will be glad to have it by-and-by. Soon he becomes less dainty, and finds himself reduced to consume such uninviting articles of food as the windpipe of a sheep, and the raw fat kept by the brigands for the purpose of greasing their boots; but all this hardship does not make him unmindful of the "proprieties," and when supplies of food arrive for the starving brigands, he sorely tries their temper by attempting to peel a pear and carve a fowl, just as if he were seated comfortably at his own dinner-table. Very characteristic, too, are his attempts to convert the brigands by reading the Italian Testament to them, and to persuade them that the death of one of the band by falling down a precipice was a "judgment" upon him for his sins. As for anything like a spirit of adventure, or a love for the hazardous and unforeseen, it seems to be quite foreign to Mr. Moens's character. His prudence and philosophy under insult will indeed appear to some more admirable than intelligible. The brigands, who, though not ill-natured, were of course rough and ill-bred, seem soon to have perceived that he would put up with almost anything, and they treated him as their humour dictated accordingly. Mr. Moens constantly speaks of being "contemptuously tapped on the head," and "kicked awake," as if such little amenities were only the natural consequence of living with brigands. On one occasion, as he was lying down for the night, the captain put one leg over his chest, the only result of which was, that after a little grumbling, Mr. Moens "tried to forget all," and fell asleep. This is only to be matched by a still more outrageous incident described in the second volume. While Mr. Moens was one day washing his feet, a brigand struck him with a stick because he did not perform his ablutions quickly enough. Mr. Moens "did not pay the slightest attention to him," and went on washing, the brigand striking him all the time. "I told him," our author adds, "it did not hurt me, and I suppose it amused him." When such incidents as these did not disturb his serene philosophy, it is not to be wondered at that he submitted in silence to having bones thrown in his face when he asked for food, and that a brigand prodding him in the back with his gun-barrel as he was ascending a mountain, only put him into a "pretended rage." The whole of Mr. Moens's conduct, in a word, is characterized by a desire to avoid all risk, and to trust in Providence and his friends for his liberation. He often tells us of thoughts of escape which occasionally crossed his mind, but these ideas never seem to have assumed a definite form. That many opportunities of escape must have presented themselves in a period of four months, the whole of which was passed in the open air, and in constant flight from the pursuit of troops, is scarcely doubtful. One such opportunity is described by Mr. Moens. He was in a cave, guarded by three robbers, two of whom were asleep, and the third had gone away some two or three yards into the sun to take off his shirt for the purpose of freeing it from vermin. The guns of the sleeping men were within reach of his hand; the naked robber had left his at the mouth of the cave; there were no other brigands near, and close by was a path which led straight to an adjoining town. As Mr. Moens truly observes, "it was very tempting." All he had to do was to take possession of the guns, to disable the sleeping robbers, to keep the other at a respectful distance, and then to scamper off to the town as fast as his legs would carry him. Surely nothing could have been more justifiable than such a course. Mr. Moens is constantly telling us that his life was in imminent danger while he was in the hands of the brigands, and to wound, or even kill, one or two of them in an attempt to escape, would have been nothing but a simple act of self-defence. Mr. Moens, however, after anxiously debating the matter within himself, came to the conclusion that it would be a "cold-blooded murder," and took out his Prayer-book to "divert his mind," upon which he came across the passage: "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O Lord!" which he thankfully accepted as an interposition of Providence to "guide" him. We recommend this passage to the particular attention of the Peace Society. If they can get the world to interpret it as Mr. Moens did, the happy era of which they dream, when the demon of war will be finally banished from the earth, will be a much more tangible reality than it has at present any chance of becoming.

From a man of Mr. Moens's peculiarly unromantic turn of mind, we can, of course, only expect a description of the more ordinary and domestic incidents of brigand life; and this, which we do not find in the generality of books

about brigands, he gives us in a very clear, straightforward, and unassuming way. So entirely, indeed, is his attention absorbed by matters connected with eating and drinking (which he admits, with much *naïveté*, were highly interesting to him), that the descriptions of scenery in his book give a much stronger impression of the writer's regard for creature comforts than his sense of the picturesque, which, considering that he is an amateur photographer, and therefore presumably something of an artist, may perhaps appear somewhat surprising. It is true that he tells us sometimes, in an incidental sort of way, that a scene is "most picturesque," or that it might "make a picture for Salvator Rosa;" but in general the interest he takes in scenery seems to be more of a topographical than an æsthetic kind. Perhaps, however, it is as well that we are spared any attempts at Ruskinism, seeing that the finest language at Mr. Moens's command seems to consist chiefly of a free use of superlatives—such as "the blackest clouds," "the sleekest little mouse," "the brightest black eyes," and so on. As it is, his two volumes are crowded with matter of a kind which cannot be of the slightest interest to any one but himself and his wife, whose diary, by the way, forms a considerable and totally superfluous portion of the book. The only really interesting passages—and they are very interesting—are those which illustrate the character and mode of life of the band. On the whole, these gentlemen seem to exercise their calling in a very civilized and business-like sort of way. They had an ugly trick, it is true, of presenting their guns at their captive, and making him feel very uncomfortable by threatening to cut his ears off; but these were only passing ebullitions of ill-humour, when they had been for days without food, and generally they treated him as if he were one of themselves. Surely this was all that Mr. Moens had a right to expect, and it was somewhat unreasonable of him to complain of their greediness when they refused to recognise his right to a double share "because Englishmen eat twice as much as Italians." They were somewhat addicted to gambling, in which, however, Mr. Moens, scrupulous as he is, did not object to join, and he only refused to play any more because they would not pay him his winnings. Many of them were sufficiently well educated to be perfectly qualified for the franchise under Mr. Clay's system, and some, the captain especially, unusually quick at accounts. Mr. Moens was not very successful in his attempts to induce the brigands to tell him stories of their life. Most of them appear to have gone to the mountains after having committed one or two assassinations, or, as they call it, "homicides;" but, though very quick-tempered, they did not show any ferocity or blood-thirstiness. Their captain, who, judging by his portrait, was a mild, refined-looking man, seldom punished disobedience to his orders more severely than by a blow, and treated his captive with kindness and consideration. In the latter particular he was cheerfully seconded by most of the band. One of them, appropriately called Generoso, actually gave Mr. Moens his hood in a storm of rain, though the day before he had threatened to throw Generoso down a precipice. The only brigand who seemed to take a malicious pleasure in ill-treating him was a mischievous fellow called Scope, who so provoked Mr. Moens by his irresistible habit of teasing, that he seldom speaks of him without applying to his name the somewhat strong epithet, for a gentleman of such strict evangelical principles, of "demon." This ill-conditioned bandit was evidently a great nuisance to Mr. Moens, and accordingly he is picked out for the unusual honour of a few lines of description. Before he joined the band, he worked in the fields; and, like some agricultural labourers in Italy and other countries, his nature was "most brutal." Mr. Moens adds, that "remorse for some fearful deed of murder was clearly written on his countenance;" but perhaps what Mr. Moens saw clearly when his faculties were sharpened by ill-treatment would not have seemed so evident to other eyes. Of the other brigands we learn very little, except that they were a fine, healthy set of fellows, very dirty, very fond of jewellery, having bunches of gold chains as thick as an arm suspended across the breasts of their waistcoats, and dressed in long jackets with innumerable buttons and pockets, the latter containing cartridges, ball, gunpowder, knives, percussion-caps, shirts, bread, dirty bacon, cheese, and other miscellaneous articles. There were several ladies in the band, and about these Mr. Moens is somewhat more communicative. Much to his surprise, they were neither sanguinary nor savage; their dresses were the same as those of the men, and they were armed with guns and revolvers. The handsomest of them was the "partner" (as Mr. Moens modestly puts it) of one of the captains. She was very greedy, though she sometimes gave the captives *confetti*, and was probably the lady Mr. Moens speaks of in another part of the book, as wearing twenty-four gold rings on her fingers at the same time. The others did not present any very marked peculiarities. One was sulky, another a "lotus-eyed damsel," and nearly all were very good-natured, and freely shared their food with the prisoner. The courage and patience under suffering of these women is astonishing. One of them, who had received a shot in the arm, which broke the bone in two, remained with the band for more than a week, during the whole of which time the wound remained open from the want of proper medical care. Notwithstanding this, she bore her atrocious sufferings without a murmur, and staggered along with the band, supported by two men, in all their weary night-marches over precipitous mountains, which the brigands themselves only ascended with great difficulty. At length she escaped to Salerno, and had her arm amputated. She refused chloroform, and during the operation the only sign of suffering she gave was to clench her teeth.

It is curious to contrast the business-like and somewhat cowardly and commonplace rascals described by Mr. Moens with the freebooters of earlier periods. Brigandage, in the form of piracy or of highway robbery, has existed in almost every country in the infancy of its civilization; but it was never so formidable or ex-

tensive as in the Middle Ages, when the Scandinavian pirates conquered half Europe, and every feudal baron was what we would now call a brigand chief. That mysterious transition period of the world's history, when the utter darkness of barbarism was gradually giving way to the light of civilization, and all was unsettled and irregular, was eminently adapted to the reckless bravery, the ferocity, and the wild adventure of a freebooter's life. It is impossible to read some of the stories of the old sea-kings of Scandinavia without feeling admiration for the splendid daring and stoical disregard of life exhibited by those noblest and most romantic of robbers. Take the famous Norse legend of the thirty rovers of Jomsburgh, for instance, who were captured by Jarl Hakon, king of Norway, about the year 924. The king had determined to cut off the heads of all his captives, and appointed Thorkell Leire, one of the most famous of the Norwegian chieftains, to act as executioner. The Jomsburgh men were made to sit down before the king on a log of wood, with their legs bound together by a rope. Osier twigs were twisted in their hair, and a slave stood behind each to keep his head steady. Soon three heads rolled to the ground before the mighty sweep of Thorkell's axe. Then, turning to the rest of the captives with a mocking smile, the Norwegian chief asked them what they thought of death. "I only beg of thee," said one, "to be quick over thy work. Thou knowest it is a question oft discussed at Jomsburgh, whether or not a man feels anything after losing his head. If, after my head is cut off, I throw this knife at thee, that will show that I retain some feeling; if I let it fall, it will prove the contrary. Now strike." Thorkell did as he was told; but no sooner was the man's head struck off than the knife fell to the ground from his powerless grasp. "Strike the blow in my face," said the next; "I will sit still without flinching. Watch my eyes, to see if I wink; for the rovers of Jomsburgh know how to meet the stroke of death without betraying any emotion." He kept his promise, and received the blow without winking his eyes. Then Sigurd, the son of Bui the Thick, a fine young man in the flower of his age, with long fair hair as fine as silk flowing in ringlets over his shoulders, thus addressed Thorkell: "I fear not death, but I must pray thee not to let my hair be touched by a slave, or stained with my blood." Upon this, one of Hakon's followers stepped forward and held Sigurd's head instead of the slave; but as Thorkell's battle-axe was whizzing through the air, Sigurd twitched his head forward so strongly that the axe passed him untouched, and cut off both the hands of the warrior who held him. The fierce Hakon was hugely delighted at this practical joke, and his son, Eirek, immediately loosed Sigurd from the rope. Thorkell, however, being determined not to be baulked of his prey, now rushed with uplifted axe upon Vagn Akason, another of the captives; but the crafty sea-rover threw himself on the ground, so that Thorkell fell over him and cut the rope with his axe. Being thus freed from the bonds which held him, Vagn sprang up, and cut down Thorkell with his own weapon. Eirek then asked Vagn whether he would accept life from his hands. "Willingly," was the reply, "provided thou wilt give it to all of us." Upon this the rope was loosened, and the twelve rovers who had escaped death returned to their native rocks. This Vagn was the most unruly and fierce of the Jomsburgh men. He sought admittance to the piratical community when he was only twelve years old, and when their chief, the celebrated Palnatoki, refused his application on the ground of his youth, Vagn coolly replied that he was as strong as a youth of eighteen, and offered to fight the most famous of the rovers, Jarl Sigvald, in proof of his assertion. The challenge was accepted, and Vagn pressed his antagonist so closely with his battle-axe, that the chief was obliged to interfere to prevent Sigvald from being killed by the formidable boy-warrior. Another famous hero of the northern sagas was Harold Harfagra. This daring adventurer aimed at nothing less than the subjugation of the whole of Norway, and made a vow neither to comb nor cut his hair until he had attained his object. As, with all his courage, the task he had imposed upon himself took him several years to perform, his hair grew so long and thick that he was called Harold the Hirsute. When he became master of Norway, he took a bath, and had his hair combed and cut, which so much changed his appearance that he became known as Harold Harfagra, the fair-haired. Another Harold, even more famous than the above, is the one known in English history as Harold Hardrada. The chief scenes of his exploits were England, France, Sicily, and Northern Africa; and his banner was generally known by the appropriate name of the "Land Ravager." He was peculiarly successful in his attacks on fortified towns, which he generally contrived to reduce by some clever stratagem. Of these, one of the most singular was that which he employed when investing a town in Sicily. He ordered his fowlers to catch the small birds that had their nests in the town, and flew to the forest during the day in quest of food for their young. He then caused splinters of inflammable wood, smeared with wax and sulphur, to be fastened on their backs, and after setting these splinters on fire, let go the birds, who immediately flew to their innumerable nests under the thatched roofs of the houses in the town. The fire, of course, caught the thatch, and spread so quickly that in a very short time the whole of the town was in flames. Another stratagem of this famous sea-king was still more characteristic. While besieging a town, Harold fell ill, and a rumour soon spread that he was dead. Meanwhile the king had recovered, and he determined to take advantage of the rumour to obtain possession of the town. His men asked for a parley, and after informing the besieged that Harold was dead, begged that the clergy would allow his body to be brought into the town and buried with due solemnity. This proposal was agreed to; a magnificent procession of monks and priests, with crosses, banners, and reliquaries, soon came out of the gates, and was met by the rovers bearing a splendid coffin. The proces-

sion, joined by the coffin-bearers, now moved towards the town; but no sooner were they within the gateway than the rovers set the coffin right across the entrance, placed a bar to keep the gate open, and sounded their trumpets. The whole army, with Harold at its head, then rushed into the town and massacred all the male inhabitants. One of the chief causes of the success of the sea-kings in their predatory excursions was their indifference to life. "We are cut to pieces with swords," says king Ragnar Lodbrok; "but this fills me with joy when I think of the feast that is preparing for me in Odin's palace. . . . . A brave man fears not to die. . . . The hours of my life have passed away, I shall die laughing." Saxo Grammaticus, in describing a single combat, says: "One of the champions fell, laughed, and died"—an epitaph as eloquent as it is laconic. Another characteristic of the Northern rovers was a sort of temporary madness which came upon them while in the intoxication of a fight. When they had these fits they foamed at the mouth, and struck at everything around them, friends, foes, animals, trees, and rocks. Those who were most subject to these attacks were called Berserkers, and while in this state they are said to have swallowed red-hot coals, and rushed into fire as if it were their native element.

There were heroines as well as heroes among the ancient Skalds. Alfhild, daughter of Sigurd, king of Ostrogothia, who is said to have been as chaste as she was beautiful and brave, took sail with a number of her female companions to avoid a marriage which she disliked. These amazons of the northern seas were all dressed as men, and strongly armed. Shortly afterwards they met a band of pirates who had lost their chief, and who were so pleased with the courage of the princess that they placed her at their head. Alfhild soon became famous as a successful rover, and the rumour of her exploits reaching Alf, the chief to whom she was to have been married, he determined to pursue her. The two fleets met in the Gulf of Finland. Alf, accompanied by one of his companions, jumped on to the ship of the princess, and a desperate hand-to-hand fight followed, in the course of which Alf's companion cut the princess's helmet in two, and exposed her pale features and flowing hair to the astonished gaze of the two warriors. Being thus fairly conquered by her lover, Alfhild gave him her hand, and one of her lady companions became the wife of his friend. This rough kind of wooing found much favour with the daughters of the Vikings. Another princess, named Thorborge, always went completely armed from head to foot, and refused all the chiefs who had come to ask her hand, killing them if they persisted in their suit. At length a sea-king, named Rolf, found the way to her heart by imitating her own tactics. He laid siege to the fortress in which the heroine resided, and after a long and desperate contest both the lady and the garrison were obliged to yield. The old sagas are full of similar tales to the above. One legend tells us of a gallant warrior named Ale, who delivers a beautiful princess from the hands of a band of twelve pirates, all of whom he kills with his own hand, and afterwards marries her as the prize of his valour. More pathetic is the saga of Orvarodd, who, to free his mistress from the importunities of six brothers, fights the whole six at once, and falls in this unequal combat, not forgetting, however, to send a ring before he dies to his lady-love, who, on hearing the news, shares the fate of her lover. Another princess, no less romantic, when she was told that her lover had been condemned to death for having killed her brothers, who were opposed to their marriage, set fire to her palace, and perished in the flames with her women.

In their spirit of enterprise, their indifference to life, and the vast power they wielded, the sea-kings of old Norway have found worthy rivals among the more modern pirates of the Eastern seas. These pirates have now become much less numerous and formidable than formerly, but many men now living still remember the time when nearly the whole of the fertile islands of the Indian archipelago formed a vast piratical empire, ruled by pirate chiefs, and inhabited by men who combined the peaceful calling of fishermen, traders, and agriculturists, with the wild and adventurous life of freebooters. Their villages are described as being sweetly pastoral and picturesque in appearance, situated on the banks of broad rivers, with hundreds of pretty wooden houses surrounded by gardens. Women and children worked or played in the lofty balconies, and venerable old men, with long white beards and weather-beaten countenances, sat with meditative air in the doorways. All the characters in this scene of domestic life were either pirates or the families of pirates. A common ornament for the interior of one of those peaceful-looking houses was a festoon composed of human heads hanging from a string attached to the ceiling; and when the proper season arrived for one of their predatory excursions, a band of ruthless buccaneers, armed from head to foot, used to issue from this pleasant scene, and, after sailing through the richly cultivated and quiet country, land on some foreign shore where they spread death and desolation far and wide. Nor needed they fear any retaliation on the part of those whom they attacked, for in their island homes they were almost invincible. Their strongholds were usually placed in spacious lagoons, at all the exposed points of which were lookout houses, where people were stationed so as to be always ready to effect the escape of the piratical fleets from their pursuers. This was done in a most simple and effectual manner by means of "escapes"—*i.e.*, mangrove trees laid down in the swamp at an angle of 120 degrees, the open end being towards the sea. When the pirates wished to land, they drove their ships into one of these escapes, the sides of which were so slippery, and placed at so gradual an inclination, that the original impetus of the oars at once forced them high and dry on the beach, after which the men in the lookout houses drew them into the interior by ropes. This operation was so inconceivably rapid that the

pirate-ships vanished as if by magic, just when their pursuers thought they were close upon them, and if the latter attempted to approach too near, they were saluted by a discharge of round and grape from heavy brass guns, placed in battery, and so far within the dangerous jungle that attack was impossible. An amusing peculiarity of the Eastern pirates is that when they are about to fight they dress themselves in scarlet, with a shirt of mail, much in the same style as the stock pirate of our theatres. They are very devout, or rather superstitious, as brigands are in most countries; and in their contempt of death they are quite equal to their Norse predecessors. Sir James Brooke's account of the death of a Malay Panglima, or chief, shows this characteristic in a very striking light. Finding that he was surrounded by his enemies, the pirate determined not to die alone. With one hand he flourished his spear, and placing the other on the handle of his sword, he defied those collected about him. He danced his war-dance on the sand, his face became deadly pale, and his wild eyes glared. Suddenly one of his enemies leapt forward and struck a spear through his back with such force that it came out at his breast. The wound was of course mortal; but the Panglima, collecting in one supreme effort all that remained of the life that was ebbing out of his body, rushed forward with his spear and thrust it at the breast of his assailant. The impulse was not, however, sufficient to make the weapon enter, and the Panglima fell to the ground, his spear only leaving his hand when life was completely extinct.

In the early part of the eighteenth century the scourge of piracy spread to China, and the Chinese pirates of that time, called Ladrones, fully justified the reputation for eccentricity which is possessed by their countrymen. They had a very large fleet, and soon grew so powerful that their chief, Ching, at length aspired to nothing less than the reversal of the Tartar dynasty, and the proclamation of himself as Emperor. His ambitious projects, however, were rendered nugatory by his death, which took place during a storm in which he was shipwrecked. His widow then assumed the command of the pirate squadron, and appointed one of her captains, named Paou, who had managed to secure her good graces, her lieutenant and prime minister. This enterprising lady and her lieutenant then drew up a code of laws for the pirates, in which, among other things, it was stipulated, that any one leaving his ship without leave was to have his ears slit in presence of the whole fleet, and that all booty should be equally divided among the men, any one taking more than his share being punished with death. There was also the curious stipulation that no pirate was to pay his addresses (in pirate fashion, be it understood) to a captive woman without the permission of the ship's purser, or in any other place than the ship's hold. All violence to women was to be punished with death, as also the capture of goods from poor people without paying for them. These regulations were strictly executed, and made the widow Ching's fleet very popular among the common people in China. The pirates were looked upon as a highly moral and civilized body, and although they plundered every vessel they came near, this was not termed robbery, but merely "a transshipping of goods." Paou, the widow's lieutenant, is spoken of as a sort of Homeric hero by the Chinese historians. Once, landing on the coast with several of his men, he found a colossal image in a temple, which he lifted with ease, although the united efforts of the men who accompanied him failed even to move it. He then carried the statue on board his ship, much to the alarm of his crew, who feared the vengeance of the god whose image had been so irreverently treated. Shortly after, Paou had an encounter with a redoubtable mandarin named Kwolang-lin. The battle lasted from morning till night, and Kwolang-lin finding it was turning against him, levelled a gun at Paou, who fell on his deck as the piece went off. This, however, was only a stratagem; Paou soon stood up again, and so frightened his opponents, who thought he was a spirit, that they lost heart, and were easily beaten. Among the prisoners was the mandarin. Paou generously offered the old man his liberty, notwithstanding the ugly trick he had tried to play him; but Kwolang-lin would accept no favours from his conqueror. He seized Paou by the hair on the crown of his head, and grinned at him, thinking that this insult would provoke Paou to kill him; but finding that the pirate was high-minded enough to take no notice, he made a sudden movement, and then threw himself into the sea. Such acts of magnanimity, however, were rare among the Ladrones. It was their common practice to put their prisoners to death, and when they took a town by assault, they were paid ten dollars out of the common fund for every Chinaman's head they produced. On one such occasion a pirate was seen with two heads which he had cut off, tied by their tails, and slung round his neck. They were very dirty, as is the case with all freebooters, and an Englishman (Mr. Glasspool) whom they once took prisoner, complains bitterly of having been obliged to live for three weeks on caterpillars boiled with rice. They were much addicted to gambling—also a favourite brigand pastime—and spent all their leisure hours at cards and in smoking opium.

By far the most daring and ferocious of the pirates of the East, however, were Englishmen. The former quality was possessed in an extraordinary degree by the notorious Captain Davis, whose capture of the fort at Gambia is a memorable achievement in piratic annals. On arriving off the African coast, he ordered all his men below, except those who were absolutely required to work his vessel, so as to lead the men at the fort to believe she was only a trader. He then ran under the fort and cast anchor, after which he ordered the boat to be manned with six men dressed like the foremastmen of a merchant's ship, and rowed ashore in it, accompanied by the master and doctor, all three in the disguise of merchants. On reaching land, the party was conducted by a file of

musketeers into the fort, and were received with great politeness by the governor, who inquired what they were and whence they came. They replied that they were from Liverpool, and bound for the river Senegal, to trade for gum and elephants' teeth, but that they had been chased by two French men-of-war, and had narrowly escaped capture. Davis added that they would be glad to dispose of their cargo at the fort in exchange for slaves, and that it chiefly consisted of iron and plate, which were then in great demand at the station. The governor agreed to give them slaves for their cargo, and asked if they had any European liquor on board. They answered that they had a little for their own use, but that he should have a hamper of it. This offer so pleased the governor, that he asked the whole party to dinner. Davis accepted the invitation, at the same time remarking that as he was commander of the vessel, it would be necessary for him to go down to see if she was properly moored, and to give some other directions; but that his companions might stay, and that he would return before dinner, and bring the hamper with him. During the whole of the time he was in the fort he carefully examined all its weak points, and especially the places where the arms were kept. He discovered that most of these were piled up in a corner in a guard-house, before which there was a sentry, and that some more were stowed away in the governor's hall. Upon arriving on board of his ship, he ordered his men to be ready for action when he hoisted the flag from the walls, and warned them not to take too much liquor, after which he returned to the castle, accompanied by a few of the pirates, each armed with two pairs of pistols concealed under his clothes. These he ordered to go into the guard-room, and fall into conversation with the soldiers there, adding, that when the moment for action arrived, he would fire a pistol out of the governor's window, upon which they were to shut up the soldiers and secure the arms. On arriving at the castle, Davis found the governor alone in his room, overflowing with hospitality and good-fellowship. Dinner was not ready, and the governor proposed they should make a bowl of punch to while away the time; but Davis, seeing his opportunity, presented a pistol to the breast of his astonished host, telling him at the same time that he was a dead man unless he would surrender the fort and all that it contained. The governor being unarmed and without assistance, had no choice but to submit; upon which Davis fired his pistol out of the window. Instantly the pirates in the guard-room secured the soldiers, took possession of the arms, and hung out the black flag. The men from the vessel then rushed into the fort, and a few minutes afterwards were in full possession of it, without the slightest bloodshed or disorder. After staying a few days at the castle, during which period they dismounted the guns and demolished the fortifications, the pirates departed, loaded with booty, and accompanied by some of the garrison, who had volunteered to share their adventurous life. Davis did not live long, however, to enjoy the fruits of his triumph. Shortly after, as he was nearing the Isle of Princes, he attempted to play a similar stratagem on the Portuguese. On approaching the coast, he hoisted English colours, and was accordingly piloted into port with all the honours due to an English man-of-war. After staying a short time in the island to refit, he invited the governor and the wealthiest of the inhabitants to dine on board his ship, intending to put them in irons when they arrived there, and only to liberate them on payment of a large ransom. Unfortunately for the success of his plan, a negro whom Davis had taken into his confidence swam ashore on the night previous to the day on which the dinner was to take place, and informed the governor of his danger. This intelligence set the whole garrison on the alert; the troops were ordered out and placed in the most advantageous situations, and the night was passed in strengthening the defences of the place. Shortly after daybreak the pirates landed, and marched towards the fort; but they met with such a warm reception that they were soon obliged to retire, taking with them their commander, who was mortally wounded by a musket-ball. As they were rowing towards their ship, Davis, though in his dying agonies, lifted himself up out of the boat where he lay, and fired a last pistol-shot at his pursuers, thus appropriately ending his desperate career.

The audacity of the British pirates was only equalled by their ferocity, to which it would be difficult to find a parallel among the most savage and uncivilized nations. Among those who particularly distinguished themselves by this species of moral insanity were Captains Low and Teach. Low was a Londoner, and his taste for piracy was exhibited at a very early age. It is said that when a boy he used to levy contributions among his companions, and that if any of them refused, a fight was the result. His first exploit was to shoot at his captain because the latter ordered him on an expedition just as Low was about to have his dinner. He then set up as a pirate, and was remarkably successful in his captures, chiefly on account of the terror he inspired. Once he captured a French ship, and being in want of provisions, he offered to the governor of a French port to give her up provided he would send him a supply. The provisions were sent, and Low liberated the crew, but declined to give up the vessel on the ground that there was a very stout cook on board, who, being a greasy fellow, ought to fry well. He then had the unfortunate man bound to the mast, and set the ship on fire. Still more atrocious was his conduct towards the captain and crew of a Portuguese ship which he had captured. Having heard that there was a large sum of money on board, he searched all over the vessel, but without success, upon which he ordered the crew to be put to the torture in order to make them say where the treasure was concealed. It then came out that the captain had, during the chase, hung the bag containing the money out of his cabin window, and that when the pirates came on board, he had cut the rope, and the bag had fallen into the sea. This put Low into such a frenzy that he immediately

ordered the captain's lips to be cut off and broiled before his eyes, after which both he and the crew were murdered. The cruelty of this singular ruffian did not, however, always require so much provocation. He would murder a man out of simple exuberance of spirits, and when he was in the best of humours. One thing only is recorded to his credit: he never ill-treated his own countrymen. The only instance in which he fled from the pursuit of a man-of-war was when it was manned by English sailors; and once, when he captured a brigantine of which the crew were one-half English and one-half Portuguese, he hanged the latter, and allowed the English to go where they pleased.

Teach, better known in the West Indies as Black Beard, was a grotesque villain, who delighted in a sort of picturesque ruffianism that made him the admiration as well as the terror of the country in which he committed his depredations. The *sobriquet* by which he was known was derived from a black beard of extraordinary length, which covered nearly the whole of his face, and which he used to twist into numberless small tails. While in action he had three brace of pistols slung across his shoulders, and lighted matches stuck under his hat, which illumined his dusky face and fierce eyes with an unearthly glare, and, together with his bristling beard and wild gestures, made up a picture that few could look upon without fear. From time to time he would land for the purpose of holding a "council." On these occasions, seated under a wild fig-tree, with his band surrounding him, he would consult them about his plans, punish those who had broken the rules of the band, and reward the bravest and most enterprising. He had a harem of fourteen wives, whom he treated with such brutality that even his crew were horror-struck at his conduct. None of them, however, dared to whisper a word of remonstrance, for they knew his despotic temper, and believed him to be armed with supernatural power which enabled him to do anything he wished. Those of his companions who were taken alive in his last battle used to relate how once, upon a cruise, they found they had a stranger on board; how this stranger was seen for several days among them, sometimes below, sometimes on deck, although none of the crew could say who he was, or whence he came; and how at last he disappeared in the same mysterious manner as he had come, and all of them religiously believed it was the devil. The belief that Black Beard was in communication with the Spirit of Evil was still further strengthened by another incident which well paints the grotesque extravagance of the man. Being one day at sea, and a little flushed with drink, "Come," said he, "let us make a hell of our own, and try how long we can bear it." He then went down, with some of his men, into the hold, and, after shutting down the hatches, filled several tubs with sulphur and other combustible materials, which he set on fire, thus literally involving himself and his men in fire and brimstone; after which he danced about the hold with oaths and frantic gestures, apparently not in the least affected by the choking vapour which filled the air, until his companions, fainting and nearly suffocated, compelled him to release them. His convivial humour was of a similar kind. In one of his drunken fits, while seated in his cabin at dinner, he blew out the candles, cocked his pistols, and crossing his hands, fired on each side at his companions, one of whom received a shot which maimed him for life. This story he used to tell himself with great glee, adding that, "if he did not now and then kill one of his men, they would forget who he was." The account of the capture and death of this eccentric robber is not the least interesting part of his history. Two sloops, under the command of Lieutenant Maynard, an officer of the British navy, came up with him one evening as he was lying in a bay near Bermuda. They did not venture to attack him in the night, and therefore anchored at the entrance of the bay. Meanwhile Black Beard, who was perfectly well aware of his danger, passed the night in carousing with his men. One of them having asked him whether in case anything should happen to him during the engagement, his wife should not be told where he had buried his money, he answered that nobody but himself and the devil knew where it was, and the longest liver should take all. In the morning Maynard weighed anchor, hoisted the English colours, and made towards Black Beard. Upon this the pirate called out to him to say who he was, and whence he came. "You may see from our colours," was the reply. Black Beard then asked Maynard to send his boat on board, that he might see who he was. Maynard, with characteristic pluck, answered: "I cannot spare my boat, but I will come on board of you as soon as I can with my sloop." On hearing this, Black Beard took a glass of liquor and drank to him, saying, "I will give no quarter, nor take any from you." Maynard retorted that he expected no quarter from him, nor should he give him any. Meanwhile the sloops approached the pirate, and one of them received a broadside from him which killed or wounded twenty of his crew. Maynard, finding that his sloop would soon come up with the pirate's ship, ordered all his men below, he and the man at the helm alone remaining on deck. At the same time he ordered the men to take their pistols and cutlasses, so as to be ready for action at his call. Seeing that there were scarcely any hands on deck as the sloop approached him, the pirate exclaimed—"They are all knocked on the head except three or four; let us jump on board, and cut to pieces those that are alive." Black Beard then boarded the sloop with fourteen of his men, Maynard at the same time calling out to his crew, who instantly rushed on deck. Black Beard and the lieutenant exchanged shots, and the pirate was wounded, after which they engaged each other with their swords. Unfortunately the sword of the lieutenant broke, but he was rescued by one of his men, who gave Black Beard a terrible wound in the neck. A desperate *mêlée* ensued, in which both sides fought with such vigour that

the sea all round the vessels was soon dyed with blood. The pirate, after receiving twenty wounds, at length fell dead while he was in the act of cocking his pistol. His men then surrendered, and were taken prisoners by Maynard's crew. It afterwards came out that Black Beard had placed a negro with a match at the door of the powder magazine in his ship, with instructions to set light to the powder directly the king's men came on board, the pirate having determined to involve himself and his opponents in one common ruin rather than be taken alive.

Not only were the courage and ferocity of the English pirates but little inferior to those of the skalds and berserkers of ancient Norway, but they had among them female pirates who were worthy rivals of the Norwegian princesses sung by the saga-men. Of these, the most famous was Mary Read. This woman was the illegitimate daughter of the wife of a sailor, who passed her off as her deceased son in order to continue to draw the allowance which had been given for him by her husband's relations. Subsequently Mary Read, who had acquired manly tastes under her disguise, engaged on board a man-of-war; but the orderly life of the king's navy soon became irksome to her, and she enlisted in a cavalry regiment in Flanders. Here she fell in love with one of her comrades, who, on discovering her sex, made her an offer of marriage. The two troopers were duly united in presence of several of the officers, who provided them with clothes and money. This enabled them to procure their discharge, and shortly after they took a public-house, and had a great run of business. Mary's husband died, however, after they had been married a few months; her business then declined, and she enlisted in an infantry regiment quartered in one of the frontier towns. But meanwhile peace had been proclaimed, and Mary, finding there was no prospect of promotion, and being tired of a garrison life, went on board a vessel bound for the West Indies. This ship was captured by pirates, who accepted Mary's offer to join their band. She soon obtained a reputation for being one of the bravest and most resolute fighters of the whole crew, and she gave abundant evidence of her courage and presence of mind on many occasions. Once she became strongly attached to a young artist, who had been taken prisoner by the pirates. Her lover having quarrelled with one of the crew, they agreed to fight a duel on shore. Mary, though extremely anxious for the safety of her lover, could not endure the idea of his refusing to fight, and thus exposing himself to the imputation of being a coward. At last she hit upon a very ingenious expedient for avoiding the difficulty. She quarrelled with the man who had challenged her lover, and arranged so as to fight him two hours before the first duel was to take place. The result was that the challenger was run through the body with her sword, and both the honour and life of her lover were saved.

The celebrated adventurers who were known as Buccaneers in the seventeenth century, although they were somewhat more respectable than pirates, were quite equal to them in daring, and were scarcely more scrupulous in their regard for life and property. Originally they were shipowners and merchants, who made war on the Spaniards in the West Indies on their own account, to revenge themselves for the ill-treatment and obstruction to trade which they had suffered at their hands. The enterprises of the buccaneers were afterwards connived at by the maritime states of Europe, most of whom had a grudge against Spain for her domineering pretensions in the American seas. The "brethren of the coast," as the buccaneers called themselves, were held together by a code of laws and regulations. By this code every member of the body had his chosen and declared comrade, with whom he shared his property while they lived together, and when one of the two died, the other succeeded to whatever he possessed. All the booty taken by the buccaneers went to a common fund, from which shares were paid to each man according to his rank. Money was also given out of this fund to those who were wounded or maimed. The amount payable for the loss of a right arm was 600 pieces of eight, or six slaves; for a left arm or right leg, 500 pieces of eight, or five slaves; for a left leg, 400 pieces of eight, or four slaves; for an eye or a finger, 100 pieces of eight, or one slave. They professed a great respect for religion and honour, although the way in which they showed it was somewhat peculiar. Thus one of their captains shot a buccaneer in a church for behaving irreverently during the performance of mass. Raveneau de Lussan become a buccaneer in order to pay his debts, which, it is said, he did to the last penny. No bolts or locks were allowed on the buccaneers' ships, because such fastenings were held to imply a doubt of "the honour of their vocation."

One of the earliest and most celebrated of the buccaneers was Pierre, of Dieppe, otherwise called "Pierre le Grand," who, like Julius Cæsar, has left us an account of his exploits, in which he always speaks of himself in the third person. The achievement which made him famous was the capture of the Vice-Admiral of the Spanish fleet. We will quote his own narrative of this bold adventure:—

"The boat wherein Pierre le Grand was with his companions had been at sea a long time, without any prize worth his taking, and their provisions beginning to fail, they were in danger of starving. When they were almost reduced to despair, they espied a great ship of the Spanish flota, separated from the rest. This vessel they resolved to take, or die in the attempt. Hereupon they sailed towards her to view her strength, and though they judged the vessel to be superior to theirs, yet their covetousness, and the extremity they were reduced to, made them venture. Being come so near that they could not possibly escape, they made an oath to their captain, Pierre le Grand, to stand by him to the last. It is true the pirates believed that they would find the ship unprovided to fight, and therefore be able the sooner to master her. It was in the dusk of the evening that they began the attack. But before they engaged, they ordered the surgeon of the boat to

bore a hole in the side of it, that their own vessel sinking under them, they might be compelled to attack more vigorously, and endeavour more hastily to board the ship. This was done accordingly; and without any other arms than a pistol in one hand, and a sword in the other, they immediately climbed up the sides of the ship, and ran all together into the great cabin, where they found the captain, with several of his companions, playing at cards. Here they set a pistol to his breast, commanding him to deliver up the ship. The Spaniards, surprised to see the pirates on board of their ship, cried: 'Jesus bless us! Are these devils, or what are they?' Meanwhile some of them took possession of the gun-room, and seized the arms, killing as many as made any opposition. Whereupon the Spaniards presently surrendered. That very day the captain of the ship had been told by some of the seamen that the boat which was in view cruising was a boat of pirates, when the captain slightingly answered, 'What then? Must I be afraid of such a pitiful thing as that is? No, though she were a ship as big and as strong as mine is.' As soon as Pierre le Grand had taken this rich prize, he detained in his service as many of the common seamen as he had need of, setting the rest ashore, and then set sail for France, where he continued without ever returning to America again."

Another Frenchman, François L'Olonnais, was distinguished among the buccaneers for his cruelty as well as his successes. He had 650 men under him, took five towns, from the inhabitants of which he extorted immense sums by way of ransom, and captured ships laden with cargoes of great value. His depredations, like those of the other buccaneers, were chiefly exercised upon the Spaniards, to whom he bore a private grudge. Being once on a cruise near the village of Los Cayos, the inhabitants, fearing lest he should attack them, hastily sent to the governor of the Havana for assistance. The governor sent a ship with ten guns and ninety men, and told the crew not to return until they had totally destroyed the pirates. He also sent with them a negro, who was to serve as executioner, and had strict orders to hang all of the pirates except L'Olonnais, who was to be brought alive to the Havana. On arriving at Los Cayos, the ship was attacked by L'Olonnais with such vigour that the crew were soon driven by the pirates under the hatches and forced to surrender. L'Olonnais then ordered them to be brought up one by one, and as each appeared on deck he cut off his head with his own hand. When the negro came up he begged for mercy, and confessed that he had been sent by the governor as hangman of the ship. But L'Olonnais was inexorable. He murdered every man of the crew but one, whom he sent with the following message to the governor:—"I shall never henceforward give quarter to any Spaniard whatsoever, and I have great hopes I shall execute on your own person the very same punishment as I have upon them you sent against me. Thus have I retaliated the kindness you designed for me and my companions." L'Olonnais strictly kept his word. Whenever he captured a Spaniard he put him to torture, and unless he was paid a large ransom, cut his captive to pieces with his hanger, and pulled his tongue out. Having had a skirmish with a body of Spaniards as he was marching to attack the town of St. Pedro, he killed all the wounded, and asked the prisoners whether there was any other way to the town than that which he was pursuing, as the latter was very favourable for ambuscades. The prisoners answered that they knew of none; which so enraged L'Olonnais that he drew his cutlass, cut open the breast of one of them, and pulling out his heart, began to gnaw it with his teeth, saying: "I will serve you all alike if you do not show me another way." This so frightened the other prisoners that they offered to lead him to another road, which, however, was extremely precipitous, and finding that it was impracticable for his army, L'Olonnais stormed and raved like a madman, exclaiming—"Mort-dieu! les Espagnols me le paieront." At length he reached the town, took it after an obstinate defence, and laid it in ashes, after massacreing the inhabitants and plundering them of all their valuables. This ruthless savage died a death as horrible as that which he was accustomed to procure for his captives. Having been abandoned by his crew, he landed on the coast of Darien, and was taken prisoner by some Indians, who tore him in pieces alive, throwing his body limb by limb into the fire, and his ashes into the air. "Thus," says the buccaneer Esquemeling, from whom we have chiefly taken the incidents above related, "ends the history of the life and miserable death of that infernal wretch L'Olonnais, who, full of horrid, execrable, and enormous deeds, and debtor to so much innocent blood, died by cruel and butcherly hands, such as his own were in the course of his life."

A Welshman, named Morgan, was the worthy rival of L'Olonnais. Like his French predecessor, he took and plundered several towns, and exercised shocking cruelties on his captives. He had great military and administrative ability, and even aspired to form a buccaneering empire in the West Indies, with himself at its head. One of the most celebrated of his exploits was his defeat of three Spanish men-of-war which had been sent after him in the Gulf of Maracaibo. He fitted up one of his vessels as a fire-ship, in which were stuck logs of wood dressed with hats on to look like men, and which was made to appear in every way like an ordinary vessel. Following close in the rear of this mute crew, he saw two of the Spanish men-of-war blown up, and he took the third. Shortly afterwards he conceived the ambitious project of taking the city of Panama. He advanced on the town at the head of twelve hundred men, but before reaching it was met by a large body of Spaniards, preceded by herds of wild bulls, which they drove upon the adventurers to disorder their ranks. The buccaneers, however, who had often hunted these animals, were in no way disconcerted by this attack, and after a long battle, which lasted a day and a night, they made themselves masters of the city. Morgan here obtained so much booty that he withdrew quietly from the command, and proceeded to England, where he soon got into great favour with Charles II. and his ministers, was made a knight, and afterwards returned to the scenes of his former exploits as governor of Jamaica,

where he assiduously hunted down most of his old associates. His presence at the court of King Charles had made buccaneering fashionable in England, and many "young bloods" of good position and abilities, such as Dampier, Sharp, and Cowley, went out as leaders of predatory expeditions in the South Seas. There was not enough harmony among them, however, to enable them to secure any permanent footing, and buccaneering was finally extinguished at the end of the seventeenth century, when a Bourbon prince ascended the throne of Spain, and the tacit support of the British and French governments was withdrawn from the buccaneers.

We have seen that the buccaneers exercised their depredations both on sea and land, like the ancient Norwegians and the more modern Malays; and it is more than probable that their exploits would have been very insignificant if they had confined their operations to the land only. There is a freedom and wild independence about the life of a pirate which are denied to the landsman, and which, as a rule, must always lift the freebooter on the sea high above his brother on land in most of the nobler qualities of human nature. To this rule, however, there are some striking exceptions. The robber tribes among the Afghans, who plunder and murder any one they meet without scruple, treat all women, whatever may be their nation, with chivalrous respect, and allow any traveller who hires an escort from among them to pass through their country with perfect security. At the same time they are so rapacious that they do not scruple to attack funeral processions and detain the corpse until a ransom is paid for it. Similar traits are related of other tribes of robbers in India, such as the Bheels, the Rohillas, and the ancient Pindarries. The Pindarries, who were once the terror of India, where they were in the habit of devastating whole provinces, were led by chiefs of extraordinary courage and audacity. One of them, named Cheetoo, baffled the pursuit of our troops for nearly two years, and at length died a terrible death in a jungle were he sought shelter. The jungle was infested by tigers, by which he was devoured alive.

Returning to Europe, we find the Norman depredators succeeded by pirates almost equally formidable, who, issuing from the state formed by Barbarossa in the sixteenth century, ravaged the territories on the European shore of the Mediterranean. These freebooters retained their possessions on the northern coast of Africa for nearly three centuries, defying the efforts of some of the principal nations of Europe to dislodge them, until at length they were crushed by the French, and their piratical empire was converted into the still turbulent and rebellious colony of Algeria. They presented no marked characteristics, and the fierceness and reckless daring of their kind was not in their case tempered by any nobler qualities. For a truly characteristic figure of the good old type we must go to the beginning of the present century, when, in consequence of the anarchy produced by the wars of Napoleon in Germany, several bands of brigands infested the Palatinate. Among these was the famous Schinder-Hannes, the robber of the Rhine. His real name was John Buckler, and he began his predatory career by spending in a jollification with his comrades some money which his master, a publican, had given him to buy brandy. He then took to sheep-stealing, but was caught in the act, arrested and thrown into prison. He soon escaped, however, and went to the mountains, where he joined Finck and Black Peter, the captains of two bands of daring outlaws. Soon after he was again arrested, for stealing a horse, and again escaped from his prison by breaking through a wall; but the authorities were this time on the alert. They captured him in another part of the country, and confined him in a dungeon in the strong tower of Simmern. It was not strong enough, however, to prevent his escaping a third time. By means of a broken knife he contrived to remove a board in the wall of his dungeon, whence creeping into an outer room he wrenched the iron bars from the window and leapt down to the ground from a considerable height. As he was descending he loosened a heavy stone, which fell after him, wounding him severely in the leg. Notwithstanding this, he managed to crawl in the dark to a neighbouring forest, in which he lay concealed for two days without food. On the third day he discovered the house of one of his old associates, where he soon recovered, and organized a fresh band. Being young, handsome, and clever, he soon obtained considerable influence, not only over his companions, but also over the fair sex, who rendered him a great deal of assistance in the execution of his plans. A girl named Julia Blæsus accompanied him, dressed as a man, in most of his expeditions, and was devotedly attached to him. The band not only broke into private houses, but attacked whole villages, carrying away with them every thing of value they could lay their hands on. The special objects of their attack were Jews, who were at that time considered fair game even by honest men. At Merzheim the magistrate actually pointed out a house to Schinder-Hannes, which, he said, was the residence of a Jew of great wealth, and the hint was, of course, not lost on the robber, who at once plundered the house without the slightest opposition on the part of the authorities. Once, being in a jocular mood, Schinder-Hannes stopped a large caravan of Jews and ordered them all to take off their shoes and stockings. The Jews having tremblingly obeyed, the robber and his companions mixed the shoes and stockings together with their gun-stocks, so as to make it extremely difficult for their owners to pick out those that belonged to them. After having done this to his satisfaction, "Now, then, Jews," said Schinder-Hannes, "take every one of you his own stockings and his own shoes, put them on and decamp instantly. Be honest if you can, and take no one's things but your own. I will shoot every one of you that takes another man's shoe or another man's stocking. Quick! quick! he is a dead man who is the last to be fitted to his own, as sure as my name is Schinder-Hannes!" and he and his followers levelled

their muskets at the bare-footed and bewildered Jews. This threat nearly bereft the unfortunate men of their senses, and they all threw themselves together on the heap by the roadside, scrambling for their shoes and stockings, and scratching and abusing one another in their hurry and impatience. After Schinder-Hannes had amused himself for a while with this ludicrous sight he walked off with his comrades, laughing heartily. This and similar incidents, combined with the wonderful escapes and expeditions of Schinder-Hannes, made him a sort of popular hero. He was believed to be invincible, and walked about with his bands in the streets of the Rhenish towns with perfect impunity, no one daring to touch them. The restoration of peace, however, between France and Austria introduced a more stringent administration in the Rhine provinces, and Schinder-Hannes, finding his occupation gone, enlisted as a soldier. Soon afterwards he was betrayed by a peasant and executed.

The name of brigand, though it applies to every description of freebooter, is usually restricted to the robbers of Spain, Italy, and Greece. In all of these countries the brigand has very much degenerated, especially in Spain, where he is now little more than an ordinary footpad. The typical hero of the Spanish bandits, like that of the German robbers, belongs to the beginning of the present century. His name was Jose Maria de Hinojosa, and he began his career as a robber in 1823. He was originally a small farmer, but he soon got tired of agriculture, and took to smuggling; the authorities, however, discovered his new pursuit, and a body of troops was sent to capture him. Being surprised in a house near Moron, he leapt out of a window, scaled a wall, and finding on the other side a soldier and a mounted officer, wounded the one, and killed the other; he then vaulted into his vacant saddle and galloped up a hill, where being out of reach of the musketry of his pursuers, he paused, reloaded his guns, and determined to make for Ronda. In the saddle of the officer he had killed he found a sum of money, which enabled him to form a small band of companions. With these he wandered about the mountains of Andalusia, exercising for ten years a more absolute sway than the king himself, who at last was obliged to take him into his pay. He moved about with such marvellous rapidity that the country people credited him with supernatural powers, and whenever he appeared in a village all the inhabitants used to turn out to gaze at him with a kind of admiring awe. His appearance is described by eye-witnesses as grand and imposing. Though short in stature, his figure was compact and square; his body was somewhat large for his legs, which were slightly bowed, indicating strength and activity; his left hand had been shattered by the accidental discharge of his gun, a wound cured by himself during twenty-five days passed always on horseback; his lips were thin, compressed, and marked by a determined expression; his eyes grey, with a look of good-nature when he was pleased, but soon relapsing into an uneasy, twinkling, hawk-like cast of suspicion. His dress was plain compared with that of his comrades, who glittered with embroidery and shining ornaments. He wore tight-fitting breeches of silk net, studded with rows of conical silver buttons; his gaiters were of the richest Ronda embroidery; his sash was of purple silk, and his broad chest was decorated with silver images of the Virgen de los Dolores of Cordova, and the holy Veronica of Jaen. He had a famous horse, which he called "Mohina," and whose ugliness and endurance were equally extraordinary. The equipment of this animal was black, embroidered with white, and its high-peaked saddle was covered with a fleece dyed blue. On each side of the saddle hung Jose's two blunderbusses, which next to his horse, were what he cared for most. He slept little, and always armed and apart from his band, to whom he would not permit any familiarity; a man of few words, he exacted immediate obedience to his orders, and never imparted his plans or allowed them to be questioned. On the other hand, he secured the attachment and respect of his men by always being the foremost in danger, carefully attending to all their fancies and wants, and distributing the plunder with strict impartiality. Jose Maria was very courteous to travellers, especially ladies, whom he treated with the gallantry of a Claude Duval, and he often bestowed on the poor what he took from the rich. All his expeditions were on a large scale, and he had a sovereign contempt for petty larceny and footpads. To those who paid him black mail he gave a sort of passport which secured travellers from the attack of any of the bands under him. He did not long enjoy the pay of the King of Spain, for in one of his first expeditions in his majesty's service he was shot dead by the leader of a band of thieves of whom he was in pursuit.

The description given by Huber, in his "Skizzen aus Spanien," of an adventure with a band of robbers known as "the seven children of Ecija," is eminently characteristic of the robber-scenes which might have been witnessed in many parts of Spain some thirty years ago. A caravan of travellers, passing along the high road between Ecija and Carmona, are suddenly stopped before a farm-house, about two leagues from the latter town, by a horseman, who, galloping out from a wood of olives on the side of the road, calls out to them to halt. "Now the devil is loose! these are the children," mutters the Mayoral, who acts as guide to the caravan. "What is the matter, Caballero? what are your orders?" The horseman then claims a portion of the money possessed by the travellers, of the exact amount of which he seems to be thoroughly well informed. To this the Mayoral demurs, and one of the travellers fires his musket at the brigand, but misses him. "A miserable shot," cries the horseman; after which he gallops away about two hundred paces, stops suddenly, and, his horse standing as firm as a wall, discharges his long firelock at the imprudent traveller, who sinks to the ground. Four more horsemen now come out of the wood; shots are exchanged on both sides, and the robbers, who aim chiefly at the mules, gallop

after every shot across the field, in order to load at leisure out of the reach of their antagonists. At length the travellers, finding resistance useless, obey the summons of the bandits to lie down with their faces on the ground; but while the robbers are turning out their pockets, the well-known cry of "In the name of the king and the constitution, deliver yourselves!" is heard, and a troop of horsemen, coming up, falls upon the bandits, two of whom are cut down, and a third captured. Pedro, the chief of the "children," runs into the farm-house, barricading the doors behind him; upon which the soldiers go to the back of the building to guard all the outlets by which he might escape, leaving their officer at the door by which he entered. The officer then summons the brigand to surrender. Immediately the door flies open, and Pedro, with his cocked musketoon in his hand, threatens to shoot the officer unless he will let him pass. The latter, though only armed with a sabre, rushes on his antagonist; Pedro pulls the trigger; the gun misses fire, and the brigand falls to the ground with his skull cleft in two. The peasants then come to bury the robbers, and one of them, looking at the powerful frame and wild features of Pedro, exclaims: "Yet he was a fine fellow, that Pedro Gomez—who would believe it! Well, God be merciful to his soul!" This, however, is not the only epitaph of the dreaded robber. A cross of lath is placed over his grave, with the inscription which is usual in such cases: "He died by a violent hand: pray for his soul."

The brigands who are the heroes of the above story were notorious for their audacity, and became so wealthy in consequence of the many rich prizes they secured, that it was said all their buttons were of pure gold, and their cigar-cases set with diamonds. They seem to have been extremely cruel and rapacious, and no instance has been recorded of their having shown any of the better feelings sometimes displayed by brigands. This, however, is by no means the characteristic of Spanish brigands in general. Besides Jose Maria, there were several famous bandits who showed a high-mindedness which is rarely seen even among honest men. Polinario, the brigand of the Sierra Morena, who for eleven years was the terror of half Spain, gave up his predatory career at the persuasion of an eloquent priest. This was the bishop of Jaen, who, being attacked by the bandit, read him a sermon on the wickedness of his life, and obtained from him a promise to turn honest if the bishop would get him the king's pardon. The pardon was obtained, and Polinario, from a powerful brigand chief, became the guard of the Seville diligence. He was by no means pleased with the change, but having once passed his word, he determined to keep it. Another instance of magnanimity on the part of a brigand is related by an English traveller who, intending to cross the Sierra Morena, passed the night in a village previous to ascending the mountains. At the village inn he met with a handsome, intelligent man, by whose appearance he was so struck that he fell into conversation with him, and they soon became fast friends. Hearing that the Englishman wished to cross the Sierra, his new acquaintance did his best to prevent him from carrying out his project; but finding that he was quite decided to make the journey, the Spaniard offered him a silver button which, he said, had protected him against the brigands when he last travelled in that direction. The Englishman put the button in his pocket, and forgot all about it until he got to a deserted part of the mountain, where he was attacked by the brigands, and forced to give up his purse. At this moment he thought of the button, and showed it to his assailants. The effect was magical; the robbers not only returned him his money, but insisted on escorting him across the mountain. Soon they arrived in a deep dell, where there was a comfortable-looking house, to which the brigands took the Englishman, telling him he could get refreshment there. The occupant of the house was of course the handsome stranger of the previous night, who, after giving the Englishman a royal reception, sent some of his men with him as guides, who took him to the high road on the opposite side of the mountain.

The capture last December of Lord J. Hervey and his companions by robbers, while on a shooting expedition in the Greek Islands, has given a special kind of interest to the brigands of Greece in the eyes of Englishmen. The Greek brigand of the present day, however, is little better than a vulgar footpad, and is a very unworthy representative of the klephts who inhabited the Thessalian mountains at the time of the Turkish dominion. They were half brigands, half patriots, and usually selected Turks as the objects of their depredations, although they did not object occasionally to rifle a Greek monk or so, no doubt considering that priests do not belong to any country. When they were very hard up for provisions, they used to send a requisition to the nearest village for the articles they wanted, and if, after several warnings, these were not forthcoming, the village was burnt. The ultimatum of the klephts in such cases usually consisted of a piece of paper significantly burnt at the four corners. Their expeditions generally took place at night, and they were so rapid in their movements, that they almost always took their victims by surprise. They were excellent shots, and when in action fired at their enemies from behind rocks, trees, and walls, throwing themselves on their backs when loading. Their endurance was remarkable; instances have been recorded of their having fought for three days and nights in succession without eating or drinking. The only honourable death in their eyes was to be killed in battle; to die in one's bed was a disgrace that every klepht sought to avoid. If any of them received a mortal wound in battle, his head was immediately cut off by his friends, to prevent its being taken by the Turks and publicly exhibited in the towns. When the Turks captured a klepht, which rarely happened, the prisoner was submitted to the most atrocious tortures, the least of which was to have both his legs broken with a hammer, but he almost invariably bore his sufferings without a murmur. The conduct of the klephts towards the women whom they captured was marked by

the most delicate gallantry. Often they got into their power the wives and daughters of Turks who had insulted their own women; but they always treated them kindly and with punctilious respect. One of their chiefs was killed by his band for insulting a Turkish woman whom they had taken prisoner.

There were many remarkable chieftains among these noble brigands, one of the most eminent of whom, a warrior cast in the true heroic mould, was Katzantonis. He was originally a shepherd, and his family having suffered much persecution from Ali Pasha, he resolved to turn klepht. His friends ridiculed this project, as he was small and weak-looking, with an effeminate voice; but he adhered to his resolution, and soon made himself the terror of both Turks and Greeks in the vicinity of the Agrapha mountains, where he was stationed. Ali Pasha sent numerous bodies of troops to capture him, but they all failed in the attempt, chiefly in consequence of the wonderful daring and great military abilities of the brigand chief. On one occasion he was posted on the top of a mountain, which was only accessible by two defiles, both of which were occupied by his enemies. His men thought they were lost, for the soldiers were too strong for them to break through their ranks, and there was no way open to them but the bare side of an almost abrupt precipitous rock. Katzantonis, however, was not discouraged. He cut down with his sword a strong pine branch, which he placed on the side of the rock, and then sitting astride on the branch, and pressing with all the weight of his body on it, he slipped down, the friction of the twigs and leaves preventing his descent from being too rapid. His men followed his example, and thus escaped from the hands of the soldiers, who, on arriving at the top of the mountain, found, to their amazement, that the klephts had vanished. But the most celebrated exploit of Katzantonis was the defeat of the Albanian Veli Guekas, one of the most active of his pursuers. Veli Guekas, provoked at the failure of his attempts to catch the klephts, vented his irritation on the villages of Acarnania by levying contributions on them under the pretext of their having given assistance to Katzantonis. Hearing of this, the klepht wrote as follows to the Albanian chief:—"Veli Guekas, it is said that you seek me, and complain that you cannot find me; if you really wish it, come to Kryavrysis, where I will wait for you." Immediately on receiving this letter, Veli Guekas collected a few of his men and hurried to the place of rendezvous. Katzantonis was there, true to his word; a battle ensued, and the Albanian fell, shot by a musket-ball in the chest. This affair extended his fame over the whole of Greece, and Katzantonis, dressed in his picturesque klepht costume, dazzling with gold and precious stones, became a popular hero, whose name and appearance were well known in the villages. For many years he escaped the pursuit of Ali Pasha, who was indefatigable in his efforts to catch him; but he fell into his hands at last. Being taken severely ill, he retired with his brother George into a cave, with nobody but an old woman to attend upon him. His hiding-place was betrayed to Ali, who immediately sent sixty Albanians to the spot. Just as they had ranged themselves in front of the cavern, George appeared at the entrance. Seeing the soldiers, he rushed back, took his brother on his shoulders, and with his sword between his teeth and his gun in his hand, suddenly ran out of the cavern, shooting the first Albanian who attempted to stop his way, and made for an adjoining wood. The Albanians started in pursuit, upon which George laid his brother on the ground, cut down a second Albanian with his sword, and then, again taking his brother on his back, recommenced his flight. In this way he killed or wounded several of his pursuers, until the Albanians, ashamed to be thus foiled by one man, all rushed forward in a body, and surrounding the two brothers, bound them and marched them off to Janina. Here they were sentenced to have the bones of their legs broken with a hammer. Katzantonis, whose spirit was no doubt weakened by his illness, uttered a few sharp cries, when the hammer broke his knee-cap; upon which George, looking at his brother with amazement, exclaimed, "Why, Katzantonis, you cry like a woman!" And he allowed the executioner to break all the bones of his legs, from the ankle to the hip, without uttering a murmur or dropping a tear.

A friend of Katzantonis, Diplas, was another celebrated klepht, who distinguished himself by a singular instance of self-devotion. The two chiefs, being once attacked by an overwhelming number of Albanians, were almost entirely deserted by their men. "Which of you is Katzantonis?" asked the Albanian captain, advancing towards the klephts. "I," replied Katzantonis proudly and without hesitation. The Albanians then threw themselves upon him, and were dragging him off, when Diplas exclaimed, "Who is this insolent klepht that dares to steal my name? I am Katzantonis; let those who are seeking him come near; they will see if it is so easy to catch him." On hearing these words, which were uttered by a warrior of much more imposing aspect than Katzantonis, the Albanians let the latter go, and rushed on Diplas. Having thus enabled Katzantonis to escape, Diplas, determined to sell his life dearly, attacked with extraordinary fierceness the soldiers who were advancing upon him. Seven of them fell under his sword, and at length he himself sank to the ground, totally disabled by a mortal wound.

It is somewhat surprising that the stock bandit of romances and operas should be an Italian, for the real brigand of Italy is a far less romantic personage than those of Greece and Spain. The history of Italian brigandage is a record of atrocious crulties and petty depredations, unredeemed by any of the noble traits which make the klephts so interesting. Assassination, which among the bandits of Spain and Greece was of very rare occurrence, was and is common among the brigands of Italy, by whom to kill a man with one's stiletto is simply called "an accident." The achievements of brigands celebrated in the favourite ballads of Southern Italy are, in fact, nothing but "accidents," occurring in a more or less

sensational form. Their principal hero, Agostino Avossa, is a vulgar cut-throat, who chiefly distinguished himself by stabbing his enemies and making some wonderful escapes from prison. Marco Sciarra, the hero of the well-known adventure with Torquato Tasso, who was so powerful in the Campagna that he was styled its king, died by the hand of a treacherous friend. A most vivid, and at the same time accurate illustration of the prevalence of assassination in Southern Italy, and the indifference with which it is regarded, is given by Monnier in the following anecdote:—

"A few years ago, before the revolution, a traveller, wishing to ascend the mountains of Matese, took with him a guide, in whom he necessarily placed unlimited trust. The route they pursued over a very difficult country was one which could not be accomplished under several hours. When they had advanced about two-thirds of the way, they stopped to admire the sublime scenery before them. At the bottom of a wild valley, a lake extended far into the woods, whilst groups of ancient firs covered the majestic surrounding rocks, and from the top of the mountain the eye could discover the two seas. As the traveller and his guide were making their way alone in that imposingly grand and somewhat awful solitude, they were suddenly stopped by a cross. After they had contemplated it for a few moments, the silence they had hitherto maintained was broken by the guide, who said, musingly:—

"'This was placed here by me.'

"'By you!—and for what reason?'

"'It's a vow, Eccellenza.'

"'A vow! May I ask its cause?'

"'Why, it was for a certain misfortune which befell me on this very spot.'

"'What do you mean?'

"'I killed a man.'

"'You?'

"'Yes, your honour, there!' and the man pointed out the place with his hand.

"The information thus coolly communicated was by no means calculated to reassure the mind of the traveller; but when, before they left the mountain, his worthy guide had shown him no fewer than nine-and-twenty crosses which he candidly confessed had all been planted by himself for similar vows, we must leave it to our reader to imagine what must have been the state of his mind. I need not say how freely the tourist breathed when he reached the end of his journey."

One of the most celebrated of the Italian bandit chiefs of Murat's time was Il Bizarro. He trained large mastiffs to pursue and kill men, like blood-hounds, and often sent them after the troops who were in search of him. The most remarkable incident in his life was one of almost incredible cruelty. Having been brought to bay at last by the terrible Manhès, he hid himself in a cave, and fearing that the cries of his new-born child would betray his retreat, coolly dashed the infant's brains out against a tree. The child's mother, however, had her revenge. She watched the moment when the brigand was asleep, and cut his throat with his dagger, after which she proceeded to the nearest town, obtained the reward which had been offered for Bizarro's death, and, with this sum as a dowry, married and became a respectable woman. This abominable ruffian was but one of the many brigand chiefs who made themselves terrible by their cruelties in Southern Italy during the troublous times of Napoleon's wars. Their most redoubtable adversary was General Manhès, who at length succeeded in putting them down by a scheme as original as it was characteristic. A company of French soldiers having left Cosenza to join their regiment, were met on their way by the principal inhabitants of Parenti, a village in the vicinity, and invited in the most friendly manner to stay there during the night. The soldiers, who were tired and hungry, gladly accepted the invitation, and after a very hospitable reception from the people, dispersed among the principal houses in the village, and went to sleep. But the kindness and hospitality of the villagers were only feigned in order to get the French, whom they bitterly hated, into their power. In the middle of the night every man in the company was murdered save one, who escaped, and carried the tidings of the massacre to General Manhès. About the same time, at Serra, the brigands murdered the mayor, the commander of the National Guard, and a French officer, whom they had got into an ambuscade under a promise of surrender. Manhès' retaliation for these atrocities was prompt and effective. He began by burning the village of Parenti to the ground, with all its inhabitants. He then proceeded to Serra, where the heads of the murdered men were still hanging from the trees in the public square. After taking a night to consider his plans, he ordered the whole population of the village to assemble in the square, and after accusing them of being in league with the bandits, announced that they would be subjected to a punishment which had been unknown in Europe since the middle ages. "I order," he said, all the churches of Serra to be shut, and all the priests, without exception, to be sent to Maida. Your children shall be born without christening, and you shall die without sacraments. Like reprobates, you shall be shut in your deserted town, and you shall not be allowed to escape my punishment by emigrating to another place. You are now for ever separated from the rest of the country. A severe watch shall be kept upon you, and if any one dares to go out he shall be hunted up like a wolf." The effect of these measures, which were carried out to the letter, upon the superstitious peasants was marvellous. The inhabitants of Serra, finding that all their prayers and entreaties to Manhès that he should raise the fearful interdict he had placed upon them were in vain, rose as one man against the brigands, and in a few days not a single bandit was left in the district. The general then withdrew his interdict; but the people were so impressed with his power and energy that thenceforward, for their ordinary exclamation of "Santo Diavolo," they substituted that of "Santo Manhès."

We shall pass over the sickening details of the lives of the brigands of this period, who were nearly all bloodthirsty savages without a single good quality to redeem their vices. One of them, however, the Fra Diavolo immortalized

by Auber, deserves a passing notice. The real name of this celebrated brigand was Michele Pezza, and it is said he was called Fra Diavolo because he had the cunning of a priest and the malice of the devil. After committing some horrible cruelties and scouring the mountains for several years with a price put by proclamation on his head, he offered his services to King Ferdinand during the revolution, and was made a colonel. Soon afterwards, when Joseph seized the throne, Fra Diavolo was advanced by Ferdinand to the rank of Brigadier-General, and attacked the French troops and civil authorities wherever he could find them. At length Joseph, determined to destroy the brigands, sent a large body of troops to surround them, Colonel Hugo (father of the author of the "Misérables") being charged with the difficult duty of hunting down their chief. Hugo started in pursuit of Fra Diavolo across a broken country, and acted with such celerity that he nearly succeeded in coming up with him. The brigand now dashed into the mountains, every path of which he knew, thinking that Hugo would not attempt to follow him; but the Frenchman kept close to him, and, aided by peasant guides, marched on from valley to valley over the jagged edges of the rocks, his soldiers cutting their shoes to pieces in this arduous journey, and eating as they ran. The pursuit continued for eight days, but Hugo could never get near enough to the brigands to attack them. At length a French column, coming up from the other side of the mountain, met Fra Diavolo as he was escaping from Hugo's men, and routed his band with great slaughter. Hugo now pushed on to the brigand's rear; but Fra Diavolo, dividing his men into detachments, one man in each of which was to represent himself as the dreaded chief, again eluded his pursuit. After numerous adventures and escapes of this kind, Fra Diavolo at length found himself on the road to Apulia, his pursuer being close behind him, and a regiment of cavalry in front. It seemed as if he was caught at last. But his extraordinary ingenuity and presence of mind soon helped him out of the difficulty. He ordered his men to tie his hands behind his back, and do the same to his lieutenant; they were then to march towards the cavalry, and on coming up with them say that the two prisoners were brigands of the band of Fra Diavolo, whom they were taking to Naples in order to obtain the reward. The stratagem answered admirably, and Fra Diavolo marched on unharmed. At last he reached the shore, intending to take a boat for Capri, and passed the night in the house of a peasant. Here he was attacked by brigands, who robbed him and took him into the mountains, where they left him, half-dead with fatigue, on the high road. He was now arrested as a supposed brigand by the police, who, however, did not know who he was, and taken by them to Salerno. While he was being examined at the police-station, one of Hugo's men entered, and instantly recognised him. Thus what Hugo, with all his skill and perseverance, and backed by a whole army, had failed to do, was at length accomplished by a series of petty accidents. He was tried, condemned, and hung shortly afterwards, in his uniform as a brigadier-general.

A peculiarity of Italian brigandage before 1860 was the mysterious organization called the Camorra. This was a sort of Vehmgericht of thieves, who extorted money from all classes of the people under a threat of secret assassination. The Camorrists were to be found in all places where money exchanges hands, and always claimed a per centage as their share. There were members of this organization even in the prisons and the army, and people at length grew so accustomed to pay this contribution, that they felt uneasy when the government of Victor Emmanuel caused it to cease by breaking up the Camorra. The Camorrists, generally well-dressed and gentlemanly-looking men, received their contributions from the boatmen at the quays, from the servants at the hotels, and from the players and the croupiers in the gambling-houses. At the same time this singular society was not without its uses in the State. It preserved order, and fulfilled other functions of government much better than the Bourbon kings, and did not tolerate any extortion or violence but its own. It is even said that the Bourbon government, sensible of its weakness, not only winked at but actually encouraged the action of the Camorra, and received a portion of its revenues. In the prisons, especially, the society was all-powerful. The members were always provided with knives, notwithstanding the efforts of the authorities to prevent the introduction of arms into the prisons, and were thus enabled to fleece their victims, which they did in the most unscrupulous manner, taking their clothes from their backs. Few dared to offend a Camorrist, for the revenge of the society was swift and sure; but, on the other hand, a resolute opposition to extortion sometimes gained its respect. Once a priest, on being imprisoned in the Vicaria, was visited by a Camorrist, who asked for money for the lamp of the Madonna. The priest answered he had none, upon which the Camorrist raised his stick in anger; but the priest, nothing daunted, observed in a jeering tone that he would not be so fierce if he had an armed man to contend with. Piqued by this insinuation, the Camorrist produced two knives, one of which he gave to the priest. They fought, and the priest killed his adversary. This act, far from bringing down upon him the vengeance of the Camorra, was carefully concealed by the society from the government, lest the priest should be arrested for murder; and during the rest of the period of his imprisonment he was regularly paid as a Camorrist, his share of the gains of the society. A similar story is related of a Calabrian, who, on being applied to by a Camorrist for a share of his gains at a gambling-house, refused, and threatened to stab the applicant. Next day he was presented by an unknown individual with a short sword in recognition of his brave conduct, and he was afterwards saluted by numbers of other persons whom he had never seen before, and who looked upon him as a Camorrist.

The Italian brigand of the present day differs but little from his predecessors. He is more reckless than brave, cruel and bloodthirsty to a degree, and extremely superstitious. On certain days he eats no butcher's meat, though he does not abstain from murder or robbery; and before entering on one of his expeditions he takes care to insert into an incision in the root of his thumb a consecrated wafer. Most of them have a figure of the Virgin, or a relic, hung round their necks, and generally their costume is smarter than that of the band which captured Mr. Moens. Thus the chief Pilone, a bandit of 1863, is described as having been dressed in a Calabrese hat, adorned with a red-and-white feather, a blue jacket and red breeches, a silk scarf round his waist, and a medal on his breast. Most of the brigand chiefs are thorough-paced rascals, without even the military qualities of the Fra Diavolos and the Vardarellis. The so-called "General" Crocco, who played an important part as a brigand and Bourbonist leader in the partisan war of 1860-61, was an escaped convict, with thirty offences, ranging from petty larceny to murder, registered against him in the books of the Neapolitan tribunals. He pillaged both Bourbonists and liberals with strict impartiality, and carefully avoided coming to a collision with the troops of Victor Emmanuel. Chiavone, another "general," was originally a common soldier in the Bourbon army, and had been drummed out of his regiment for misconduct. The only military talent he possessed was that of escaping from the enemy; but though always successful in saving himself from capture, he invariably forgot to look after the safety of his men.

The difficulties experienced by the troops in exterminating the brigand bands are well illustrated by the report of the operations against Cucitto. This chief, who seems to have possessed rather more strategical ability than his fellows, placed his head-quarters on the mountains of Roccaguglielmo, a rocky region covered with dense woods, very difficult of access, and pierced by innumerable caverns and subterraneous passages. Here he lived for some time in perfect security, obtaining his clothes, provisions, and powder from the peasants in his vicinity, and every now and then replenishing his exchequer by raids into the surrounding country. At length a body of soldiers was despatched to hunt him out of his lair. They began by surrounding the whole region, and then advanced towards the top, the cordon becoming closer as they went. When they reached the summit they were amazed to find, on comparing notes, that not one of them had even seen a brigand, and that all the peasants they had met were unanimous in declaring there were no brigands in that part of the country. The troops then returned to their stations; but hardly had they done so when the news arrived of terrible depredations committed by the brigands they were in search of in the very district they had just left, and on very same peasants as had denied all knowledge of their existence. This apparent mystery is easily explained. While the troops were toiling up the mountain, the brigands were safely ensconced in a cavern, and the peasants feared the latter too much to betray them, knowing that they risked nothing by telling falsehoods to the troops, while if they gave information about the brigands the latter would be sure to take a terrible revenge. Being thus foiled, the troops adopted a new expedient. Thinking perhaps some of the peasants they had met were only brigands in disguise, they arrested every man they found; but each of them was accounted for, and proved to be a peaceable citizen. The general, being determined not to give in, then formed a permanent camp on the summit of a mountain which commanded the whole region. The men in this camp were ordered to patrol the district night and day, and the service was so severe that it was found necessary to change them every ten days. This had the desired effect. Cuccitto, finding it impossible almost to stir without being seen, escaped by night with his men through one of the subterraneous passages, and entered the Papal States, where he was finally captured by the French.

The above sketches of brigandage in Italy and other countries will give some idea of the obstacles governments have to contend with in their attempts to eradicate this dangerous element of disorder from the countries under their rule. Many plans have been suggested for the suppression of brigandage in Italy; but the difficulties of the question are, under present circumstances, so great, that nothing like a satisfactory solution has yet been arrived at. The soldiers of Victor Emmanuel have behaved, on the whole, quite as well as could be expected in the discharge of an extremely unpleasant and laborious duty; but, so long as the Papal territories afford a refuge for the brigands, the task of exterminating them seems to be hopeless. No one now doubts that both the Pope and the dethroned King of Naples, the latter in pursuance of an old Bourbon tradition, have given assistance, as well as encouragement, to brigandage; and the political and religious colour which has thus covered the criminal purposes of the brigand bands has naturally made them to a certain degree popular with a section of the population. The perverted notions of morality, too, which prevail among the lower classes of the south, and which are the consequences of several centuries of such misgovernment as no other country in Europe has witnessed, must do much to make brigandage still a favourite profession with the bold and adventurous inhabitants of the mountain districts. These sources of brigandage lie too deep to be removed by such remedies as inundating the country with troops and laying whole villages under contribution. Probably the time is not far distant when a far more effectual, if less violent, means of eradicating this scourge of Italy will come into operation. The fulfilment of the September Convention is now close upon us, and it is difficult to believe that the rotten sovereignty of the Popes will be able to resist the imperious desire for a united Italy when the French troops are removed, and especially when, as will now probably soon be the case, the Italians are masters of Venetia, and all their efforts

will be concentrated towards the acquisition of Rome. One great feeder of brigandage will thus be closed up, and we may trust to the enlightened government of Victor Emmanuel, and to the spread of education among the people, for the rest.

Art. III.—Ecce Homo.

Ecce Homo: a Survey of the Life and Works of Jesus Christ. 8vo, 4th edition. London: Macmillan. 1866.

Few persons who have read through "Ecce Homo" will be prepared to deny, whatever faults they may find with its methods and conclusions, that it possesses very remarkable positive merits. As the present article will unavoidably be made up chiefly of censure and criticism, we wish at the outset to give most warm and sincere praise to the originality of the conception, the vigour of its execution, the sympathetic intensity with which the writer has grasped the chief points in the character and work of Jesus, the flowing and fervid eloquence with which he has impressed them on his readers. His conceptions are, of course, partly old, partly new; whatever we may think of the latter element, we willingly admit that he has made us feel the old as if it were new. It requires genius to produce this effect: and genius of a certain kind our author possesses. His book will probably have a most beneficial operation, especially among the persons whose impression will be that the author has preached them a series of good sermons, and meanwhile contrived somehow to set Christianity upon a basis impregnable to the assaults of modern criticism and science. At the same time the author might fairly complain if we treated his book as belonging to the class which, as a literary cynic has said, tend to edification rather than instruction. It claims to be much more: it is clearly the result of a good deal of general reading and reflection; and eminent and cultivated persons have spoken of it as if it were likely to have a permanent influence on the thought of students. As we have a strong conviction that it is not calculated to produce this effect, it seems desirable that we should support this conviction by a close examination of its principal features.

The first thing that will surprise a student who has taken up the book, is the total absence of any introductory discussion of the evidence on which the historical portion of the book is intended to be based. Considering that we derive our knowledge of the facts from a limited number of documents, handed down to us from an obscure period, and containing matter which in any other history we should regard as legendary: considering that in consequence these documents have been subjected for many years to an elaborate, minute, and searching investigation: that hundreds of scholars have spent their lives in canvassing such questions as the date of their composition, their authorship, the conscious objects or unconscious tendency of each author, his means of information, and his fidelity to fact, the probability of their being compiled or translated from previous works, in whole or part, or of their having undergone revisions since the original publication, the contradictions elicited by careful examination of each or close comparison of them together, the methods of reconciling these contradictions or deciding between conflicting evidence, and many other similar points—it might seem natural that the author of such a work as this should carefully explain to his readers his plan and principles for settling or avoiding these important preliminary questions. But by a *bizarre* arrangement of his matter, the author defers all discussion of this subject till he has reached his fifth chapter, entitled "Christ's Credentials." In this chapter he gives us, still fragmentarily and incidentally, his notions of historical criticism; and as we get nothing further from him on this important topic, it is desirable to examine the chapter somewhat closely.

He begins by saying, that, in his previous chapters, he "has not entered into controvertible matter:" the inaccuracy of this statement, even as tested by his own definition of "controvertible matter," we pass by for the present, being eager to come to that definition. "We have not," he continues, "rested upon single passages, nor drawn upon the fourth gospel." Uncontrovertible matter, therefore, seems to be whatever the synoptic gospels have in common. If this were all that had been evolved, after the trouble spent in examining the relation between the three first gospels, it would be a somewhat meagre and jejune result; but let that pass. It is clear that, whatever else the synoptic gospels have in common, they all contain a number of miraculous stories. We hasten, therefore, to see what he will say of miracles; and what he does say of them is so extraordinary, that, for fear of misrepresenting him, we must quote the whole passage, referring at the same time to page 10, where similar views are indicated.

"It will be thought by some that in asserting miracles to have been actually wrought by Christ, we go beyond what the evidence, perhaps beyond what any possible evidence, is able to sustain. Waiving then for the present the question whether miracles were actually wrought, we may state a fact which is fully capable of being established by ordinary evidence, and which is actually established by evidence as ample as any historical fact whatever—the fact, namely, that Christ *professed* to work miracles. We may go further, and assert with confidence that Christ was believed by his followers really to work miracles, and that it was mainly on this account that they conceded to him the pre-eminent dignity and authority which he claimed. The accounts we have of these miracles may be exaggerated; it is possible that in some special cases stories have been related which have no foundation whatever; but, on the whole, miracles play so important a part in Christ's scheme, that any theory which would represent them as due entirely to the imagination of his followers or of a latter age, destroys the credibility of the documents not partially but wholly, and leaves Christ a personage as mythical as Hercules. Now the present treatise aims to show that the Christ of the Gospels is not mythical, by showing that the character those biographies portray is in all its large features strikingly consistent,

and at the same time so peculiar as to be altogether beyond the reach of invention both by individual genius and still more by what is called the 'consciousness of an age.' Now if the character depicted in the Gospels is in the main real and historical, they must be generally trustworthy, and, if so, the responsibility of miracles is fixed on Christ. In this case the reality of the miracles themselves depends in a great degree on the opinion we form of Christ's veracity, and this opinion must arise gradually from the careful examination of his whole life. For our present purpose, which is to investigate the plan which Christ formed and the way in which he executed it, it matters nothing whether the miracles were real or imaginary: in either case, being believed to be real, they had the same effect. Provisionally, therefore, we may speak of them as real."

Now every line of this seems to us to show ignorance or misapprehension of the question at issue, as at present understood by the most intelligent advocates on either side of the controversy. He states the dilemma as it was stated in the eighteenth century, but as we never expected to see it stated again, except in the official rhetoric of the less educated bishops. "Christ professed to work miracles; therefore, either he did work them, and was possessed of supernatural power, or he did not work them and was unveracious." Now German criticism for many years past has always started with the negation of both alternatives, and with the two assumptions which our author declares to be irreconcilable. The student who treats the gospel narratives historically — in using the word, we intend no *petitio principii*, but simply to express in a word, "according to the method applied everywhere else in history"—does not regard the reality of miracles as a question of more or less evidence, to be decided by presumptions with regard to the veracity of witnesses. If by miracle is meant a violation—or if the word be invidious—transcendance of the laws of nature, or—if the phrase be ambiguous —the uniformities of our physical experience, he rejects the notion absolutely. If he admits one miracle, he is no longer competent, as historian, to say how many more he will admit, and whether any are to be repudiated; the theologian has to decide from principles peculiar to himself how much fictitious matter an inspired writer may be allowed to insert, and how much interference is consistent with the Divine wisdom. On the other hand it is regarded as equally certain—though the certainty is of a different kind—that Jesus was not a wilful deceiver.* The whole constructive work of the critical school is based on the attempt to show that what our author assumes to be impossible may be done, that we can distinguish between history and legend in the biography of Jesus, without supposing him to have "professed to work miracles," unless we call phenomena not contrary to the analogy of experience by that name. Such are the cures of the so-called demoniacs and of persons afflicted with certain other diseases—those, namely, in which the influence of the nervous system may be believed to be occasionally very great. No one thinks of denying that, as far as these go, Jesus did and was believed to do what appeared to Him and to others "mighty works." But it is a very different thing to assume that he was believed by himself and others to possess "boundless supernatural power." This theory, and all that the author has based upon it,* must be regarded as decidedly controvertible matter. To speak of miracles "provisionally as real" is the one thing that no one will do. The question of their reality stands at the threshold of the subject, and can by no device be conjured away.

We see then that the critical school will hardly admit that all that the synoptic gospels have in common may be relied upon as certain. It will be fairly urged that the rejection of miracles proper—as we may call what is inexplicable in accordance with the known laws of experience—involves such destructive effects, that we require certain methods of reconstruction before we can deal with the documents at all. The phenomena the student has now before him are not miracles but the records of miracles, legends, myths, semi-legends, semi-myths, or whatever else he may call them. He has to account for them; and whether he treats them rationalistically or semi-rationalistically, or on the principle of Mythus, or on the principle of "Tendenz," or by some process intermediary between, or compounded of these, whatever method he uses will necessarily affect his view of the rest of the gospel narratives. He must treat these latter as a whole, he cannot explain the composition of a part of them without at the same time determining the degree of authenticity possessed by the rest. It is very possible that he may come to the conclusion that certain other statements "common to the synoptic gospels" are not to be relied on. Thus, again, the question of miracles stands at the threshold of the subject in a way that seems never to have occurred to our author. It is possible that he may have good reasons for relying on the particular portions of the narrative which he has quoted and referred to, but if he writes for persons who "provisionally" reject miracles—and he seems to do so—he is bound to give these reasons. This self-confident construction, this arbitrary settlement, without vouchsafing an argument, of questions that have been long and elaborately discussed, would have been put forth in Germany by no man of equal ability with our author, not even by Ewald. The first chapter will afford an excellent illustration of what we have been saying. In it we have an account of the relation between Jesus and John the Baptist, in which the author clearly thinks that he has exercised a sober criticism of his authorities, and that his results are scarcely

* The partial acquiescence in deception, attributed to him by M. Renan, has found, we believe, no more favour in Germany than in England.

* Among other statements we are told that the Pharisees conceived Jesus to be capable of boundless mischief. The truth is, they conceived him to be a successful exorcist: no unique phenomenon, as is proved by Matt. xii. 24—27, to which our author refers. Cf. also Acts xix. 13—16.

"controvertible." Indeed, he afterwards goes so far as to suggest an explanation of the marvels recorded as following the baptism, which is conceived after the crass rationalism of the school of Paulus. The account is as follows:—

"The Baptist addressed all who came to him in the same stern tone of authority. Young and old gathered round him, and among them must have been many whom he had known in earlier life, and some to whom he had been taught to look up with humility and respect. But in his capacity of prophet he made no distinction. All alike he exhorted to repentance: all alike he found courage to baptize. In a single case, however, his confidence failed him. There appeared among the candidates a young man of nearly his own age, who was related to his family. We must suppose that he had had personal intercourse with Christ before; for though one of our authorities represents John as saying that he knew him not except by the supernatural sign that pointed him out at his baptism, yet we must interpret this as meaning only that he did not before know him for his successor. For it appears that before the appearance of the sign John had addressed Christ with expressions of reverence, and had declared himself unfit to baptize him. After this meeting we are told that on several occasions he pointed out Christ as the hope of the nation, as destined to develop the work he himself had begun into something far more memorable, and as so greatly superior to himself, that, to repeat his emphatic words, he was not worthy to untie his shoe."

He proceeds to say that John described the "character" of Jesus by calling him the Lamb of God. This last statement, as it rests on an unusual interpretation of a passage in the fourth gospel, even our author can hardly regard as more than a plausible conjecture. As regards the passage we have quoted, the relationship between Jesus and John rests on the authority of the third gospel only, John's declaration of his unfitness, &c., rests on the authority of the first gospel only, the several occasions are to be inferred from none of the synoptics, the "emphatic words," though no doubt applied by the early Christians to Jesus, do not appear to have been said of him personally, but rather of the unknown Messiah, whose forerunner John conceived himself to be. All that we learn from the synoptics of the subsequent relations of Jesus and John implies anything rather than a recognition of the former by the latter as Messiah.

This is a sample of the author's carelessness even in applying his own principles. At the same time he entirely ignores the view held, not merely by Strauss and the mythicists, but by scholars who differ as widely from this school as Schenkel does, viz., that Jesus was never recognised by John as Messiah. The arguments that support these views are these. The supernatural circumstances recorded as attending the baptism show that fact has here been at least to some extent modified by legend. What is afterwards told us of John, that he continued at the head of a school distinct from that of Jesus, and in certain points strikingly opposed to it, that towards the end of his life, as though struck for the first time with the possibility of Jesus being the expected Messiah, he sent to inquire into his claims, that he was not convinced of their validity (for if he had been we should have heard of it, nor would Jesus have spoken of him as less than the least in the kingdom of heaven),—all seems irreconcilable with the protestations and revelations at the baptism, even when the supernatural element in these has been carefully extracted. Again, tradition had a peculiar incentive to colour the facts of this baptism. It was difficult to explain why Jesus should have undergone this baptism of repentance at all, in accordance with the traditional view of his person and attributes. Therefore, it is urged, in a later development of the tradition, which has found its way into one only of the synoptic gospels, John is represented as feeling and expressing the difficulty, and Jesus as removing it.* In the fourth gospel the difficulty seems no longer felt, while the development of tradition has gone much further. This theory is naturally ignored by the orthodox, but it ought to have been at least noticed by a writer who treats his authorities with the freedom of our author.

In the next chapter, on the Temptation, we find the following critical principle enunciated:—

"The account of the temptation, from whatever source derived, has a very striking internal consistency, a certain inimitable probability of improbability, if the expression may be allowed. That popular imagination which gives birth to rumours and then believes them, is not generally capable of great or sublime or well-sustained efforts.

Wunderthätige Bilder sind meist nur schlechte Gemälde.

The popular imagination is fertile and tenacious, but not very powerful or profound. Christ in the wilderness was a subject upon which the imagination would very readily work, but at the same time far too great a subject for it to work upon successfully; we should expect strange stories to be told of his adventures in such a solitude, but we should also expect the stories to be very childish."

It is curious that the writer should not see that if this principle can determine anything, it can decide everything. The miraculous stories of the New Testament, with hardly an exception, and the majority of the miraculous stories of the Old Testament, whatever else they are, are certainly not "childish." What, for instance, can be more "sublime and well-sustained" than that most incredible of Hebrew legends—the account of the ascent of Elijah? What imagination could be more "powerful and profound" than that which produced the story of the transfiguration? The tales of the apocryphal gospels *are* for the most part childish, and this has been fairly

* If this suspicion is once admitted, the reply of Jesus will be seen to contain a very inadequate answer to the difficulty. The baptism had a particular symbolic meaning; it implied past sin, present repentance, and preparation for the expected Messiah: it could hardly come under the head of duties incumbent upon the Messiah as well as all other men (*πᾶσαν δικαιοσύνην*).

urged on the orthodox side as an argument for plenary inspiration. But if we reject this subjective and æsthetic criterion as decisive of the whole question, we cannot trust it in any particular case, nor profess to tell legend from fact by mere literary discrimination. We pass by, then, our author's theory of the Temptation as one among many plausible conjectures, with this objectionable peculiarity, that it is based on the supposed consciousness by Jesus of (apparently unbounded) supernatural powers. If this consciousness be supposed veracious, it must be left to the theologian to realize and explain; if a delusion, it is one which the historian will find no sufficient ground for attributing to Jesus.

The rest of the first part of the book is taken up with an account of the external side of Jesus' work: the position he took up, as distinguished from the doctrine he preached. We find throughout the same apparent ignorance of the views of the most eminent critics, the same careless or arbitrary application of the writer's own principles. Along with these we find much clear and vivid insight into human nature and the larger facts of classical and Hebrew history, much artistic grouping and felicitous expression of familiar truths, and some that are less familiar. But as a historical essay we must rank the result very low, as it contains none of the distinctions and limitations, none of the *nuances* of colouring, so important to a historical picture, which long-continued, free and careful, study of the gospels has gradually brought out. His fundamental notion is that Christ represented himself as king; that he "laid claim to the royal title;" that he "calls himself habitually king;" and that in this capacity he proceeded to form a society, pronounce judgments, issue laws. He never even alludes to the fact, which strikes the least intelligent reader of the gospels, that Jesus, while he continually proclaimed "the kingdom of Heaven," never once applied to himself the title of king. Even the view of traditional orthodoxy is more faithful to the facts, in this respect, than our author's. Every popular preacher tells us that Jesus, from his humility, chose for himself the title of "Son of Man." It has been the subject of much controversy, and must be regarded as still undecided, what associations precisely would be called up by this phrase in the minds of the contemporaries of Jesus, whether those which it would derive from Ezekiel and other passages of the Old Testament, or those which the authors of Daniel and the Book of Enoch attach to it. But that it would not be generally understood as equivalent to Messiah seems clear, among many passages, from Matt. xvi. 13–17. Here Jesus asks, "Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?" and regards as a divine revelation Peter's reply, "Thou art the Christ." To one who takes the synoptic gospels by themselves, nothing can seem plainer than that Jesus did not declare himself to his disciples as Messiah, at any rate till some time after his appearance as a preacher, and that he took pains to prevent a belief in his Messiahship from spreading among the people. He is represented as rebuking the demons who did homage to him. From some passages we should infer that he tried to conceal his healing powers, and imposed, with this object, strict silence upon those whom he cured.* In proclaiming, therefore, the kingdom of God, he would seem by no means to proclaim himself as king; but simply to take up and echo, in a different strain, the teaching of John. All the passages to which our author refers, in support of the opposite theory, he colours more or less wrongly. Jesus claims "power on earth to forgive sins;" but he does so expressly as Son of Man. Now "Son of Man" can only be made to mean "king" indirectly, as meaning Messiah, and this meaning, as we have seen, did not clearly attach to the phrase. Again, our author tells us that Jesus was asked whether tribute-money ought to be paid, as "a way of sifting his monarchical claims." The more usual—and surely more probable—explanation is that the question was put to him not as king but as Rabbi. It was selected by his adversaries to bring him into a disagreeable dilemma, from the known difficulty of reconciling religious duty (as it was conceived) with political expediency. Again, "Christ continued to speak of himself as king with such consistency and clearness that those who were nearest his person . . . quarrelled for places and dignities under him." It would be truer to say that he gradually led—without any *distinct* claim on his own part—his disciples to regard him as Messiah, which in their minds meant—*inter alia*—king. If he had ever spoken of himself as Messiah or king, the chroniclers would certainly have told us. No doubt at the close of his career, on his last entry into Jerusalem, "he pointedly refused to silence those who hailed him as Son of David." But it seems hasty to infer from this that "he clung firmly to the title of king, and attached great importance to it." Our author states that "the Jews procured his execution because . . . they could not forgive him for claiming royalty and at the same time rejecting the use of physical force . . . they did not object to the king, they did not object to the philosopher; but they objected to the king in the garb of the philosopher." Here the writer is partly indulging a vigorous imagination, partly relying on the fourth gospel alone. According to the synoptics, it was not "the Jews" generally who procured his execution, but their religious leaders;† and they did so not primarily because he was king or philosopher, but because he was a religious innovator, who threatened to pull down the temple. No doubt the mob deserted and mocked their fallen favourite; but this desertion was not the cause, but the effect, of his apparent fall. If he could not save himself, and come down from the cross, he was no king for them. It is certainly possible to hold very various opinions with respect to the gradual progress or unveil-

* Sometimes with singular vehemence. Cf. Mark i. 43, ἐμβριμησάμενος.

† Their mortal hostility is represented as being of ancient date. Cf. Mark iii. 6.

ing of the claims of Jesus, from his first announcement of the kingdom of heaven to the σὺ λέγεις with which he replies to Pilate, a phrase which, though not proclamatory, is not evasive. There is no doubt that he ultimately claimed, and was understood to claim, to be Messiah; but when, how far, how clearly, did he make the claim? The question has many difficulties, and every one who forms a definite theory must depend much on conjecture. But as our author does not even recognise that there is this gradual progress or unveiling, it would take us too far from his book to discuss the question any further.

It follows that we cannot attach much value to his remarks on what he calls "Christ's Royalty." So long as Jesus was not looked upon as king, but simply as holding the keys of the kingdom of heaven, he would be to his disciples more what John was,—a teacher laying down precepts, rather than a king issuing ordinances. The people would regard him as a leader of a school or sect, differing from the Pharisees, Sadducees, or Essenes, as each of these sects differed from the other; but like them all, basing itself on the law of Moses, and superadding its peculiar tenets. It is true that his hearers contrasted his bold free handling of morality with the anxious servility of the learned commentators. But it does not therefore follow that they regarded him as a rival of Moses or representative of Jehovah. Here again, in endeavouring to form an exact idea of the relations of the teaching of Jesus to the written or even to the oral law, we come upon difficulties to which our author scarcely alludes, and which he does not in the least help us to solve. These relations appear either progressive or inconsistent, as far as the indications in the synoptic gospels can be trusted. At one time Jesus avers that he is not come to destroy the law, that one jot or tittle shall in no wise pass from it, that no one shall break one of these least commandments without heavy penalties; at another time he compares the existing institutions, apparently, to old wine-skins and old raiment, and asserts that "the Son of Man is Lord of the Sabbath." And in his remarks on "what was said by them of old time," though he for the most part supplements the Mosaic law, he also distinctly condemns maxims that are to be found in it (so Matt. v. 38, 43, and reff). Again, he tells his disciples to observe and do whatsoever the Scribes and Pharisees bid them observe, even, it would seem, to tithing mint and anise and cummin, for they, the Scribes and Pharisees (not Jesus himself, observe), sit in Moses' seat. Elsewhere he says that they make the word of God of none effect by their traditions, and attacks particular traditions with indignant vehemence: he also says that they bind upon men burdens grievous to be borne. These apparent contradictions are variously explained, sometimes by subtle interpretations of particular passages, sometimes by referring conflicting precepts to different periods of Jesus' career, sometimes by assuming that one or other of our present gospels has been the work of at least two hands (for instance, the combination of a "universalist" and a "particularist" in Matthew's gospel is a theory held by some Germans). We do not object to our author that he disagrees with any or all of the existing views on the subject, but that he does not seem aware that it is necessary for him to have a view at all. So of the limits to which Christ confined his preaching: at one time he sends his disciples to the lost sheep of the house of Israel and forbids them to go among the Samaritans; he can hardly be brought to heal a Syrophœnician, and compares the race to dogs; elsewhere he indicates in parables, and once expressly declares, that the kingdom will be taken from the Jews and given to another nation. These contrasts admit of a similar variety of explanation: the author of "Ecce Homo" does not notice them. The consequence of all this is that the many good things he has to say about Christ's legislation are useless to the accurate reader in their present form, because the framework in which they are placed is so carelessly and clumsily constructed out of unsupported assumptions. When we find, for example, a writer stating that Jesus regarded baptism as an indispensable rite of initiation into his kingdom, supporting his statements on an external and political interpretation of the interview with Nicodemus, quite alien to the spiritualism of the fourth gospel, and getting over the awkward fact that Jesus is never represented in the synoptic gospels as baptizing, by means of the assumption that he regards John's baptism as sufficient; we have an uneasy feeling that even what we admire in him may prove unsound when closely tested. We are obliged to take to pieces his vigorous rhetoric and rearrange it for ourselves, which is a great drawback to the thorough enjoyment of it.

The author says, in his preface, that he has "reconsidered the whole subject from the beginning. . . . traced the biography of Jesus from point to point, and accepted those conclusions about him which the facts themselves, critically weighed, appear to warrant." We willingly believe him quite sincere in this assertion, but we could not select more appropriate words to describe what, in our opinion, he has omitted to do. At least we find it hard to understand how a man who has gone through this process, should then write—"no important change took place in Christ's mode of thinking, speaking, or acting; at least the evidence, before us does not enable us to trace any such change," without supporting this opinion by arguments. There is no more fruitful source of error in history than the determination to find the tree in the seed, and to attribute to the originators of important social changes detailed foresight as to the shape those changes were to assume. To this vulgar prejudice our author seems to have yielded without the least attempt at resistance or self-justification. Because Christianity was ultimately preached as a universal religion, he assumes that Jesus must have intended from the first to found a world-wide society, and totally ignores, as we have seen, the scattered indications of a more limited conception to be found in the gospels, and the fact that even after his death his disciples preached for some time only to Jews

and proselytes. Because the effort to impose upon all members of the Christian society, become universal, the obligations of the Mosaic law, was abandoned after a struggle (which many critical historians consider to have been long and bitter); because as the expectation of Christ's speedy advent grew faint, and his expectant church began to organize itself for long life without a Head, the moral teaching of Jesus assumed more and more to his followers the character of a code of laws: it is inferred that he deliberately proposed to himself to supersede the Mosaic law by a new one promulgated on his own authority, no explanation being even suggested of the passages in which he expressly asserts the contrary. Because Jesus was perpetually and consistently exalted after his death by his followers, we are told that he perpetually and consistently exalts himself: because Christians felt that their intensest religious ardours, and their most powerful moral impulses, sprung from and were bound up in their personal devotion to their Master, our author tells us that "Christ claims to be a perpetual attractive power . . . to humanity struggling with its passions and its destiny he says, Cling to me, cling ever closer to me," and represents Jesus as intending this passion for himself to be the root and first principle of all morality in the Church. It is true that he might justify himself abundantly from the fourth gospel for this colouring. But here as elsewhere he quotes the language of the fourth gospel, and then adds that the expressions of the synoptics "give substantially the same meaning." This makes it difficult for us to believe that his acquaintance with the critical school can be very profound; for he seems to know that certain persons reject the fourth gospel, and yet not to know that the marked difference between it and the synoptics, with respect to this "self-exaltation," is one of the reasons which induces them to do so. We do not mean here, or generally, that our author's view is entirely wrong, but that it is wrongly coloured. If he would rewrite the passages in which it is expressed in conformity with the conclusions of criticism, he might still use a good deal of his present eloquence. No doubt the Jesus of the synoptics shows a remarkable contrast of humility of temper with consciousness of pre-eminence: but the precise combination of humility and self-exaltation which our author paints, can only be obtained by forcibly mixing the colours of the fourth gospel with those of the three first. In the synoptics Jesus for some time consistently abstains from exalting himself; he occasionally refers to his example as a means of influencing his followers, but not more markedly than another revered teacher might do; and though, where he speaks openly of his Messiahship, he assumes obedience and reverence to be due to him, and regards the refusal to pay them as a grievous sin, yet he does not make this duty towards himself prominent in his inculcation of moral precepts. The author refers to the institution of the Lord's Supper to support his view; but it fails to do so until interpreted in the fourth gospel, and here we have another instance of his singular style of criticism. He speaks of "St. John's discourse, which we may quote without distrust, as it is so manifestly confirmed by the accounts given by the other Evangelists of the institution of the Supper." Now no critic that we are aware of, who "distrusts" this gospel at all, excepts from his distrust the discourse referred to: the question among such critics is whether we are to regard it (with Strauss and Schenkel) as intended to give the spiritual counterpart and substitute for the too carnal institution of the Supper,* or merely a later spiritual interpretation of it. There is exactly the same question with regard to the discourse with Nicodemus, in the third chapter of this gospel, which, as we have seen, our author takes and interprets in a fashion entirely his own. There are good reasons for rejecting the fourth gospel as an accurate narrative; there are good reasons for accepting it as such: there may be good reasons for accepting part, and rejecting part, but our author certainly does not put them forward. At the same time the most suspicious critic would hardly deny that there may be an element of truth in this gospel very valuable, as supplementing the other three, and that it is in itself not improbable that Jesus recognised the importance of the singular personal influence that he exercised over other men, and even foresaw that it would continue and increase after his death; but that he intended a passionate devotion to himself to be the mainspring and motive-power of morality in his followers, we certainly should not infer from our authorities reasonably estimated.

We have next to consider what is, according to our author, the chief principle and supreme rule in the morality taught by Jesus—the trunk, or stem, springing from the passion which he regards as the root. This he develops at great length in what is, perhaps, the most striking and effective portion of his work; we can hardly hope to do justice to it in a scanty summary, but we may avoid any serious misrepresentation. Christ, he says, placed the happiness of man in a political constitution. He did not consider, as certain philosophies had done, each individual as an independent being, but as a member of a society. The great duty he requires from all who enter the kingdom of God is a disinterested sacrifice of self to the interests of the whole society. This sacrifice is to be made without a view to the ultimate interest of the individual; indeed, to be complete it demands of a man what he cannot do with a view to his ultimate interest, that he should love his enemies. He "issued from the Mount an edict of comprehension," asserting the unity of the human race, their equality before God, and fraternity under God's fatherhood. He made morality universal, thus *giving* to men what a philosopher or two had *claimed* for them but

* It is certainly singular, and tends to support this view, that there is no mention of the institution of the supper in the fourth gospel; but this question, which is connected with the much discussed Passover controversy, we must pass by.

coldly and ineffectually. But for the better execution of this edict, instead of giving detailed laws to his society, he tried to evoke the law-making faculty in each member of it. Philosophers had tried the same thing, but they had wrongly regarded reason as the law-making faculty; Christ saw that passion could be only controlled by passion, and therefore his law-making faculty is a passionate, enthusiastic philanthropy, or, in our author's fine phrase, the enthusiasm of humanity. This enthusiastic condition of mind is what is meant by the πνεῦμα Ἅγιον of which we hear so much in the early church. More closely examined it is discovered to be a love not of the race, nor of each individual, but of man as man, or of humanity in each individual. Thus Christ, for the first time, placed the love of man distinctly in the list of virtues. Morality had previously been negative; he discovered Positive Morality —a new continent in the moral globe.

Now if this had been put before us in a sermon as a spirited general sketch of what Christianity has been to the world—of the moral ideal that it has generated among mankind, we should not have been disposed to find fault with it. But the biographer of Jesus, if he would be loyal to historic truth, must forget all about the subsequent development of Christianity, and endeavour to see Jesus as he appeared to his Jewish contemporaries. We hoped from our author's preface that he might have done this; but we feel that he has not, and that in consequence his portrait wants fidelity in details. We feel continually as we read—"This is what has been felt since Jesus, and what would not have been felt had it not been for Jesus; but it is not precisely what Jesus taught." Here and there we feel that if Jesus planted, Jean Jacques and Comte have watered.

If we cannot assert that any virtue may not be found at least in germ in the teaching of Jesus, we may still show that our author has brought into prominence the wrong points in that teaching, and mingled with it alien conceptions. In the first place it seems to us an overstatement to say that Christ placed the happiness of man in a political constitution, and did not consider him as an independent being. Isolation and self-sufficiency were marked features of the ideals that reigned in Greece during the post-Aristotelian period, and the ideal of Jesus may so far be contrasted with these. But the writer makes it too nearly akin to Benthamism. It seems to us truer to say that Jesus taught philanthropy more from the point of view of the individual than from that of society. His disciples were to do good to their enemies, to do good expecting no return, to give freely, to lend to those who could not pay; but, as our author himself admits, to each precept is attached a reason which comes home directly to the individual. This reason sometimes appeals to self-love—their reward should be great, they should receive again full measure, pressed down and running over: sometimes to a nobler sentiment —it was more blessed to give than to receive, they would be children of the Highest, they would be like God in His grand impartial effusion of benefits. All this is not what we call philanthropy in its essence, though it leads to the same results; much less is it the enthusiasm of humanity. Our author asks—"Can a man love his enemies with a view to his own interest?" This is a difficulty to be felt by a more introspective age than that to which Jesus preached: it was at any rate not felt by the author of the third gospel.* But we are told that Christ "quoted a sentence from the book of Deuteronomy, in which devoted love to God and man is solemnly enjoined on the Israelite," and declared "an ardent, passionate, or devoted state of mind to be the root of virtue." By the "sentence from the book of Deuteronomy" our author means two sentences, one from Deuteronomy and the other from Leviticus; the latter, which alone speaks of love to man, runs simply —"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." He has imported into this, in his mind, the ardour and passion that belong to the former sentence; this sentence expresses simply a calm, though very lofty ideal of equity: we do not love ourselves with passion or enthusiasm. Again, the injunction to the young man to sell his goods and give them to the poor was surely given, not primarily for the sake of the poor, but for the sake of the young man himself: it was a test, not of philanthropy, but of faith. We must repeat, we are only arguing about the comparative prominence of the two points. It seems to us that Jesus would have reversed Paul's estimate of πίστις and ἀγάπη; he valued love highly, but he speaks more of faith. What he chiefly inculcates is not enthusiasm, or if enthusiasm, not that of passionate affection; it is a calmer, and, some may think, a far grander sentiment, faith in virtue, in the ideal of which philanthropy is only a part—the readiness to sacrifice all, not for humanity, but for the good cause, for the right. In so far as the writer speaks of the state of feeling in the early church among the followers of Jesus after his departure, his remarks seem to us far more correctly coloured. An "enthusiastic" or elevated "condition of mind" is no unfair modernization, from one point of view, of the "outpouring of the Holy Spirit;" of that outpouring, love was one of the chief and most striking fruits. The word ἀγάπη, which is only found twice in the synoptic gospels, occurs more than a hundred times in the other books of the New Testament, in various passages of description, exhortation, prayer, and thanksgiving, culminating in the sublime encomium of Paul.

In what we have said we have left out as far as possible the strictly religious element in the teaching of Jesus. We have done so because our author has done so, and because we do not join with many of his critics in condemning his treatment in this respect. He thereby confines himself to a part only of the work of Jesus, and his book is so far one-sided; but it is a part that can fairly be discussed by itself, and if this had been his only one-sidedness we do not think it would have been strongly felt. But it has led him into a further error which we must notice; it has led him to neglect the

* Cf. Luke vi. 35.

great difference between Jewish and ethnic morality, and consequently somewhat to misrepresent the relation of Jesus to the one and the other. Jewish morality was always suffused with the glow of religious feeling which makes the morality of most philosophers seem cold in comparison: the Greek moralized with his eyes turned inward, the Jew with his eyes turned toward the God of his fathers. To say that Jesus, in preaching positive morality, discovered a new continent in the moral globe, is strangely unfair both to Jews and Gentiles; but among the Jews morality was not only positive, it was even enthusiastic, towards each and all of the chosen people of God. Ethnic patriotism was a feeling directed chiefly toward the State; but Jewish patriotism, burning more brightly amid the ruins of national existence, flowed into the channels of individual sympathy and tenderness. When Jesus spoke to his disciples of other Jews as their brethren, he used no new and unfamiliar word. He does not find it necessary to inculcate almsgiving; he only attempts to purify it from the alloy of vanity and ostentation—a purification which it doubtless much needed, as we fear it somewhat needs still. Many a Tobit, no doubt, had given his bread to the hungry and his garments to the naked, had bitterly afflicted himself for the calamities of his suffering brethren, before Jesus shed on the virtues of philanthropy and tenderness the peculiar light of his sublime idealism. Here again, the old account of Christianity, which represents it as internalizing and universalizing what had before been too external and too limited, seems much truer than the antithesis which our author superadds between "positive" and "negative."

But in this work of Christianity what precise portion is the historian to attribute to Jesus? We have already hinted at some of the difficulties which hang about this question; and we approach the solution of it, we must premise, with a diffidence very unlike our author's confident certainty. We have to form our judgment upon slender evidence, examined in the doubtful light of historic analogy. Our author, in all the second part of his book, writes with a consistent determination to find his ideal of morality completely developed in Jesus. He unfolds a carefully considered utopia, or scheme of human progress, for which Jesus' words are made to supply from time to time texts or mottoes. Sometimes he strays considerably from his text, *e.g.* Christ is supposed to have said that the enthusiasm of humanity was the source of virtue: the best method of producing this enthusiasm is discovered to be family affection: therefore family affection must be encouraged in obedience to Jesus—we feel that we have got a long way from "He that hateth not his father and his mother." Every student of morality is aware of the facility with which all the virtues may be deduced from each one, and no one who has realized the fertility, breadth, and originality of the moral conceptions of Jesus, can doubt that any ideal we are likely to form may be built upon a careful selection of his words. But the historian's hard duty is not to exaggerate, however strong the temptation to do so may be. It is only to hasty hero-worshippers that this will appear equivalent to *nil admirari*, the historically cultivated mind will feel that a portrait requires light and shade to give it the requisite reality, and that the more it gains in reality the more profound is the admiration that it excites. The defect of Renan's "Vie de Jésus" was not its historical fidelity but its want of that quality. It was not in so far as he had realized the manner in which the idea of Jesus was conditioned by the circumstances of time and place and the laws of human development, but in so far as he had failed to do so, that his work proved inefficacious to stir the feelings of Englishmen. We felt that he had looked at his subject through Parisian spectacles; and taken up too ostentatiously the position of a spectator—a great artistic error in a historian. His most orthodox assailants in England felt for the most part that their strength lay in showing not that the Jesus of Renan was a mere man and ought to have been more, but that he was not the right man.

The truth seems to be that in the simple and grand conception that Jesus formed of man's position and value in the universe, all the subsequent development of Christianity is implicitly contained: but that the evolution of this conception was gradual and was not completed at his death. The one thing important to Jesus in man was a principle so general that faith, love, and moral energy seem only different sides of it. It was the ultimate coincidence, or rather, if we may use a Coleridgian word, *indifference* of religion and morality. It was "the single eye," the *rightness* of a man's heart before God. It was faith in the conflict with baser and narrower impulses, love when it became emotion, moral energy as it took effect on the will. It was that which living in a man filled his whole body with a light, purified him completely, so that nothing external could defile him. This principle led to various results. In the first place (and in this respect the teaching of Jesus left nothing to be supplied) it intensified or deepened all moral obligations. This inner light could not produce right outward acts, except through the medium of right inward impulses. Moreover, the man who had it could accquiesce in no compromises, but must aim at perfection. The second consequence of the principle ought to have been, and is in Christianity as at present understood, that the degree in which a man possesses this inner rightness of heart fixes his rank in the kingdom of God at any time. Birth, wealth, worldly position, even intellectual culture (though it may enable one man to do more good than another), even past good works (if the spirit in which they were done is growing faint), are insignificant as claims in comparison with this. But as actually preached by Jesus, this principle seems (if we take our authorities as they stand) to have assumed a paradoxical and one-sided shape. He gives not equality but superiority to those in poverty and bodily wretchedness. This shape, it is to be observed (by this time we need hardly say that the author of 'Ecce Homo' seems not to have observed it), is especially paradoxical and one-

sided in one of our three authorities. In all of them we find the saying that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. In the first gospel we have the impossibility of serving God and mammon insisted upon, and in connexion with this all careful provision for material wants discouraged. But it is only in Luke that we find a blessing pronounced on the poor and a woe on the rich:* it is only in Luke that we find applied to wealth the passionate phrase "unrighteous mammon," which, taken in connexion with the parable that precedes, suggests the idea that there is something unholy in wealth, that it ought to be got rid of, while it is possible in getting rid of it to utilize it. These passages have been frequently understood as having only that point of paradox which a new truth requires in order to force its way into the world. But the phrases in Luke seem too strong to be explained in this way, and almost amount to a slight distortion of view. This may be referred to more than one reason issuing naturally from the conception of Jesus combined with his circumstances. M. Renan is not perhaps entirely wrong in attributing the passages that discourage providence to the exuberance of simple faith in a Galilean peasant, ignorant of the complicated arrangements of society. But this hardly reaches the height of the character. We rather refer them to his severe uncompromising absoluteness of idealism, that requires careful tempering to be made practical.† Again (and this our author finely describes), Jesus with his intense apprehension of what constitutes true human worth, would feel a peculiar horror at the hard insolent selfishness that often accompanies wealth; most men with character enough to break through the comfortable acquiescence of conventional ethics have felt this in some degree. Again, his estimate of human worth, together with faith in the Divine equity, might seem to point to a hereafter, when the positions of rich and poor should be reversed. This is suggested by the parable of Lazarus,‡ taken together with the beatitudes in the same gospel. Besides, the practical experience of Jesus would lead him to take the worst view of the rich. His converts were found among the poor and lowly, who were at the same time intellectually babes. The rich would be to a great extent also the wise and prudent; property and education would combine in hindering them from joining the train of an unauthorized and vagabond master. These reasons may account for a partiality that requires to be accounted for in a teacher in whom all have recognised a rare ethical balance, and a singular freedom from asceticism.

Thirdly, when conscience was thus turned inward, and morality made to depend on the state of the heart, it was a necessary consequence that the ceremonial law must fall. This elaborate system of minute observances was needless, and if needless it was burdensome. But this deduction was only partially made by Jesus; to complete it was reserved for one only second to Jesus among the benefactors of mankind, for Saul of Tarsus. How far Jesus actually went it is hard to say. Where the account given by our authorities is as here *primâ facie* fluctuating and confused, the modes of reconciliation or explanation naturally vary. Perhaps we may say that he rejected anything in the written or oral law that seemed to him immoral or imperfectly moral, that among things indifferent he disregarded or attacked particular traditions that he felt to be specially vexatious or trivial, but in general contented himself with "exceeding the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees," superadding to the traditional external obligations his strict requisition of rightness and purity of heart. Still his murmur of burdens grievous to be borne foreshadows — but only foreshadows—a time when the handwriting of ordinances should be completely blotted out.

Fourthly, if man's position in the universe, or, more religiously, in the sight of God, depends upon his rightness of heart, it followed that the kingdom of God was open to all of Adam's seed. But, here again, it is to Paul we owe the complete declaration that Christ has put on one level circumcision and uncircumcision, Greek, Jew, barbarian, Scythian, bond and free. Did the idea of Jesus reach to this? Perhaps hardly in the earlier part of his career, before his claims seemed finally rejected by the leaders of his people, when he felt himself limited in his work to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, when he forbade his disciples to evangelize the Samaritans, when he spoke of Syrophœnicians as dogs. Yet, even then, his conception seems not so much limited as not extended; circumstances have not extended it. He yields to a proof of faith in the Syrophœnician woman. Perhaps, toward the close of his life, amid forebodings of his coming doom, there rose in his mind a clear foresight that his kingdom would be of Gentiles—can we say that it would be universal? At any rate, we find no distinct expression of this in the synoptic gospels; and the historian must very doubtfully accept the discourses of the fourth, even where they most accord with the image he has formed to himself of Jesus.

We have sketched this outline in contrast with our author's, to show exactly to what degree we can admit that the "edict from the Mount" gave to mankind the universality of rights which a few philosophers had ineffectually claimed for them. We should like to say

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* The question with regard to the two recensions of the "Beatitudes" as they are called seems to be this. Have we in the first gospel a softening down and spiritualizing of the original teaching, or in Luke an Ebionitish exaggeration of it? It is difficult but important to decide.

† Compare his utterance with respect to purity, Matt. v. 27–30. Here, however, we would gladly think that the first gospel has, by a dangerous mistake, brought vv. 29, 30, into a wrong connexion. Cf Mark ix. 43–47.

‡ It is to be observed that the common view that the rich man is punished for *neglecting* Lazarus is at variance with Abraham's reply, and can hardly be deduced solely from the ἐπιθυμῶν χορτασθῆναι in verse 21.

a word about these philosophers. In our author's treatment of them he, very needlessly, exceeds the limits of fair advocacy. He seems, indeed, to regard himself as holding a brief against philosophers in general. In one passage (p. 100) he draws a fancy portrait of the "philosophic good man." This is, perhaps, just within the limits of fair advocacy; that is to say, it is a spirited and instructive caricature. A philosopher might draw a fancy portrait of the religious enthusiast, equally fair, equally instructive, and equally one-sided. In truth, enthusiasm and reason are supplementary; neither can dispense with the other; and it is for the interest of the human race that each should keep a jealous watch on the other. But in one respect the past philosopher is at a great disadvantage, as compared with the past prophet, and has more claim on the tenderness of the historian. The philosopher introduces his new truth to the world enclosed in a system; when humanity has extracted and assimilated the kernel, the empty husk is found with the philosopher's name inscribed on it; the prophet hurls his new truth out in the form of a paradox, the point of which is ever after found useful. This applies peculiarly to Stoicism; we associate the term with salient extravagances; the most valuable part of the system that flourished under that name is so familiar, so axiomatic to us, that we do not value it. There is no fear that men will fall into the error of putting Stoicism for quantity of effect, or intrinsic excellence on a par with Christianity. The Porch was one entrance into the Church; and the panegyrist of Jesus ought to treat Stoicism with the tender and scrupulous fairness due to a forerunner superseded, and a rival outshone. One repeated unfairness in our author's treatment of the philosopher springs from a misconception which is strange in one who has evidently read his Plato. He speaks of "reason" as if it meant only logic; as if its supremacy kept the man entirely cold; as if it were impossible to feel ardour and enthusiasm for abstractions. "He who refrains from gratifying a wish on some ground of reason, at the same time feels the wish as strongly as if he gratified it." In an earlier passage he asks the philosopher triumphantly "Where is the logical dilemma that can make a knave honest?" Now we admit that one of the great philosophical blots of Stoicism was the confusion it made between distinct mental faculties, elaborative, intuitive, emotional, volitional, so that a stoic might commit the absurdity of trying, by a logical dilemma, to make a knave honest. But how was the Stoic himself made and kept honest, and pure, and self-sacrificing? Not by his logic, but by the enthusiasm that he felt when he contemplated the true law, the right reason, the wisdom that became dearer to him than any pleasure, the idea of good that rose up in and absorbed his soul, casting into shade the *prima naturæ*, the lawful objects of the earlier natural impulses. "It is one of the most remarkable features," we are told, "of Christ's moral teaching, that he does not command us to regulate or control our unlawful desires, but pronounces it unlawful to have such desires at all." Whether this is a thoroughly sound treatment of ethics we are not now inquiring; but it describes accurately Stoic theory, and Stoic practice. That an ordinary man, one of the masses, intellectually speaking, could only get his unlawful desires destroyed by means of a feeling of personal devotion, we are not prepared to dispute; and hence the effect of Christianity was incomparably greater in extent than that of any philosophy could have been. But to deny this efficacy to those *incredibiles ardores* that the inner vision of truth and wisdom excited in a few, is worse than a mere historical error, it implies a psychological deficiency.

In a way partly similar, partly different, our author tries to depreciate the tenet as held by the Stoics of human brotherhood, the universality of moral obligation. He does not deny that it was held by them in all completeness. He knows that Cicero's Stoic says:—"Each one of us is a part of the world, hence we must prefer the common advantage to our own; the universe is the common city of gods and men." That Seneca writes:—"We are members of a vast body; we are naturally kinsmen; there is *communio juris* among us all; live for another if you would live for yourself." That Marcus Aurelius writes (expressing in a scholastic form what may even be called the enthusiasm of humanity):—"Unless you regard yourself as a member of the human society, you do not yet love men from the heart; doing good does not give you a completed joy; you do it simply as a thing fit to do, not as doing good to yourself." Yet he seems unable to do hearty justice to philosophers. He says of the tenet, "It had become a commonplace of Stoic philosophy" (hinting that it was confined to the lecture-room), "but to work it into the hearts and consciences of men required a higher power." Yes, "of men," but of what men? Not of Stoics, but of the mass of mankind, who never were and never could become Stoics. That a tenet may change the face of society, it must be accepted in some sort by the numerical majority. If Christians had remained as few in numbers as Stoics, the "edict" of Jesus would have had as much and as little effect as the "claim" of Zeno. True, the insincere Stoic was undoubtedly less controlled by his profession than the insincere Christian. The force of public opinion on him was smaller. There is just this element of truth in what our author means to say; but it is precisely what he has not expressed. Into the hearts and consciences of sincere Stoics the tenet was worked, probably as much as it has since been into the hearts and consciences of sincere Christians, that is, generally, in a very limited and unsatisfactory degree. To what Christian monarch can we point who more than Marcus Aurelius made this sublime principle his inspiration and his restraint, the subject of his meditations and the guide of his life?

We must now turn to our author's detailed account of the subordinate principles or laws (as he calls them) into which the teaching of Jesus branched. We find continual repetition of the same misplaced colouring, and the same mistaken ingenuity. When he gets hold of a

vague popular misconception, he exaggerates it, he refines it, he elaborates it, he systematizes it; he generally does anything but correct it. But we find him very refreshing to read, his style is so free from cant, haziness, self-consciousness, sickly sweetness, turgid rhetoric; his treatment so bold, independent, distinct, coherent. Indeed, the whole plan is too coherent. He is not content to find in Jesus a rare balance of moral intentions; he insists on attributing to him an articulate system of ethics; consequently he is constantly suggesting for him without any evidence, ideas, feelings, reflections alien to his age, and inconsistent with the simple directness of the prophetic character. For instance, he points out the "apparent inconsistency" between the absolute purity and severity of the moral ideal of Jesus, and his readiness to sympathize with sinners. He then shows how the inconsistency is overcome by the conception of the "law of mercy." We should rather say that the inconsistency was never felt, and therefore not overcome. The one virtue seemed as natural, sprang as spontaneously as the other.

We have already discussed our author's "provisional" assumption of a right to speak of the miracles as real. This assumption is much used or abused in his chapter on Positive Morality. He works up into a more definite and imposing form the popular notion that Jesus was a wonderful example of practical philanthropy. He tells us we might have thought it more appropriate to Jesus to instruct more and give less time to the relief of physical evils; but no, he thought otherwise: "his biography may be summed up in the words 'he went about doing good;' his wise words were secondary to his beneficial deeds; the latter were not introductory to the former, but the former grew occasionally and, as it were, accidentally out of the latter." Now the perfect unselfishness of Jesus, and his tenderness for his fellow-men, affords the foundation for the popular notion; but the pointed form which is given to it in the passage we have quoted seems in direct conflict with our authorities. Even if we assume that the number of cases recorded is not exaggerated (an assumption which on purely historic grounds we shall find it difficult to admit), there is nothing which we should infer with more certainty from the gospels than that Jesus regarded teaching and preaching as his primary function. He is always represented as taking the initiative in this. He comes into Galilee preaching; he enters into the synagogue and teaches; he goes into the next towns that he may preach: we read always, "he began to teach" by the seaside, in the synagogue, elsewhere: the multitude came unto him, and he teaches them as is his wont. But he exercises his gift of healing only when appealed to; the people throng round him and press him to exercise it; they "bring unto him" diseased persons, and he heals them; lepers and others fall in his way and entreat him; he heals all, but with occasional reluctance, with repeated efforts to keep his possession of the gift as secret as possible. It was the spiritually sick that he came to seek and to save; there is no evidence of any *eagerness* on his part to relieve ordinary physical evils.

In one of his two chapters on the "Law of Mercy," our author describes two repentances, that of Zacchæus, the rich receiver of taxes, and the well-known story of the woman who was a sinner. The passage is in his best style; the colouring is not overdone; the contrast and the observations to which it gives rise are as just and appropriate as they are fresh and striking. With this illustration he connects an excellent account of "the three stages in the progress of the treatment of crime: the stage of barbarous insensibility, the stage of law or justice, and that of mercy or humanity." This last stage, he tells us, was reached by the morality of Jesus. Law, to keep up a proper sensibility for the injured, has to be cruel to the injurer. But the mercy of Jesus overcomes the emotional difficulty, achieves the emotional feat, of sympathizing with and loving the injurer, while at the same time hating the sin and pitying the sufferer far more than law. Therefore, it is a positive duty of Christ's followers to attempt the restoration of the criminal classes. Practical men may plausibly urge that the enterprise is hopeless; but Christ, says our author, rising into one of his loftiest strains of eloquence, knew of no limits to enthusiasm—

> "He laid it as a duty upon the Church to reclaim the lost, because he did not think it utopian to suppose that the Church might be not in its best members only, but through its whole body, inspired by that ardour of humanity that can charm away the bad passions of the wildest heart, and open to the savage and the outlaw lurking in moral wildernesses an entrancing view of the holy and tranquil order that broods over the streets and palaces of the city of God."

We willingly lend our hearts to this preaching. This is true Christianity: "the Article of Conversion is the true Articulus stantis aut cadentis Ecclesiæ." But when we close the book the question forces itself upon us, What was it that Jesus actually did in this direction? The attentive reader of the two chapters we refer to will discover a distinct and palpable *seam* running through them, where the exposition of the duty is sewn on to the account of the example. The question is how to deal with the criminal classes, the enemies of their kind, outlaws, injurers of society, who fall under the ban of law and justice. "Therefore," says our author, "Christ went among"—whom? thieves and murderers?—no, "publicans and sinners." There is surely a great difference between the two classes. The publicans were not enemies of society, but a sordid and repulsive part of its organization; instruments that law used and despised, not objects against which it was directed. Mr. Plumptre* compares them with Roman Catholic excisemen in Ireland. "Sinners" is a vague term, but it is clear that the persons described by it were vicious as distinct from criminal, liable to social ostracism, not legal punishment. Suppose a man, then, in the habit of dining with excisemen and prostitutes,

* Smith's Dict. of the Bible.

with a view to their moral improvement. He would show, perhaps, more heroism, certainly more originality, than a man who went as a city missionary among the criminal classes of London; but it would be only in a very general sense that we could say that the one man followed the example of the other. Again, there is no evidence that Jesus sought out publicans and harlots, and endeavoured to pierce through the hardened shell of vicious habit that encased their hearts. Some of them thronged among the crowd to hear him, and he did not repel them; similarly they had gone to John to be baptized, and he had baptized them. Those with whom he associated had, we may believe, already shown signs of repentance; his preaching had already stirred in them the impulse toward goodness. All honour to the tender insight that could discern and cherish this impulse when others saw only the mould of life and circumstance in which the character was assumed to have hardened! All honour to the magnanimity that in this work could brave the condemnation of the pious, the censure of those whose censure was felt heaviest!* But the particular duty which our author sets before us of sympathizing with and converting the hardened outlaw, while we sympathize with, and exact justice for, his victim, Jesus does not, from the evidence before us, appear to have actually undertaken. This emotional problem we have to attempt; let us solve it as it can be solved in the spirit of Christianity; but let us not strain history till it cracks in a morbid anxiety to make the emotional stimulus afforded by Christ's personal example as great as possible.†

But Jesus did not manifest only pity and tenderness, conspicuous as these qualities were in him; he also showed anger and resentment. Our author, therefore, to complete his work has to explain the Law of Resentment. We looked forward with some interest to this explanation, as we foresaw the difficulty in which he would be placed, and considered that his mode of dealing with that difficulty would be an excellent test of his qualities as a historian. For the objects of the resentment of Jesus were the religious teachers of his nation—a nation appointed by Providence to be the religious teachers of mankind. These are the only persons against whom he inveighs with bitter vehemence; for whose virtues he has no praise,‡ for whose faults he has no excuse. Now the religious teachers of a people, whatever may be their defects and shortcomings (and we shall hardly be suspected of a disposition to underrate them), are not usually those against whom an impartial moralist concentrates his invective. Here, therefore, the example seems to require careful interpretation. The ordinary commentator, who is not troubled by any considerations of historic analogy, finds no difficulty at all. In reading Matt. xxiii. and the parallel passages in Luke, he conceives an idea of the Pharisees and scribes made to suit these passages. He willingly believes that they were hypocritical and rapacious, serpents and vipers, making long prayers to devour widows' substance, whose proselytes were children of hell, whose carefully purified vessels were full of extortion and excess. For purposes of edification this answers very well; every one feels that against so odious a combination of vices no invectives can be too vehement, too scathing. If it is pointed out to the commentator that Jesus elsewhere seems to speak of these persons as the whole who needed not a physician, the righteous whom he was not come to call to repentance: elsewhere as possessing a righteousness of their own, though below the standard of his lofty requirements; he simply replies that these were different Pharisees and different scribes. The author of "Ecce Homo" is at once too genuinely honest and too widely cultivated to rest content with this. He finds it necessary to represent the Pharisees as a historian, using all the sources of evidence within his reach, may reasonably conceive them to have existed; and to realize the relations of Jesus towards them as a whole, in accordance with such representation. Only on this basis can he conscientiously expound the example and develop the Law of Resentment. Let us see what the result is.

In the first place, from his consistent determination not to treat the career of Jesus as in any respect progressive, he ignores what is the only true key to these relations. He cannot trace their gradual embitterment, arising out of the ever increasing clearness of the irreconcilable antagonism between the insulted bigots and the daring innovator, from the outset of Jesus' ministry, when he simply left the "righteous" on one side as having no immediate call to deal with them, to that period near its close, when, foreseeing and almost courting the inevitable doom, he poured out in those well-known charges the concentrated energy of his indignation. Still he quite appreciates the comparative historic value of the earlier and later utterances. Of the worst charges he says (we could not expect him to say more), "We have not the evidence before us which might enable us to verify these accusations." He sees that the point of the antagonism between "the one learned profession" and Jesus was, that the former were "legalists," that they "asserted the paramount necessity of particular rules." They believed that the old method by which their ancestors had arrived at a knowledge "of the requirements of duty, namely, divine inspiration, was no longer available, and that nothing therefore remained but carefully to collect the results at which their ancestors had arrived by this method, to adopt these results as rules, and

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* In choosing a publican for a disciple, Jesus would go further still. But, although the publicans were as a class rapacious and unjust, there was nothing incompatible, whatever bigots might think, in tax-gathering and virtue.

† A good instance of this straining is seen where our author endeavours to bring prostitutes under the head of 'injurers,' by describing them as "the tempters who waylaid the chastity of men." We hear the fact cracking.

‡ We ought to notice as an exception that he once said of one of them "that he was not far from the kingdom of God." This incident confirms us in the view we subsequently express.

to observe them punctiliously." He says that it may be urged that such men, however mistaken, "did in some cases the best they could, were serious and made others serious." But Jesus, he finds, "made no allowance for them." How is this to be explained? How is our indignation against these sincere but mistaken bigots to be sufficiently stimulated? It appears that after all they were impostors of a very subtle sort. "*Their good deeds did not proceed from the motives from which such deeds naturally spring, and from which the public suppose them to spring.*" When they tithed their property they were impostors, because they made people think they did so from "ardent feelings," whereas their real motive was "respect for a traditional rule." When they searched the Scriptures they were impostors, because they pretended to be possessed with the spirit of what they read without really being so. Thus, because they "followed motives which did not actuate them, but which they supposed ought to actuate them," he thinks it right to say of them that they were "destitute of convictions;" "winning the reverence of the multitude by false pretences;" "actors in everything;" "their whole life a play."

Now we cannot conceive the true analysis of bigotry and legalism more blurred and confused than it is by this ingenious rhetoric—a rhetoric all the more dangerous because it is, as the author proceeds to show, of so universal application. Religious conservatives in all ages are men who cling to the letter without comprehending the spirit; who inherit the results of an enthusiasm whose counterpart in the present they misunderstand and dislike. But to say that, because they are destitute of enthusiasm, they are "destitute of convictions," that "their zeal for truth is feigned," because their view of truth is narrow, that "they love the past only because they hate the present," to charge them with wilful fraud as pretenders to an ardour and enthusiasm that they have not, to describe their virtues as being no virtues at all, because they are mixed with conventionality and triviality, would be the blindest advocacy, or the most unscrupulous special pleading. In the secular strife between the old and new, upon which human progress depends, our good wishes are entirely with the innovators. Nor have we a word of condemnation for the champions of this grand cause, if in the fiery heat of battle they strike somewhat merciless and sweeping blows. It is by such strokes that great victories have generally been won. Still the most terrible fury in assault may be combined with a just recognition of the merits of adversaries, a generous sympathy with whatever in them is or might have been virtue; and in our ideal we conceive these qualities combined. Such magnanimity we, in common with the whole Christian world, have read in the close of our Master's life, as told by Luke.* The end has come; the people, whose eyes he has been vainly endeavouring to open, have made their choice; they have identified themselves with their traditional leader; his work is closed, his strife is over, and with it the bitterness of the strife has melted into pure sadness, into all-embracing forgiveness. But our author reads the passage otherwise. It was only the Roman soldiers he forgave. Having hated in the world his enemies, the legalists, he hated them unto the end. In his dying moments he pointedly excepted them from pardon; thus giving his followers a most solemn intimation, that "the enthusiasm of humanity, though it destroys a great deal of hatred, creates as much more," that the new commandment he gave unto them did not exclude bitterness, irreconcilable hostility, intolerant anger, vindictive enmity.

Here, then, is what the enthusiasm of humanity comes to; here is the last fashion of the Imitatio Christi. We are to love the whole human race, except our religious adversaries; we are to cherish the ideal of man in every man, only not in a legalist. We are to have an inexhaustible sympathy with those who are trying in every way to do wrong; nothing but enmity for those who are trying in a mistaken way to do right. We are not to burn any one, we are told, on the whole; we might burn the wrong man; but the spirit of an auto-da-fé is thoroughly Christian; some one ought to be burnt if we could only tell who. Perhaps much of this is conscious paradox, meant to be taken *cum grano;* but we fear the writer may carry his readers—that he has carried himself—dangerously far. Other men have felt the profoundest pity for the Jewish nation, whose passionate patriotism and imperishable faith have passed through so fearful a doom of blood and fire to haunt the world as a spectral anachronism for ever; our author assures us, with the calm truculence of a thoroughgoing enthusiast—

> "Almost all the genuine worth and virtue of the nation was gathered into the Christian church; what remained without was perversity and prejudice, ignorance of the time, ignorance of the truth, that mass of fierce infatuation which was burnt up in the flames which consumed the temple or shared the fall of the Antichrist Barcochebah."

This thoroughly exemplifies the Law of Resentment; this is the "irreconcilable hostility" of the religious partisan. We disown the authority of this law; we decline to follow this example. We have not so learned Christ; it is not thus we would be filled with his spirit. Let the author of Ecce Homo, and those who think with him, look well to what they are doing. They would willingly deliver men from bondage to the letter of an ordinance; let them

* Here, for the last time, our author quotes the fourth gospel to support his most infelicitous interpretation of the third. It is the only support he has. The reply to the high-priest is no "menace;" it is simply a calm assertion. His address to the women expresses mere sadness; most generous sadness: it is his people's deserved doom that grieves him: he would avert it if it were possible: hence the "forgive them." No one, we think, who read the account in Luke by itself, would take the words otherwise. We attribute the sentence he quotes from John xix. 11, to the indignation of a disciple.

not bind upon us servile conformity to the pattern of a life. Neither the one nor the other is compatible with the true liberty of the spirit. For the spirit of moral heroes does not only live after them; it grows, it deepens, it enlarges after them. It transcends the limits of their earthly development; it overleaps the barriers that circumstance had fixed; it shakes off the bonds that action had imposed; it is measured not by what it did, but by what it might have done and will yet do. So we imitate our other patterns and examples in the essence, not the limitations, of their virtues; so we must imitate our great pattern and example, the great originator and source of our morality. True, the Christian has to combine anger with love, resentment with sympathy; but he is not to suppress the latter towards a special class of men, because he regards them as the counterpart of the antagonists of Jesus. Nay, this is the peculiar lesson that enthusiasts have to learn, if progress is ever to be peaceful: to recognise and love the virtues that may thrive wonderfully under the most besotted adherence to the most narrow and contemptible notions. In Jesus the limitation of sympathy arose from inevitable partiality of view; circumstances had sundered him too widely from the orthodox party; it was necessary that he should fight them to the death. We may imagine how differently he might have spoken of them if he could only have seen their best side instead of their worst. Surely he who could discern and cherish the sparks of love, the germs of devotion, the yearnings after virtue in the hearts of publicans and sinners, would have seen the glowing zeal, the anxious obedience, the earnest self-denial, the sublime aspiration that lingered in and leavened that mass of paltriness and bigotry and error. He would have learnt of long prayers offered up not to cover spoliation, of teachers who bore, as far as men could bear, the burdens they laid on others, of proselytes of whom Pharisaic effort had not made children of hell, but who were soon to pour in eager throngs through the opened gates of the city of God. He might even have personally known one, then an eager pupil of the great pillar of legalism, the young Pharisee who more than any of his own followers was to inherit his spirit and complete his work, and strike the final and triumphant blow for the law of liberty and love.

Our limits compel us to stop. To develop and support fully on all the points on which we differ from our author our divergent view, would require a book as long as his own, nay, perhaps longer, as we should find it expedient to use more argument for each assertion. His method we think radically wrong; his conclusions only roughly and partially right. But we would not part from him in this tone. The one thing in which we agree with him outweighs all the rest. We desire as sincerely as he does that the influence of Jesus on the modern world should increase and not decrease. That his book will tend to produce this effect on the majority of readers we can hardly doubt; that such will be its operation on the minds even of students we think most probable. We cannot possibly have sound history without uncompromising criticism and perpetual controversy; but it is good to be reminded from time to time to drop the glass of criticism, and let the dust-clouds of controversy settle. Many students who cannot patiently lend their minds to our author's teaching may be stimulated by it to do as he has done: may be led to contemplate in the best outline that each for himself can frame, with unwonted clearness of vision and unwonted force of sympathy, the features of a conception, a life, a character which the world might reverence more wisely, but can never love too well.

Art. IV.—The Origin of Language.

1. *Max Müller. Lectures on Language.* 1st and 2nd Series.
2. *Chapter on Language.* By Rev. F. Farrar.

The Science of Language possesses at the present day strong and peculiar claims on the attention of the student. Beyond that interest which intrinsically belongs to it, that interest which every thinker would be likely to claim in a pre-eminent degree for the especial study which had engaged his attention, and to err only thereby in underrating its sister sciences, not in overrating itself; Philology presents to the present generation the further attraction of a particular science just attained to that stage of development which best illustrates the progress of all science, in contemplating which the learner may draw inferences not bearing only on the special phenomena which it professes to explain, but on principles which are common to all hypotheses of the natural world. Philology, in short, is at this day interesting, not only to the philologist, but to the philosopher. In inviting the attention of the reader to this subject, we are proposing to him to investigate the structure, not merely of language, but of science; and he who cares little for etymologies, or the ethnological theories with which they are connected, may well spare a portion of his time and thought to considerations which bear on that ultimate intellectual region where the laws of nature and the laws of thought are seen in their closest combination. It is exclusively with this reference that the subject of Language is treated in the following pages. The endeavour made in them is not to estimate the evidence for or against a particular view of philology, but to prepare the way for its unprejudiced discussion by pointing out the fallacies which obstruct its progress, and exemplifying them from other sources—to test a particular hypothesis, not by the particular argument on which it rests, but by its accordance with analogous truth, and its influence on conceptions which are not logically affected by it. Such considerations form a large part of the evidence on which we receive or reject any theory. They do not indeed constitute even the most important portion of this evidence;

but, on the other hand, they form a natural prelude to the rest; the point of view in which they present the subject is the most accessible to an ordinary thinker, as it lies nearest to surrounding regions of inquiry; and finally, it is the part of the discussion that has been least dwelt upon. For these reasons it is to this portion of the subject that the present article is confined.

The division made by Comte of the theological, the metaphysical, and the positive phase of thought, as indicating the successive stages of what is ultimately scientific development, is now well known to readers who know nothing of its author, and the first obvious and superficial replies are well known too. The epithet "theological," for instance, is far more applicable to the present time than to that which preceded the French Revolution, while, if we ascend to the fountain-head of all speculation, the fragments left us of the first Greek thinkers, we shall find much that is metaphysical and hardly anything that is theological. But this division is not one to be tested by chronology. As a tropical mountain reaching the limits of eternal snow presents under one meridian specimens of every season, so the inhabited world at any moment affords us examples of every age of civilization and development of thought. We may even find these different stages exhibited by a single mind, according to the subject on which it is exercised. Take an average country clergyman — any one, in fact, who would defend the prayers for fair weather; his opinions on the movements of the heavenly bodies afford us an example of the positive or the theological stage of thought according as he considers their annual movements or the circumstances which modify their influence on our globe from day to day. He would of course say that it was the will of God that we should have winter, just as much as that winter should be severe. But he would allow if he were consistent, that the reference to God's will was an answer in the one case in a totally different sense to what it was in the other. His astronomy is already positive, while his meteorology is theological. Nevertheless, these phases are really consecutive; they mark out different regions, of which, in the search after truth, one naturally succeeds the other, though our journeyings in that path are too fitful and complicated to reveal their sequence until the goal is nearly won. On a broad view of our progress in natural knowledge, each view will be seen as an advance upon the other, indicating the wider horizon that is gained by a higher point of view. The first phase of thought is, however, long since left behind by anything that calls itself a science. Indeed, till it was understood that to refer a phenomenon to the will of any supernatural being was not to explain its place in nature, there was no possibility of physical science. The reader will recall the well-known passage in the "Phædo," where Socrates is made to express his disappointment in the teaching of Anaxagoras, because, after having learnt from him that *Nous*, or Mind, is the ruler of all things, he finds him proceed to explain the various phenomena of nature on physical grounds, instead of deducing them from a regard to the fitness of things such as is characteristic of mind. We see at once that Socrates is here expressing his disappointment that Anaxagoras aimed at physical science at all. Although the theological stages of natural science may even co-exist with the positive in such a mind as we have imagined, as an epoch of national thought it has passed away forever.

Comte's law appears to us capable of translation into a nomenclature that shall commend itself as true to every thinker. Speculation starts from the supernatural; it refers all change to an arbitrary volition, it knows nothing of law. It arrives at the natural—at the conception of an unbroken chain of cause and effect, linking all that shall be to all that has been. Between these two stages intervenes a third, partaking in some degree of the character of both, for which the metaphysical is not on the whole a bad epithet. The supernatural stage is crystallised in mythology; but it survives still in every view which links events to the will of God as a series of separate acts of volition—in such a manner, that is to say, that they are dislocated from the chain of cause and effect. Some relic of it lingers in every prayer for a physical event, in every expectation implied in such a prayer that some single link in this chain will be touched by creative will, apart from all that has gone before. Now when we consider how few there are who would consistently retain either view—who would hope, for instance, that some mighty effort of prayer should affect any operation of nature the causes of which are perfectly known —as for instance the course of the seasons— or who would renounce the belief that such an effect might affect those operations of which the causes are imperfectly known—as for instance the temperature of the seasons—we shall understand how strong is the fascination of that intermediate stage of speculation which unites to some extent the qualities of the two extremes. We shall find instances of this fascination in the history of some of the most severely scientific minds. The example which first occurs is afforded us by the speculations of Newton on the cause of gravity. At one time of his life he seems to have thought that the fact of gravity might receive its explanation from some facts connected with the ether; these facts themselves, and their truth or falsehood, being entirely irrelevant to the present question. It is curious to trace in the mind of a man like Newton the fancy that in dealing with the ether he was getting any nearer a spiritual entity than in dealing with the solid earth. Of course if these facts could have been substantiated they would have been a valuable contribution to our knowledge; but we should just as much have needed to know their cause as we now need to know the cause of gravitation. Evidently he thought that we should not. He seems to have fancied there would be something more ultimate in a doctrine about the ether than in a doctrine about the earth. The link of association which con-

nects *gas* and *geist* was what he was leaning upon in this belief. The ether was in his mind playing that part which is assigned to the "animal spirits" in our older writers; neither he nor they perceive that in using these phrases they have got out of the region of things into the region of names—that their subtle fluids are either a diluted form of matter just as far removed from spirit as lead is, or they are a mere unknown *x*, representing a particular cause, and not the explanation of that cause. We have given this instance because it appears to illustrate in a very remarkable degree the attraction of these metaphysical entities for scientific minds. Of course we do not mean that the ether is a metaphysical entity. But it was on this ground that Newton was contemplating it in these speculations. It was as cause of something which could have no cause so simple as itself, which must therefore, by being explained, make our general scheme of belief more complicated than it was before, that he regarded this subtle fluid, which was to pervade all space, and which took to his mind under that point of view almost the aspect of a universal soul. Less apposite, perhaps, but still not without its bearing on the strife between metaphysical and positive conceptions as the origin of true science, is the theory of phlogiston. The idea of a material of fire, possessing the quality of positive lightness—a substance which, being disengaged from any substance, left that substance heavier—a substance whose expression was in light and heat—comes so very near to the conception of a soul, that in entertaining it we feel ourselves almost treading on mythological ground, we are as near to the φλὸξ Ἡφαίστοιο as to the modern theory of combustion. We feel that all such theories as these are indeed the residuum of a complete impersonation of the operative powers of nature, and that though Science takes its rise here, it is not science in its strictest sense till this region is left behind. It is, however, never evaded. When people begin to see that to make a particular result the operation of the will of God is not in any scientific sense an explanation of that result, they do not pass immediately from this personal agency of a Divine being to a physical law. The mind halts at an intermediate stage: it surrenders the personality of the cause, but keeps its spirituality, and the result is a metaphysical entity, which, though a mere empty abstraction, satisfies the mind with a convenient formulized statement of ignorance which it mistakes for cause, till some stimulus from without shall rouse it to the discovery that words are not things. This is the turning-point of science; this also is the stage reached by philology in our day. On this ground, therefore, we claim the interest of the reader; we invite his attention to a struggle between the metaphysical theory of language, now almost in sole possession of the field, and its positive rival—a rival for whom the victory is no less certain than for a body of well-disciplined troops engaged against savages. The disproportion of the forces may be immense, the issue of the contest at present most unfavourable; but the result is not even doubtful; for the contest lies between a positive cause and a metaphysical abstraction—between a principle of acknowledged operation to some extent, and a figment of the mere indolent understanding, a product of the "*intellectus sibi permissus*"—the unquestioned, undisciplined prejudice of mankind.

This is the fact we are trying to point out. Our object is not here the sifting of evidence, the cross-examination of witnesses. This is an important part of the process by which any theory of the Origin of Language must be established; but it has been well fulfilled in the work of Mr. Farrar, mentioned at the head of this article, and it does not appear to us to lie within the function of a review. Moreover, we are inclined to protest at the very outset at the importance which has been assigned to the amount of evidence for the mimetic theory of the Origin of Language, which we here assert as the sole *vera causa* yet suggested for it. The question is not only, "What is the evidence for it?" but, "Is there any evidence against it?" We have not to ask ourselves, "Which is true of two theories of the subject?" but, "Is there really more than one theory about it at all?" We have, in fact, to choose between a hypothesis, allowed by its bitterest enemies to possess some plausible evidence in its favour, and a statement which investigation will prove to be a mere fine name for our ignorance. For this purpose we shall not touch any contested evidence, frivolous as are the grounds on which much of this is rejected. We start from the admissions of our adversaries.

Before proceeding, however, to examine what is implied in these admissions, let us put before our readers, in definite language, the statements which, in answer to the question, How did language originate? supply respectively illustrations of the theological, the metaphysical, and the positive stages of the linguistic science. The first of these theories supposes, that as children now learn to speak from their parents, the first man learnt to speak from God. It is a curious instance of our dull apprehension of the meaning conveyed in familiar words, that something of this kind is supposed to be implied in the first chapter of Genesis. As M. Renan has well pointed out in his "Essay on the Origin of Language," the only words which are there capable of bearing on the subject have a directly opposite force. We have no intention of discussing the question on this ground, but any candid person who refers to Gen. ii. 19, will at once acknowledge that, if the authority of the Bible is to have any weight, it tends distinctly to establish the human origin of language. The sole statement* which the Old Testament can be made to yield as a contribution to our investigations is compatible either with the metaphysical or the positive theories of language, but it is directly at issue with the theological. But there is now

* Gen. xi. 7, has no bearing on this question at all. What is treated there is the origin of the diversity of languages, and not of language.

no need to insist upon this. Indeed, the theological, or, as we should prefer to call it, supernatural view on this subject is distinctly unscientific, and can never be illustrated from any work that aims at science; we must be satisfied, therefore, in order to indicate our meaning of the epithet, with referring to the indistinct prejudices which would emerge in the minds of most religious and half-educated people in answer to the question, How did language originate?

The metaphysical theory of language was enunciated more than two thousand years ago by Plato, and repeated in a modern lecture-room the other day by Professor Müller. Before we go on to inquire into the foundation for this theory, to investigate the exact meaning of some such absolute connection between sound and sense as is implied by it, let us bring before our minds the peculiar temptations which the study of language offers to the belief in such a theory. Every one will agree that, from whatever cause, there is a certain gradation in the senses with regard to the degree in which they appear to put us in connexion with the outward world. Of the causes of this gradation there are* endless controversies, but with these we have nothing to do. The feeling of being more or less directly in contact with something external may be instinctive; it may be the subtly-hidden trace of experience, it may even be erroneous; all we argue is that it exists. Some one asks, "When will this din of bells stop?" and hears quite calmly that it is only a ringing in his ears. If he had believed himself to *see* the bell, he would not so quietly have learnt that the sense gave no information of anything without him. As a matter of fact, the one illusion would have indicated very much greater physical disorder than the other. Facts like these establish the position that hearing has a larger subjective element than some other senses, so that if we compare the five senses to five windows from which each of us contemplates the world around him, we should represent hearing by a coloured window, while sight would at all events be much nearer to colourless glass; this medium being perhaps most closely approached by touch. Touch connects us at once with the *without;* sight, rather less directly and positively; hearing, again, still less directly and positively. It seems to keep us more within ourselves, to belong less to nature and more to the mind. As a consequence of this it is, far more than the sense of vision, associated with emotion and thought; it is the channel of far more overwhelming association, it bears the perfume of keener joy and keener pain. Something of this is, perhaps, due to the fact, that we are always seeing and are not always hearing, and that an intermittent sense can absorb an amount of association which one that is exercised at every moment has no energy to retain; but this, so far as it is the case, is again an argument on the side we are urging—that hearing is a sense that seems, as it were, to lie less than half-way between the mind and the thing. Sound, therefore, being a material peculiarly plastic to imagination, peculiarly sensitive to the touch of memory, and liable to be saturated with associations of joy or pain, is it not exactly that impression on the senses in which the mind is likely to feign that link between the spiritual and material world which it is impelled by so strong a fascination to seek? What can be seen, or what can be ascertained in some way through the sense of touch, is, under the light of modern science, stubborn against the spiritualizing process. We see that, let us attenuate our gas as finely as we will, we are not even approaching a region halfway between matter and spirit. But we only half see this (for, after all, people would not seriously entertain the absolute theory at the present day when it is put distinctly before them) with regard to sound. We do not at once perceive that to suppose an inherent fitness in a particular sound to express a particular thing is just as much a jumble of physical and metaphysical ideas as nature's abhorrence of a vacuum.

Such considerations as these may, perhaps, do something to explain the amount of authority by which this theory is supported, and the length of time during which it has been prevalent. A theory entertained by such men as Plato and Lucretius (one of the very few, probably, which we could quote as a common element in the belief of the two most diverse of great thinkers), a theory supported both by the earliest and the latest dissertation on the subject of language, and upheld (so far as we can understand them) by the writers of that nation who have made the subject their especial study, must be able to make out a very good case for itself. But this may be said of every view which enlists upon its side the prejudices and the vague beliefs generated by association, which, to the generality of mankind, look like the strongest arguments. A circumstance which also tells in its favour is, that it may be stated in very different language; it may, in fact, be clothed in a phraseology which altogether disguises its characteristic features, and approximates it to the positive theory, to which it is nevertheless essentially opposed; such, for instance, is the statement in the Platonic dialogue. Let the reader judge from our condensed translation of the apposite passage.

Answer me, Hermogenes—says Socrates, addressing the vanquished upholder of the conventional theory—if we had neither tongue nor voice, and wished to point out anything, should we not imitate it as well as we could with our gestures? Thus, for instance, if we wished to indicate anything either elevated or light, we should indicate it by raising our hand upwards, and *vice versâ;* while the attempt to describe any animal would be made by as near an approach to imitation as was possible in our own person.

H. That seems to me unquestionable.

S. Now, since we have organs of speech to point out objects with, do we not point out any object by their means whenever we imitate anything with them?

* See Turgot's allusion to this difference in his observations on Maupertuis's "Essay on the Origin of Language."

H. Certainly.

S. The name of any object, then, is a vocal imitation of that object?

H. So it seems to me.

S. By Jupiter, that won't do, though, my dear fellow!

H. Why not?

S. We should have to say, if that were the case, that whoever mimicked the cry of a sheep, or of a cock, named the animal in question. Does that seem to you sound doctrine?

H. Not at all. But what sort of imitation is the name, then?

S. Not of the same kind, nor of the same objects, as the imitation effected in music, though the voice is used in both. To explain myself—have not objects shape and sound, and most of them colour?

H. Certainly.

S. Now, imitations of these qualities belong to the art of the musician and the painter, and have nothing to do with our subject. But has not every object an *essence*, besides those qualities of which we have spoken? Nay, have not colour, sound, and shape themselves an essence, as well as whatever is worthy of the name of being at all?

H. I think so.

S. And if any one could represent this essence with letters and syllables, would he not then show the true nature of the thing represented?

H. Of course.

S. And as we called the former kind of imitation music and painting, what should we call this?

H. Just what we have been seeking all this time—the linguistic art (*ὁ ὀνομαστικός*).

S. If this is so, we must examine the words you were asking about, to see if they represent the essence of the things they apply to or not.

H. Very good.

S. Well, then, the best way is, like the students of rhythm, to begin by distinguishing the powers of different letters; after which we must proceed to examine names [or things, the passage is obscure and possibly corrupt], and apply each name to a thing according to the resemblance we find in it. I dare say it sounds very absurd to talk of representations of things by means of mimetic words and syllables. However, there is no choice in the matter, we have no better means of explaining the elementary words, unless we follow the example of the tragic writers who bring down a *Deus ex machinâ* to get them out of a difficulty (the theological hypothesis is already past); and in this way let ourselves off with the assertion that the first names are imposed by the gods, and are right on this account. Or shall we try this explanation, that we have received them from the barbarians? (for there are barbarians of a more ancient date than our own)—or that through their great antiquity it is impossible to investigate them? These are all very pretty excuses for any one who wishes to escape the discussion of this fitness of the elementary words; but it is clear that whoever makes use of these excuses must not pretend to explain any of the compounds. [This strange assertion, put forth as a self-evident fact, is a good specimen of that in this philosophy which had to be unlearnt before any scientific treatment of the subject was possible.]

H. I entirely agree with you.

S. My own notions respecting the elementary words seem to me absurd and audacious. However, I will share them with you, *i.e.*, if you like, and if you have anything better to suggest, I shall be glad to receive it in return. First of all, the letter R seems to me the appropriate instrument to express every kind of movement, as containing a certain mobility in itself. Its power of imitation is seen in such words as rush, tremble, rough, break, &c. [the Greek words are fairly represented in sound as well as sense by the equivalents we have given], in all which words the imitation is contained in the R. I suppose that the first originator of language found that the tongue was most active and vibrates with the greatest rapidity in producing this sound. (Here the reader will observe Socrates glides into the mimetic theory, which, however, he has distinctly described and rejected.) The letter I, on the other hand, expresses what is fine and subtle, and fitted to penetrate through all things, it is therefore used to imitate the action of going. [We cannot illustrate this by any English equivalent for *leναι.*] *φ*, *ψ*, *σ*, and *ζ*, are all letters which express the idea of blowing, and hence are used in such words as *ψυχρον*, *ζεον*, *σειεσθαι*, &c. D and T produce a compression of the tongue, in which the author of language saw the imitation of every kind of bond (*δεσμος*) (he is again mimetic); while as he observed that in the letter L the tongue glides most smoothly, he used this letter for the imitation of whatever is smooth and gliding (*λιπαρον*, *κολλωδες*, &c.) The G, having the power of arresting this gliding movement of the tongue, he made use of, imitating whatever is viscous or sweet (*γλισχρον*, *γλυκυ*, *γλοιωδες*, gluey.) Perceiving that N kept the voice inwards, he used this letter for the word in, *α* and *η* were used for *μεγαλα* and *μηλος*, as being both large sounds. In this way the author of language has applied, by means of letters and syllables, its own proper symbol to every individual object. Such, Hermogenes, is the natural fitness of language from my point of view, unless Cratylus can give me a better one.

Such is the earliest exposition of this theory, which, but for its distinct exclusion of the positive doctrine, we might rather quote as an early anticipation of that hypothesis. Let us now turn to the latest, which is consistently separated from what we hold the truth.

"The 400 or 500 roots," says Professor Müller, "which remain as the constituent elements in different families of language are not interjections, neither are they imitations, they are phonetic types produced by a power inherent in human nature. They exist, as Plato would say, by nature; though with Plato we should add that when we say by nature we mean by the hand of God. There is a law which runs through nearly the whole of nature, that everything which is struck rings. Each substance has its peculiar ring; we can tell the more or less perfect structure of metals by their vibrations, by the answer which they give. Gold rings differently from tin, wood rings differently from stone; and different sounds are produced according to the nature of each percussion. It was the same with man, the most highly organized of Nature's works. The fact that wood, metals, cords, &c., if struck, vibrate and ring, can of course be used as an illustration only, and not as an explanation. The faculty peculiar to man, in his primitive state, by which every impression from without received its vocal expression from within must be accepted as an ultimate fact that that faculty must have existed in man, because its effects continue to exist. Analogies from the inanimate world, however, are useful, and deserve further examination. Man, in his primitive and perfect state, was not only endowed, like the brute, with the power of expressing his sensations by interjections, and his perceptions by onomatopœia; he possessed likewise the faculty of giving more articulate expression to the rational conceptions of his mind. That faculty was not of his own making, it was an instinct—an instinct of the mind as irresistible as any other in-

stinct: so far as language is the production of that instinct, it belongs to the realm of nature. Man loses his instincts as he ceases to want them; his senses become fainter when, as in the case of scent, they become useless. Thus the creative faculty which gave to each conception, as it thrilled for the first time through the brain, a phonetic expression, became extinct when its object was fulfilled."

We comment on this passage with reluctance. It is an ungracious task to criticise that portion of an able and valuable work which is written with the left hand. If the progress of philology in general interest in the last few years has been mainly due to the eloquence and genius of the writer—to borrow Mr. Farrar's graceful tribute to his opponent—it seems hardly in accordance with our gratitude to him to single out for comment a small fragment of his work which bears no impress of his mind, and might be detached from the whole without leaving a scar, which seems, in short, the addition of the commentator to the work of a scholar anxious to round off the work of his master into a completeness which that master had wisely refrained from seeking. If, as Bacon has quoted, "truth is less remote from error than confusion," the man who has quickened general interest in philology has certainly done more to advance true opinions concerning it than he can have done to hinder these by any amount of false theory. In this respect we look upon the Professor as a second Horne Tooke. Philologists may spend their lives in confuting his errors, and owe to him the first gleam of interest which ultimately led to a detection of those errors. Still, as he has enshrined them in his peculiarly lucid and brilliant style (a style which those who study the writings of his countrymen will often remember with a sigh), he cannot complain that those who combat a particular doctrine should avail themselves of a statement which best discovers its intrinsic weakness by exhibiting it in a form which is free from any other.

Our quotation is taken from Professor Müller's first series of lectures on language—the second series appears to indicate some change of view, and a disposition to leave the question of origin open. He has a perfect right to take this course. Any one may investigate the laws which regulate the changes and varieties of language without committing himself to any hypothesis as to the source from which it originates, and as life is short and art—and still more we may say science—is long, it is quite possible that he may achieve the first aim all the more effectually, if he rigidly excludes the second. Only let it be taken distinctly and consistently, let one who avows it see that he remains neutral with regard to *the* question of language. Let him allow that Mr. Farrar is in the right when he says that—

"If, for instance, a large class of words belong to the root 'ach,' and another large class have the root 'dhu,' and if the former be an interjection, and the latter an onomatopœia, we have got at final facts which give a new meaning and interest to the history of the derivations from these roots; but if we are told that a large family of words come from these roots, and that of these roots nothing more can be said, then, what have we learnt?"

Well—perhaps not quite nothing, but nothing that throws any light on the origin of language.

The foregoing theory, we have said, represents the metaphysical phase of the science of language. It does not require many words to justify this assertion. The question which this theory attempts to answer is this: How did the first man learn to speak? The answer is, "There is an instinct in man which, in his primitive and perfect state, led him to connect certain sounds and certain ideas." This instinct is something of which we have no evidence but the fact which it professes to explain. It is not an actual existence, which, whether or not a particular function be assigned to it with justice, remains in unquestioned reality before our mental eye; it is something called into ideal operation to satisfy a need of the intellect. Nobody would assert that any principle is now operating through which "every impression from without receives its vocal expression from within"—the proof of its existence is that "its effects continue to exist." We do not encounter it under any other aspect but as the cause of these particular effects. We are not, for instance, the least helped by it where we should expect to find it tested—in our study of a new language. We receive an impression of an animal with four legs and a woolly coat, and the vocal impression with which it is associated in the mind of a foreigner is not suggested to us by anything but the experience of that association in the past. The phonetic types explain the origin of language, and they do nothing else. They intervene to fill a gap in the chain of cause and effect, and we know no more of them. Their operation is confined to strictly metaphysical ground.

We now come to the positive hypothesis of the origin of language—a hypothesis that demands no withering of our primitive instincts, no chasm in the progress of the race, no exceptional agency at work during any part of its existence. It is a hypothesis that is perplexing from its very simplicity: it asserts that language originated long ago, just as language would originate to-day, if any person were isolated among the speakers of a tongue unknown to him. Any one who, under such circumstances, wished to designate a sheep, would certainly not seek for the vocal expression corresponding to the impression of a woolly quadruped of small size; he would imitate its baaing sound. Those who adopt this theory assert that such is the origin of the Greek *μηλον*. Their opponents may question the latter assertion, they must agree with the former. They must allow, that is, that the question is of the limits of operation of a particular principle, not of the fact of its existence. Whether the Greek *μηλον* preserves for us the traces of a time when animals were represented by an endeavour to imitate their cries may be matter of question. Whether any one who had now to invent some name, not significant, for an animal with any

cry that admitted of imitation, would take this course, surely can be a question to no rational man. Some language, it is conceded, might be framed upon this principle, but not all. Nay, it is allowed that some language *is* framed on this principle. "There are some recognised Aryan root-words," says an article in the *Quarterly Review*, which may be adopted as the most convenient compendium of the arguments of this school, "such as *pat*, fall; *lik*, lick, which may be claimed with some colour of right as imitative sounds." Now, take the first of these roots, which Liddell and Scott—no partial authority—would connect with the English *path*, the only obvious English representative of this root, and we have a noun, surely not specially suggestive of sound, connected with a mimetic root. No one can say that there is anything exceptional in this word. It is surely a fair average specimen of language. If this word springs from a mimetic root, why should not all others do the like?

That really seems to us the only argument to urge or to answer. Of course, as a matter of fact, it is important to determine the soundness of particular etymologies which connect particular words with a mimetic root. Whether fusee be derived from fizz, for instance, or from the Latin fusus, is in itself an interesting question. But it does not appear to us that the advocates of the mimetic theory are under any necessity to investigate such cases, or to produce a long list of unquestioned instances of mimetic origin. The question is simply this—Is the explicable portion of language an exceptional one? Is there anything but imitation to explain language? When we are comparing two theories which relate to actual entities the amount of evidence is an element of consideration—if there is anything but imitation to explain language, let us weigh the evidence on each side. But where, as in the present case, the rival cause is one which is only known *as* a cause, the very lightest amount of positive evidence is enough to weigh down the opposite scale. It is as if we found in two different accounts of the same transaction, two different persons designated as the author of some particular action, one of whom was well known to us from other quarters as living at the time when it took place, while of the other, we could find out nothing but the simple mention which we were seeking to justify. Surely the amount of external evidence needed to authenticate the first of these agents would be very trifling.

The question has been confused by Professor Müller's baseless division of the mimetic view into the pooh-pooh and bow-wow theory. The pooh-pooh theory *is* the bow-wow theory. The theory which would select the interjection Pooh! as a typical illustration of language, is one with that theory which would do the same by the words Bow-wow. The mimetic theory asserts that the first men originated language, as our contemporaries would originate it now, by means of some vocal representation of particular sounds, or objects in which some analogy could be traced to sounds. Thus would arise onomatopœia, or imitations of sounds not due to vocal utterance, thus also would arise interjections, or imitations of sounds which are due to vocal utterance. A cry of pain is not language, any more than the mooing of a cow is language.. Whether we imitate the first sound, and produce the interjection Ah! or whether we imitate the second sound, and produce (in German) the noun *Kuh*, we are in both cases using language and in both cases illustrating the same theory. In both alike the matter is supplied by sound, the form by imitation. What pretence is there for finding a different principle here at work?

This is a part of the subject which needs to be insisted upon at some length, it is so frequently misunderstood. The most thoughtful and learned men of the present day repeat Horne Tooke's fallacy, which has been so much harped upon in the late controversy, that we might as well reckon a cry of pain among the parts of speech as the interjection. The fact is, that the interjection can only be denied its place among the parts of speech, because it is speech in a wider sense than any of these. It is, in fact, a condensed sentence. It is speech in its earlier stage—speech not yet broken up into parts—speech unresolved into verbs and pronouns, and the other elements of language. But it is certainly not less than any of these, true language. Mr. Farrar, the writer whose work may be used as the best popular summary of the argument on the mimetic side—seems to us to go much too far in his concessions when he says, "We do not assert that a mere interjectional cry has attained to the dignity of language, but that *like the imitation of natural sounds*, it was a stepping-stone to true language."* We have italicised the words which appear to us to render the whole passage unsatisfactory. They seem to indicate a confusion between "the mere interjectional cry" and the interjection. The interjectional cry is the natural sound, the interjection is the imitation. It sets the whole idea wrong to compare *the cry* to an imitation. We notice this mistake merely as an instance of what appears to us a too anxious candour in Mr. Farrar, leading him to find more sense and meaning in the argument he is combating than it really contains, for the chapter from which this quotation is taken is an attempt to prove the identity of the two theories which this inconsistent admission would tend to separate. Yet he seems here to allow that an interjection is, as Horne Tooke says in the now almost classical quotation, "only employed when the suddenness and vehemence of some affection or passion returns men to their natural state, and makes them for a moment forget the use of speech." Surely even the artificial eighteenth century never gave birth to a more curious theory on the natural state of man! How many times in his life did Horne Tooke say Oh no, without the slightest tinge of this vehemence or passion which could make him forget the use of speech? Of those two words, the first is language in exactly the same sense as the last, it is definite sound used to convey meaning, which is all that we can see in language on any theory of its origin.

* Chapters on Language, p. 93.

We might paraphrase the word by such expressions as "certainly," "to be sure," "of course." These might all be implied in the Oh, they are meant by the speaker, and understood by the hearer; the interjection condenses, as it were absorbs them—is it therefore less language than they are? Of course it sometimes happens that "some affections return men to their natural state, and make them forget the use of language," but then they do not use interjections. They may give utterance to inarticulate cries, and these are no more language than a sob or a laugh. But the Oh or Ah which represents these cries has nothing irrepressible or unconscious about it. It is used, just like any other word, to convey a definite meaning to another mind, only that the meaning here is wider than in any other single word that can be used, for it contains an undeveloped sentence.

The want of a clearer and stronger assertion of the identity of the bow-wow and poo-pooh theories, is one of the few faults we have to find with Mr. Farrar's instructive essay. He does indeed make this assertion, "both the interjectional and onomatopœitic theories might," he says,* "without impropriety, be classed under the same name," but his conclusion to the sentence, "the impulsive instinct to reproduce a sound is precisely analogous to that which gives vent to a sensation by an interjection," carries us back into the error already noticed, that the impulsive cry, and not the imitation of that impulsive cry, is the interjection. The mistake is repeated on the next page, where he says that interjections may be divided into two kinds, "those which are caused by some inward sensation," which are "perfectly vague, both as to the form they assume, and the source from which they arise;" —and "those which are evoked by some external impression," which do not, like imitations, express the external character of the thing perceived, but the inward excitement of the soul in consequence of the perception." Again, we repeat it, Mr. Farrar has dropped a link. It seems to us a contradiction to say that sounds which are perfectly vague both as to the form which they assume and the source from which they arise, are language. And surely we have not two kinds of cry for pain which is caused from without, and pain which is caused from within. Mr. Farrar has made two classes of language out of the raw materials for language and language itself. The vague cries due to any emotion or sensation are the materials for the words which express that sensation or emotion, the formative element being supplied by imitation. We are not consciously imitating a vocal cry when we say, Ah me! but we are using an imitation, first suggested by an unconscious cry, now just like any other word, conventionally associated with a particular feeling. A person who is under irrepressible anguish says neither Oh nor Ah. There is the same kind of translation, so to speak (not perhaps in the same degree), in representing the inarticulate cry by these vowels, as there is by representing the cry of the cock by Cock-a-doodle-doo.

It is quite true that the instinctive character of imitation has hardly been sufficiently recognised, and Mr. Farrar's observations on this particular have much value. There is an instinct which leads us to imitation quite apart from any meaning to be conveyed by it. From this instinct we laugh or yawn in the company of those who do the like; from this instinct, too, we often make signs which our words render perfectly unnecessary. And no doubt all words which are due to interjections represent the more impulsive elements of thought. But the principle on which they are formed is precisely that on which we name the Cuckoo. A particular sound is in each case associated with a particular idea, and we imitate it to recall that idea; such is the statement of the mimetic theory of language, and it may be applied to interjections or onomatopœia indifferently.

We repeat, therefore, that interjections, just as much as onomatopœia, are an illustration and proof of the mimetic theory. To split this up into the bow-wow and pooh-pooh theories is as rational an arrangement as it would be to insist on finding some other word than sculpture to express that art, as it might be exercised on some material different from marble. If it were a mere question of nomenclature, or of convenient arrangement, this argument would have been urged at a length disproportionate to its importance, but in fact to make any one see that the mimetic theory of language includes both the interjectional and the onomatopœitic theories, or rather that these are two different names for the former—is almost to make him see that the mimetic theory is true. For the supposed fact of there being two theories to consider entirely disguises from the mind the true nature of the argument. If there were two different suggestions of a *vera causa* to consider, the question would be one of conflicting evidence, and we should have to investigate every etymology capable of bearing on the question before we could answer it. But the case is different when we have to choose not between two rival theories, but between a theory, and a fine name for our ignorance. The metaphysical theory is, as we have shown, nothing more than a fine name for our ignorance. It is not by any means a useless name. It groups together cognate facts, it indicates their connection, it suggests, to some more advanced observer, the direction in which to seek their cause. Take for instance that despised axiom already quoted, "Nature abhors a vacuum." Here is a metaphysical theory on physical ground, and as such of course it is false, if we may not rather call it unmeaning. Yet as Mr. Grove has well remarked in his work on the Correlation of Force,* "this aphorism contains in a terse, though somewhat metaphorical form of expression, a comprehensive truth, and evinces a large extent of observation in those who first generalized by this sentence the facts of which they became cognisant." And all this we might say of the phonetic types. As stated in Professor Müller's pages,

* P. 88.

* Correlation of Physical Forces, p. 146.

it is true, they seem to us valueless, because they are distinctly opposed to that hypothesis which otherwise they might have suggested. In upholding them he is in the position of a person who finds the theory of Nature's abhorrence of a vacuum more tenable as an explanation of certain facts than the pressure of the atmosphere. But this view taken in its earlier form, as it appears in the pages of Plato, just throws the facts of language into such groups as are most convenient for the discovery of the law that rules them. The letter I has no more inherent connection with what is fine and subtle, than Nature has any abhorrence of a vacuum. In both cases where the contrary is asserted it is sought to bridge that chasm which separates the physical and spiritual world, and in all cases such an effort is vain. But the spirit of overstrained metaphor which leads to such an effort is the foster-mother, till it becomes the enemy, of science. At a certain stage it is no doubt the enemy of science. The idea of any absolute connection between sound and sense appears to us quite incompatible with any scientific view of language at the present day, but some such idea was the indispensable preliminary to a scientific investigation of the subject. We need theories to arrange facts, these facts may ultimately prove the falsity of the theories which grouped and retained them in the memory (as in the instance of Nature's abhorrence of a vacuum), but a theory of some kind is the almost indispensable condition of any coherent observation at all. Bewildered by the multitude of phenomena in the physical world, overwhelmed by the complexity and entanglement of the chain of cause and effect which runs through it, man would never have arrived at any large physical law, if he had not simplified the problem at starting by those metaphorical assumptions which, in lending Nature his own impulses, arrange its infinite variety on a definite plan. In a word, science would never have arrived at the positive stage, if it had not passed through the metaphysic. And yet it is not truly science, in the severe modern sense of the word, till it has left the metaphysic stage behind. These metaphors are useful props, but when the plant has grown strong and vigorous, they check its growth if they are not removed. The idea that the vowel I has some absolute fitness to express what is fine and subtle is a good preparation for the idea that this vowel has a mimetic force in representing to the ear the effect of something small,—a fact perfectly explacable on physiological grounds. But it is only good as a preparation for this last conception, held against this, it becomes false. When Professor Müller tells us that "the faculty by which every impression from without receives its vocal impression from within, must be received as an ultimate fact," he is taking his stand just on that portion of the theory which is simply false. He ensconces himself in the portico, and refuses to enter the building. Or rather he pulls up the plant to make way for the trellis which supported it.

A metaphysical explanation of a physical fact, then, is never anything more than a name for our ignorance. It is sometimes a very useful thing to have a name for our ignorance, but it is very hurtful to mistake a name for a thing, and to suppose that our having a particular word to denote a particular fact explains the cause of that fact. Such a name weighs nothing against a positive cause. We need not calculate evidence between the two, it is not a case of evidence. Be the rival cause as light as it may, it will weigh down the scale when that opposed to it is empty. Now the mimetic school proves such a cause of language to exist. They assert, and no one denies, that we should have recourse to imitation if *we* had to invent language. They assert, and no one denies, that some portion of language is directly due to imitation. They deny, and no one asserts, that any other hypothesis suggests any rational explanation of the connection of sound and sense. Of course, declaring that this connection is absolute is only another way of saying it is incomprehensible. If it must be accepted as an ultimate fact, we cannot expect a reason for it. But if a reason is to be given, one has been suggested, and only one. There is a certain amount of evidence for this hypothesis, which philologists will estimate very differently. But the true question for them to consider is not so much, "What is the evidence for this theory?" as "What is the alternative if it is rejected?" If articulate sound did not arise in an imitation of inarticulate, whence did it arise? They may say that they are not obliged to frame any theory on the subject, that they may point out arguments against a particular hypothesis, without being prepared with a substitute. Arguments *against* the hypothesis, yes; but this is what has not been done. All the argument that has been produced on this side is precisely of a piece with the 100 witnesses whom the Irishman was ready to call upon to swear that they did not see him commit the murder, to confute the one who swears that he did see it. Sometimes the witnesses are not even so favourable as this. For instance, what is the value of the objection made by Professor Müller, and repeated by the *Quarterly Review*, that the mimetic school draw their examples from secondary words, not from roots? Let us hear the objection in its latest form.

"That they refuse to conform to this rule" [*i. e.*, to start from the roots] "is," says the Quarterly Reviewer, who has not got beyond the fallacy of the two theories, "the besetting sin of the advocates of the imitative and interjectional theories; and the motives for such refusal are not difficult to see. In developed words, often, as it seems, *modified with an express view of making their sound suitable to their sense*, like 'stamp' or 'waddle,' it is extremely easy to suggest real or fancied analogies of sound as their original derivation; while short-root words, like 'sta' or 'bad,' are by no means so tractable. Yet this is one of the cases where what is wrong is both easy and satisfactory to immediate desire, while what is right is difficult, and offers small profit for the moment. In so far Mr. Farrar's able and learned essay is a vindication of the view that part of the original constituents of language may be traceable to imitation, interjection, and baby language" [again he misses the principle of the mimetic theory, that the original constituents of language may be traced to imitation of baby language, and the interjectional

cries from which interjections are formed]—"it is a valuable contribution to philosophy, but in so far as he assails the main principle of the school of Bopp, Pott, and Müller, by ignoring the work of analysis into elementary roots, and treating secondary words off-hand, independently both of structure and development, he only shows how strong a citadel of sound science this school maintains against the inroads of an undisciplined imagination."

Now, without stopping to investigate the nature of an argument which rests its whole weight on a certain consecrated canon of writers, which asks of an opponent not whether it bears the stamp of accurate observation and sound logic, but whether it be orthodox according to the school of Bopp, and Pott, and Müller, which in short, seems inclined to adopt the weapons, that honourable men are beginning to discard in theology, without possessing the excuses of theologians for adopting any weapons likely to be efficacious—without criticising the argument itself; are we not perfectly justified in asserting that as given here it tells for us and not against us? If developed words are "modified to make their sound suitable to their sense," is not this, as Mr. Farrar has well pointed out, as strong a proof as it is possible to give that the original germs of these words were probably moulded to make their sound suitable to their sense? If, with all the resources of elaborated language, we still find a mimetic principle at work, where it is so nearly superfluous, is not this an argument on the side of those who assert that it was at work when it was *not* superfluous? We are balked by the very obviousness of the principle for which we are contending. It is so much of a truism to assert that if language tends to imitation when it has other resources at its command, still more must it have tended to imitation when it had none—that it is not altogether easy to persuade people it is a truth. Surely to point out that a certain deposit of earth is due to yesterday's shower, is not to disprove that an analogous deposit is of alluvial formation. Yet this seems to us the drift of the argument given above.

The assertors of the mimetic theory are not obliged to give in their adhesion to any doctrine about roots. Just as Professor Müller is prepared to stand neuter to their theory, they may stand neuter to his. There is no prejudice more fatal to the progress of knowledge, than the belief that we ought not to leave open questions behind us, that a particular opinion must stand or fall by a particular inference with which it is linked by any but demonstrative reasoning. Such a method presents double chances of error at every step, the inference may be false in the first place, or irrelevant in the second. Perhaps the labours of Bopp, and Pott, and Müller are not quite free from some admixture of error, perhaps too they are not inconsistent with the mimetic theory of the origin of language. In either case it simplifies the matter to discuss the two things separately, as Professor Müller avows his intention of doing on the one hand, and (if we had sufficient influence over the mimetic school) as they would do on the other. If both views are true, they will certainly be proved not to be inconsistent in the end.

The theory advocated in these pages, that language originated long ago just as it would originate now, is one presenting so much evidence and so little difficulty on purely intellectual ground, that if this were the region on which the battle were fairly fought, it would be over by this time. Let us briefly recapitulate this evidence. First, this is the only hypothesis that joins the present and the past, that does not endow our forefathers with instincts of which their children know nothing; and this one argument, to our thinking, is enough—not indeed to settle the question, but to throw the whole onus of argument on those who deny the theory. Secondly, there is a certain portion of language which is unquestionably due to this principle. Thirdly, there is no portion whatever which is explicable as due to any other. Now, let any one ask himself if these, the admissions of our opponents—and to these the present article has been rigorously confined—would not be enough for the establishment of any theory, if it were not one that was settled on other than intellectual ground; one on which some warping influence intervened between men's knowledge and their opinions? The origin of language is a question on which men's prejudices, right and wrong, have much to say, and all they have to say is, we admit, against the view advocated in these pages. An examination of these prejudices—which are of two kinds, those which are and those which are not purely intellectual—will occupy what space remains to us.

The first class is the most important. It influences the smallest set of minds, but then it influences those minds which form and direct general opinion. The number of those who would be biased by a secret fear of some theological inference from the mimetic theory is greater than the number of those who would be shackled by an intellectual fallacy concerning it, but the opinions of the second would be received with an attention which would be wanting to those of the first. On the fallacies which obstruct the progress of language, therefore, we have something to say; on the prejudices, properly so called, almost nothing.

We have spoken of *fallacies*, but we might have used the word in the singular. The one great obstacle to a true view of the origin of language is the difficulty of conceiving that things which have always been inseparable in our experience are inseparable in their own nature. On this fallacy the metaphysical theory erects its stronghold. The name and the thing are so identified in the mind of every one, that the hypothesis of "phonetic types," of "some faculty peculiar to man, by which every impression from without received its vocal expression from within," finds a nook ready prepared for it in the general impressions which go so much further in their influence on any opinion than any logical reasoning. Imagination has forged a link between the sign and the thing signified which the intellect, having endeavoured in vain to break, readily accepts as existing in nature.

No other association of two distinct entities is so close as that between thought and language. No human being can recall a time when the particular sound by which we designate a particular image did not recur to the mind as the inseparable companion of that image, and as images of some kind or other pass before our eyes or our fancy during the larger part of our waking and some portion of our sleeping hours, the name and the thing have a mutual affinity for which we seek some deeper source than invariable connexion in time. And if we had to solve the problem of the origin of language, without any help from the diversity of languages, this tendency would, it seems to us, be irresistible. If all over the world, in every variety of climate, civilization, and all the varied circumstances by which nations are distinguished from each other, we still found a member of the human race associated with that sound which we write down as *man*, it seems almost inevitable that we should ascribe to that sound an inherent connexion with its associated idea; or, to translate into the language of Professor Müller, that we should regard it as the phonetic type of humanity. Nor are we driven to mere hypothesis for this inference. Any one who will carefully study the dialogue of Plato from which we have made the above extract will grant that we have much reason on our side when we assert that the whole state of mind there presented is one deeply coloured by the fact that when Socrates talks about language he really means Greek. It would be a deeply interesting discussion, and one by no means irrelevant to the present subject, though exceeding the limits possible for its discussion in this place, to inquire how far the whole tone of Greek speculation was influenced by these thinkers knowing no language but their own; to investigate its relation to the suppressed premiss in almost every argument of Socrates, that language is the undistorted shadow of nature, and that our knowledge of things, therefore, proceeds *pari passu* with our accurate apprehension of the meaning of words. This statement might, no doubt, be contradicted in the words of Socrates himself. In making it we are not forgetting that striking passage (to our perception the only valuable portion of the dialogue) where Socrates, after having established against Hermogenes that language, like every other instrument used by man, must, if it is to be efficacious, conform itself to laws not invented by man, turns round and establishes against Cratylus* that the instrument may be perverted to evil uses. Certainly no clearer assertion of the distinctness of words and things could be looked for from Mr. Mill himself. Nevertheless, we believe that the comparison of ancient and modern thought establishes the assertion, that one great instrument for teaching us to separate words and things is the diversity of language which now prevails in the civilized world.

Our modern training, however, has not been altogether directed against this tendency. A great portion of our modern education, indeed, consists in learning foreign languages, but then the language to which we accord the front rank is one which, both from its own perfection and the wealth which is enshrined in it, is best fitted to disguise from us all that the diversity of languages is adapted to teach. Till we look upon all languages with perfect impartiality, ranging side by side the dialect of Plato and of some naked savage, we are in no position to enter on the study of philology. Hence in this direction, as in so many others, the scholar is to some extent at issue with the student. Learning is not always the best friend to science—the two pursuits require attitudes of mind which are not invariably helpful to each other. We see this exemplified, for instance, in such books as Harris's "Hermes"—a book which may be read now with a certain interest, as affording us a good specimen of the kind of work produced by a mere scholar, on a subject with which scholarship has very little to do. Everywhere we see predominating the scholar's sense of an aristocracy of languages of a particular group, and an individual tongue to which the term language may be applied in some peculiar and typical sense, which is not shared by the vulgar herd of dialects, whereby men communicate with each other. This is exactly the feeling of Socrates. Those Greek words which he supposes to have been adopted from the barbarians, are for him exceptional words. He has no sarcastic or moral etymology to extract from them—he lays them aside, as in some degree irrelevant to the question of language. There is a close connection between this belief, and the impossibility of seeing that no theory as to the vocal labels by which our conceptions are kept distinct can afford any inference as to those conceptions themselves. Socrates implies, in the Cratylus, that according to our decision as to the origin of language will be our view as to the nature of truth, that the conventional theory advocated by Hermogenes, for instance, ignores the fact that truth is absolute, that the absolute theory advocated by Cratylus ignores the fact that language may be false. No one in our day would repeat exactly this mistake. We use without scruple metaphors founded on the dreams of mythology or astrology, we borrow words from every illusion or delusion which has lasted long enough to leave its stamp upon language, and never feel ourselves thereby committed to any advocacy of the theories of which our words are, as it were, the commemorating medals. We speak, for instance, of a favourable conjunction, and are not astrologists, we criticise a saturnine temperament, and are not pagans. Nevertheless, we, too, confuse the label and the thing labelled. We may suppose etymology to be a mere human work, reflecting all the errors, the hasty inferences, the prejudices, the false metaphors of common thought, but we cling unconsciously to ourselves, to the belief that there is something more than this in *roots*

* *φερε δε, ἐννοησαμεν, ἐι τις ζητων τα πραγματα ἀκολουθοι τοις ὀνομασι, σκοπων οἱον ἑκαστον βουλεται ἐιναι, μη ἐννοεις ὁτι οὐ σμικρὸς κινδυνος ἐστιν ἐξαπατηθηναι;* &c.

—that they reflect some inherent connection between sound and sense, lying in a stratum below the reach of human error. We recoil from the belief that the connection in this case, as well as the other, is no more than some resemblance which the fancy of mankind has detected between the name and the thing.

In short, we have in language, and especially in the great language of antiquity, which has formed the study of the learned world, an instrument the perfection of which disguises from us that it is no more than an instrument. Suppose, to use a metaphor which has been applied to this subject before, that the plough were elaborated to some much more extensive use than at present. Suppose it not only turned up the soil, but scattered and watered the seed, weeded the young crop, and reaped the corn,—suppose, in short, that there were no process of agriculture that was not performed by it,—would not there be a very powerful tendency in the minds of those who knew nothing of the stages by which the instrument had been thus perfected, to believe that it was something more than an expedient for bringing together the two elements of the desired result —the seed and the soil—to believe that it possessed an actual fertilizing power of its own? This is the case with language. It has done its work so well, that we forget that this work is no more than to communicate thoughts, which are seldom, indeed, separated from it in fact, but are perfectly independent of it in essence. We say, that thought and language are *seldom* separated in fact, we deny that this is never the case. As M. Charna has well remarked in his eloquent and discursive essay on the subject, every time any one stops to seek for a word, he has the thought without the name in his mind. *We* could not carry on a train of reasoning with these vague unlabelled thoughts; *thinking* certainly is in the minds of human beings invariably a process of words. But, that this is even an unchangeable necessity in the nature of things, and not a mere consequence of human infirmity, a poverty of memory and imagination, demanding the symbol to correct the weakness of its hold on the thing symbolized, is what we have no reason whatever to believe. The instrument, for aught we know, may be one which can be well dispensed with by higher natures than ours.

Both the uncultivated and the learned mind, therefore, are specially liable to influences which tend to the confusion of words and thoughts, and inclined, therefore, to the reception of any theory which treats the connection between the two as absolute. The uncultivated, because, with such a mind the fallacy of invariable association is always strongest,—the learned, because learning, which consists with us in the study of a language which is the shrine of the most valuable legacy of the world's thinkers, tends both to give undue importance to language in general, and to pick out a particular language as entitled to a certain typical significance which disqualifies the mind for an impartial study of comparative philology. While both these influences are active on that vague composite body of readers and talkers who make up what is called public opinion, we must expect the progress of the truth, to which they are opposed, to be but slow. Nevertheless, it is a perceptible one. "That interjections and imitative words are really taken up to some extent, be it large or small, into the very body and structure of language, is what no one denies,"* is an admission that would not have been made ten years ago.

Before passing on to the consideration of other and deeper-seated prejudices which encumber our way, let us pause to notice one objection to this theory, which certainly would not deserve even the most cursory notice, if it were due to any less-respected authority than Prof. Max Müller. "If language were nothing more than vocal imitation," he says, "it would be hard to understand why animals should be without it." Like Charles II. and the fish in his bowl of water, we should like to be sure of the fact before we argue about it. Is it easy now, or on any theory, to understand why animals are without language? Those who would answer in the affirmative confuse two very different things: a firm conviction that a particular fact will always continue unchanged and a comprehension of the reason for that fact. We protest against the introduction into the discussion of the question of animals. If, indeed, they were distinguished from men in their want of language and in nothing besides—if speech were the *differentia* which separated the species Homo from the genus Animal—then it would be an essential part of every theory on the subject to adapt it to this difference, to explain this negative instance where the causes, which in man produced their full effect, met with counteracting causes by which this effect was neutralized. But is this the case between man and animals? Is the brute man minus speech? is man the brute plus speech? Those who think that he is really include in speech all that speech implies, and so again make the connection of Thought and Language absolute. So that the question of animals can never be made apposite to the question except by begging the question. The mental condition of animals is one of those subjects which would appear profoundly mysterious to us if the mere facts of the case were not so familiar. No one, we think, can understand the state of mind in an intelligent dog in the same sense as he understands every shade of intelligence in a human being. We cannot, in imagination, put ourselves into that stage of mental being. We cannot gradually diminish our intellectual light till we reach the twilight of canine intelligence. It is not a mere process of subtraction: if we put ourselves back so far, we shall find ourselves much further. We can much more easily figure to ourselves the mental state of idiots than of animals. The present writer once gave a nut to a monkey at the Zoological Gardens, which he held out in the left hand, clapping down the right upon it until the nut was cracked and returned to him. Can

* Origin of Language. By Edward B. Tylor. "Fortnightly Review," April 15th.

any one imagine himself in the state of mind to make a similar sign, and not to attempt some vocal imitation of sounds he must often have heard? The animal world is a mystery to us on which a theory on the Origin of Language is not bound to throw any light whatever. Why a creature who can remember, reason, and understand language cannot speak, is a problem left unsolved by any view we take upon the subject of speech. Again we protest against the notion, that any question left open by a particular theory is any objection to that theory; let arguments be confuted on their own ground, and not on that of some inference with which the fancy of men may connect them. The mimetic school undertakes to answer the question "How did language arise?" With the question "How did it not arise?" it has nothing to do?

A large part of the opposition encountered by our theory, then, is accounted for by the common intellectual fallacy of supposing invariable association in experience to indicate connexion in nature. Speaking loosely, we should say that the remedy lay in a somewhat lessened idea of the importance of language—in a clear understanding that it is nothing more than a system of elaborate labelling our ideas. We shall learn much in the study of language of the history of human thought; we shall discover much that is valuable concerning the association of ideas and the theories in which they have been arranged; but after all we shall learn nothing about things in studying language, except what our forefathers thought about them. No manipulation of words will teach us anything but the thoughts of their maker; we cannot get anything out of language but what men have put into it. If this is clearly understood, it will be seen that a name was given just as a child is christened, for some reason that may or may not be a good one. We shall be ready, in short, to enter on an investigation of names with a full assurance that they form no part of the things to which they apply—that whatever may be the reason for that application, it is one that belongs to the mind and not to nature.

But the larger part of that prejudice which prevents such simple and obvious arguments as those by which the mimetic theory is supported from producing their just effect, is not intellectual. It is felt too that this theory on the origin of language indicates a particular view on the origin of humanity, from which the greater number of those who criticise it would shrink with abhorrence. We cannot go back in thought to a period when our ancestors communicated with each other by mimetic cries and gestures without going back a little further, and ask ourselves whether such creatures could, properly speaking, be called human. This, we believe, is the real stumblingblock to the mimetic theory. Logic does its work in vain: a mightier adversary holds the passage to belief, and will not confess itself vanquished. Some portion of the objection arising from this source has been answered already as far as it can be answered. Man's place in nature is a question to be decided on its own ground; it has no influence upon the question of his place out of nature. The circumstances which attended the first appearance of our race on this globe may be very unlike what we should have imagined: they may include events which we find very difficult to arrange in harmony with convictions which it is impossible to surrender. But they must stand or fall on their own evidence, and not on their adaptability to those convictions. The past is, in this respect, simply on a level with the present. We actually do reconcile with these convictions—reconcile them, that is, so far as to keep both in our mind together—a hundred unquestionable facts which present precisely that kind of opposition to those convictions on which we reject other facts that but for these difficulties would also be considered unquestionable. We *cannot* weed the present of all circumstance which conflicts with our fundamental belief, and therefore we learn to admit this mutual hostility between different clauses of our creed as a possible fact; but we do not, as we ought, apply this lesson to our judgment on the past. There it is possible to set up our belief on certain subjects as a sieve, and reject all evidence which will not pass through it. What we hear and see we must believe; we even extend this belief to what our contemporaries hear and see. And the results thus admitted to our mind surely ought to teach us that we are not intended to fit into each other the different sections of our knowledge, like a child's dissected map—that we should simply admit every fact that rests on sufficient evidence, and leave it to find its own place. We make a double mistake in this respect. We suppose every fact which does not illustrate a principle (if it be of considerable importance) to conflict with it, and we suppose every fact which does conflict with a principle considered exclusively must be untrue. Both these mistakes are exemplified in popular prejudice on the origin of language. A large part of the objection felt to it arises simply from the first—from a notion of the dignity of humanity, and of language as its characteristic, which is certainly not helped out by the mimetic theory of the origin of language. But then so long as we keep to the subject itself, neither is this preconceived idea at all hindered by it. With inferences, and perfectly sound inferences from the theory, we admit that the case is different; but the value and importance of language itself is not affected by our view of the manner in which it was developed. We may open Liddell and Scott's Greek Dictionary with just the same delight as at a masterly exhibition of a perfect instrument, and yet believe that it has been entirely developed from a few awkward attempts at rendering natural sound. Our admiration for the palace or the temple of a civilized nation is not touched by the belief that it is the expansion of an attempt to imitate the cave, or the tent, or the forest nook, in which man may at first have found shelter, and which have been regarded as each the type of an elaborate and highly organized style of architecture. Neither language nor anything else loses its dignity with its mystery.

We return to the work which we have treated as the best exponent of the mimetic theory, and again in a spirit of dissent. This time, however, it is not an excess of concession with which we would tax Mr. Farrar, but the opposite defect. He dwells upon the fact that the larger part of the world is sunk in barbarism now, as a difficulty quite as great as that of barbarism being the original state of mankind; and on the inference that our incapacity to reject the one is an argument against our finding any obstacle in the other. Any one may, no doubt, hear and see in one week of his life more events which conflict with the idea of the dignity of man and the moral government under which he is placed, than he will find in any theory on the Origin of Language. Still, it is a difficulty of quite another dimension to believe in any degraded state of humanity existing upon the earth now, and to believe in it as the original state of mankind. It is not the mere fact of barbarism that is perplexing. It is the fact, apart from any shadow of human error; it is the assumption of this condition as the starting-point of humanity that is difficult to reconcile with our belief on other subjects. We must believe in degradation, and we can to some degree reconcile ourselves to the belief by connecting this disorder with preceding sin. But the mimetic theory demands a step beyond this: it forces us to accept a condition which we can only describe as degraded as the starting-point of the human race; and there is no question that this difficulty is one of a different order from the former.

If the conception of humanity, however, slowly emerging from a state scarcely distinguished from that of the brutes, conflicts with our belief on other subjects, does it not harmonize with every particle of evidence that can be brought to bear on the subject from other quarters? All evidence on the earlier state of mankind leads us to the conclusion that it was a low one. Whatever leads in the other direction is the legend which embodies the popular feeling we are endeavouring to justify. What a significance is there in the Lake-dwellings, the *débris* of which yields us so much of our evidence as to pre-historic man! What a tale of insecurity, of mutual distrust and terror, is told in the remnants of those uncomfortable watery homes! They lead us far away from the Golden Age. We smile at the extravagance of the earlier theologians of the Church of England in their pictures of the primitive state of man—at that state which, as Glanvill says, "as far exceeded the hyperboles with which fond fancy decorates the objects of her affection as these transcend their dim originals"—at that strange glow which, reflected from classic feeling on the simple narrative in Genesis, turned Adam to a paragon of wisdom, and created a vision of excellence which exceeded anything that we could make the goal of humanity; but we cling to the illusion all the same. In a softened form the Golden Age is still precious to us, and we listen for long in vain to the arguments for any theory which bids us renounce it. Yet they coincide with every other argument drawn from the early history of mankind. Nor is the result to which they point without analogy, surely, in the history of an individual life.

The true theory of language, like that of every other science, would have before it a comparatively short and easy task in the persuasion of mankind, if the state of mind to which it addressed itself were that of conscious ignorance. But the truth is, that conscious ignorance is not the learner's starting point, but a station first attained at an advanced stage of the journey. The state of mind, with regard to the subject-matter of such a science as philology, is not a mere blank. With the mind, as with the soil, a large part of the labour of cultivation consists in what is merely negative, in the weeding out of the self-sown seeds of prejudice, and breaking up the hard soil of custom and association. The mind does not lie fallow any more than the earth: with both of these we must eradicate many weeds before we sow one seed, and the lightest thistledown does not spread more rapidly, or retain its hold with more stubbornness, than the prejudices, and, what Bacon would call, "prejudicate opinions" (for there is a shade of distinction between the two), which possess the mind of an ordinary man on the subject of anything so familiar as the words he uses at every hour of the day. These prejudicate opinions, various as they are, may all be traced to one seed. With whatever variety, according to the nature of the mind in which they have taken root, they are all due to some form of, or inference from, the notion, that words are something more than the signs of things,—signs which in nature have absolutely no connection with their object. This is a fallacy of so wide a prevalence, and of an influence so hostile to many different kinds of truth, that we look upon the adoption of the mimetic view of language as a valuable gain to a very much wider region of truth than that which is directly illustrated by it. To us it seems that some among the finest minds of our day waste a large part of their energy through an obstinate adhesion to the belief—from which the varied languages of the modern world seem expressly intended to deliver us—that nomenclature is a part of truth. At all events, those who know anything of controversy will admit that it would be wonderfully shortened and sweetened, if each combatant would renounce the names which they knew their adversary to use in a different sense from themselves. Certainly it would be some step towards this end, if these words were accepted as metaphors, good or bad, derived at first hand from some imitative sound, whereby the original subject of the metaphor was pointed out. When their slender connexion with the thing was clearly seen, how entirely its whole practical import would be seen to rest on convention. We despise the meagre conventional theory of the eighteenth century, and indeed its absurdity was refuted by Lucretius as completely as is possible to the most advanced linguist of our day. Nevertheless, though the theory is below contempt

with reference to the origin of language as a historical event, it seems to us practically to contain a much truer view of the *nature* of language than the Platonic extreme. M. Renan's saying that the connexion of the word and the thing is "never absolute, never arbitrary, always *motivé*," has been cited with approval among others by Mr. Farrar, and of course it expresses an important truth in pointing out that men must at first have chosen names which actually did suggest their objects, and that with this *will* had nothing to do. We feel, however, with regard to this phrase, much as an able writer in the *Fortnightly Review** does with regard to Humboldt's discovery, that language is an "organism," a phrase which seems specially devised, as he truly remarks, to keep language apart from other human arts and contrivances. "If," he continues, "the practical shifts, by which words are shaped or applied to fit new meanings, are not devised by an operation of the understanding, we ought consistently to carry the stratagem of the soldier on the field, or the contrivances of the workman at his bench, back into the dark regions of instinct and involuntary action." How is it with words of which we have actually witnessed the origin? The word *telegram*, for instance, is certainly younger than the youngest of those who use it; it is the latest specimen we can select of that increment to language which is the legacy of each generation to its successor, as it came into use with all the painful association of the Indian Mutiny of 1857. We all remember, amid the agitation and anguish of that time, how cool and deliberate was the discussion as to the name which should be applied to the message that so deeply stirred our hearts. *Arbitrary* is not the word to give our selection, perhaps, for the word was formed according to analogy, but we made it in just the same spirit that a mother names her infant after its father. We gave a particular name for a particular reason, there was nothing unconscious or instinctive in the proceeding.

The truth is that the analogy of the Cratylus, inconsistently as this is carried out, where language is throughout compared to an instrument, is a very much better one than the analogy more familiar to modern ears, where language is compared to a plant. The very name of the roots which is now of course a part of philology, seems to us in some respects unfortunate. It is not a bad metaphor, but people are apt to forget that it is only a metaphor, and then it becomes false. The opposition to the mimetic theory, for instance, which rests upon the demand that every word shall be traced back to a root before any attempt to discover in it some attempt at imitation, seems to us merely to arise from the fact, that those who make use of it are enslaved by a metaphor. Take, for instance, the reviewer's criticism on Mr. Farrar's analysis of those words which have arisen from the imitation of the infantine sound, ba.

"Mr. Farrar reasonably enough assumes," says the writer, "what may be called children's language, such as papa, baby, &c., as having contributed something to the materials of language, yet here too he appears to fall into a pitfall which lay temptingly open before him. He compares, *e.g.*, babbo father, basium kiss; *βαβαζω* stammer, badare gape, and so on, to show the wonderful fertility of a root ba. Yet it is evidently unfair to pick out a mass of words with totally different meaning, and for no other reason than that they begin with ba, to refer them to a common root. That there is some reason why certain sounds, such as pa, ma, ba, &c., appear in so many languages as representatives of notions familiar to children is evident enough; but when, for instance, baba appears within the same family of languages in Frisian as father, in Russian as grandmother, while baby is English (and there are hundreds of such cases), it is a misuse of terms to call that a root which conveys no common meaning with its sound, and probably only owes its frequent appearance to the scarcity of articulate sounds suitable for children's use, which would lead to the same being adopted again and again."

It is then evidently unfair (to turn to the typical example of the reviewer's master) to pick out a couple of words with such a totally different meaning as speculation and spice, and for no other reason than that they both begin with a syllable spic or spec, to trace them to a common root. Is it in this case a misuse of terms to call that a root which conveys no common meaning with its sound? If so, the sacred canon of Bopp, and Pott, and Müller must undergo some modification. If basium kiss, babbo father, badare gape, all originated in the attempt to imitate the sound made in simply opening the lips and emitting the breath, that sound seems to us as more obviously the root of those words than any of Professor Müller's derivatives from a root spac. Those derivatives afford as good an example as could be desired, that the offshoots of a common root have very often received no common meaning with their common sound. Such objections seem to arise from overlooking the fact that all that we mean in calling one word the root of another, is that it is some modification of a particular sound to express an object in which a resemblance can be traced to another object suggested by the original sound. But the fact is, that the reviewer is arguing upon an assumption which, if he did but express, he would see was begging the question. It really is a part of his definition of a root, that it shall be significant. Now that is the very question at issue between him and us. If the original constituents of language were significant, the mimetic theory of the Origin of Language is a false one. If the very first words used to point out an object had a meaning of their own previous to that use, then that meaning could not have been derived from imitation. But that is the point to be proved, and not assumed.

Here, no doubt, as in dealing with interjection, Mr. Farrar has weakened his position by supposing these infant cries to originate language otherwise than through imitation. It is not the child saying, mum-mum-mum, that originates the word mamma. It is the mother, adopting these syllables as the imitation of the

* Mr. E. B. Tylor. April 15th, p. 559.

sounds most easily uttered by her infant, who leads him to associate them with herself. We have dwelt with sufficient length on this flaw in Professor Farrar's interesting and learned work. Could we persuade him to amend it, could we further induce him, by the omission of a certain small portion of the work to withdraw all countenance to the erroneous theory that any view of the Origin of Language connects itself with any view of metaphysics, we should find little wanting in the work as a popular exhibition of what we hold to be one of the scientific theories of the greatest importance under discussion at the present day. We have spoken chiefly of the defects of this work in the foregoing paper, because our aim has been less to criticise the volume itself than to give a general view of the object which the writer sets before himself in that work, and to suggest to him those alterations by which it might be most successfully carried out. The blemishes in his production are, therefore, dwelt upon in this article at a length quite disproportionate to their real importance—we have, in fact, endeavoured to write a supplement to Mr. Farrar's "Essay on Language," and not a criticism upon it.

We have spoken of one or two scientific fancies which appear to us illustrations of the metaphysical stage of thought. The hypothesis, however, which presents us with a conception most completely analogous to the phonetic types is the "plastic powers" of the older geologists,—that influence of the stars on the materials of mountains, by which the rock was fashioned into the likeness of shells and other organic remains. In both these theories we have a blending of physical and metaphysical ideas such as can only be received into the imagination by being thrown back into the past. "Where," asks Leonardo da Vinci, one of the first opponents of these mystical agents, "are the stars *now* forming in the hills shells of distinct ages and species? "Where," we may repeat, "are men now discovering vocal expressions corresponding to visual impressions?" The answer from our opponents would be also the answer from Leonardo's, these "phonetic types"—these "plastic powers"—must have existed "because their effects continue to exist." The last notion only seems more irrational to us than the first, partly because we have not yet got beyond it, and partly because the association of sound with metaphysical ideas is so much closer than is possible in the case of sight. The notion of stars doing the part of artists is only more *obviously* magical than that of sense throwing, as it were, a shadow on sound; in reality the two conceptions imply an equally wide departure from the course of law. And in both cases they disguise from us a precisely analogous truth—or rather the same truth, that the past is uniform with the present, that like causes then produced like effects, and that those results which our imagination summons unknown agents to achieve were due to the mere continuance of those now working under our eyes. Though we must go so far back into the past for an example of the complete metaphysical fallacy in geology, the triumph of the opposite truth is an event of our own day. Precisely analogous to the contempt with which people now receive the hypothesis of the Mimetic School is that which was poured upon the doctrines of Scrope and Lyell when they first began to explain the present condition of the earth's surface on principles now acting under our eyes. Nobody attempted to deny *some* scope to these agencies; an insignificant margin of the whole gigantic work might, it was conceded, be due to their operation; but the assertion that all that was needed to spread this supposed margin over the whole was a simple extension of the time demanded for its production, was received with a smile. The controversy is now exactly repeated on the ground of philology. "Here and there, it is said, you will no doubt find an imitative word that has crept into true language—a 'sound-word,' as Mr. Tylor calls it—doing duty for a 'sense-word;' but the proportion of this mere fringe of true language to the wide garment that forms the mantle of thought, is too trifling to be taken into account." It is the illusion of an impatient child who watches for a couple of minutes the progress of some vast building while a single stone, perhaps, is fitted into its place, and would scorn the supposition that these walls and towers were raised by workmen no more powerful or agile than those whose additions to the structure his short interval of watching—not short to him—would fail to detect. Such is the attitude of the half-cultivated mind towards all science that deals with the past. The child's interval of curiosity measures a larger fragment of the progress of a building than the observation of a life-time can follow of such changes as those which have fashioned the earth we inhabit, or the mighty instrument we make use of in the communication of thought. Our observation follows too small a portion of the vast curve to detect its deviation from a straight line, and when its goal is pointed out to us we refuse to believe that this can be attained otherwise than by a violent change of direction. But the progress of all physical kowledge converges to the certainty that there is nothing in the past history of this universe that corresponds to such a change of direction. The path which men's fancies have marked out for science would be represented by a zig-zag line, a succession of changes, no one of which suggested that which should follow, or recalled that which should precede. The curve by which we have symbolized that path which all evidence indicates as marked out for it by God is one for which our feeble analysis as yet supplies no formula. We cannot, except to a very trifling extent, generalize from the progress of natural knowledge in our own day, and determine its course in the future; but this much we know, that it forms an unbroken unity. Scientific men would attach little value to the speculations which occupied the earliest European thinkers, their endeavours to find some one principle which should form, as it were, the *mot d'énigme* of the universe seems to our contemporaries puerile; but here, perhaps, as in so many other directions, the truth is less unlike the first instinctive feeling

of childhood than the negative criticism of youth, and mature thought, enriched by the knowledge of the ages, may yet return to that simpler view from which it started, and learn, in some sense that is still impossible to us, to recognise the force of the universe as *One.*

ART. V.—THE LEGENDARY LORE OF ICELAND.

1. *Viga-Glum's Saga.* Translated by the Rt. Hon. Sir EDMUND HEAD, Bart. Williams and Norgate. 1866.
2. *The Edda of Sæmund the Learned.* With a Mythological Index. Part I. Trübner and Co. 1866.
3. *The Story of Gisli the Outlaw. From the Icelandic.* By G. W. DASENT. Edmonston and Douglas. 1866.
4. *Icelandic Legends.* Collected by JÓN ARNASON. Translated by G. E. J. POWELL and EIRÍKUR MAGNUSSON. Bentley. 1864.
5. The Same. Second Series. With Notes and Introductory Essay. Longmans. 1866.

"THE Antiquity of Man," "Pre-historic Times," "Pre-Adamites," &c., are topics, familiar to the present generation, which indicate a lively curiosity concerning the origin of the human race. When, if ever, the discovery be made of the way in which our primal ancestor was manipulated out of the dust of the earth by the Great Creator, it is just conceivable that this or any other discovery on the subject will excite very little interest among the mass of mankind. The attribute of manhood, being shared by all the race, is common, in the sense of being vulgar. Mere "flesh and blood" sympathies are mocked at in an assembly that is often called the most distinguished assembly of men in the world. Particular individuals, parties, or countries, on the contrary, have a special attractiveness when their fate or their career is in any way exceptional. If at all connected with ourselves so much the better. The most infatuated genealogist, who will devour "honest Arthur Collins," hour after hour, rejoicing in the deeds of his fellow countrymen, and in the honours by which those deeds were rewarded, rarely looks at the family tree of Seth or Heber or Lameth. So, we presume to think, is it with nations. Historic annals are more enticing to ordinary human readers than pre-historic. Records of our own particular ancestors have a greater charm for most of us than hypotheses and discoveries concerning the fathers of mankind.

The books mentioned above which have given rise to these reflections occupy a position apart both from the literature on primeval man, and from literature properly called historical. They illustrate the history of our race, indeed, but at a period antecedent to the existence of anything like historical writing.

We regard both the ancient and the modern fables as expressing the thought and feeling of our remote progenitors. Those children of Ask, whose tramp from the East across Europe continued year after year, like the pilgrimage of the children of Israel escaping from the pollutions of Egypt, and ceased not till a land of promise was reached, have still their representatives in Iceland. Nay, have they not in England? Professor Kingsley suggests the navvy as an embodiment of the rugged Teutonic nature which assailed and finally broke down the empire of Rome. Mr. Carlyle, too, has quoted the saying of the Nottingham bargemen on the river Trent, who unconsciously refer to Ægir, the Scandinavian god of the sea-tempest, when they warn one another against a dangerous eddying backwater that sometimes affects the river, "Have a care!—there is the *eager* coming!" "Curious," adds the philosopher; "that word surviving, like the peak of a submerged world!" We fancy that more peaks of the kind might be found were they sought for. Readers of Miss Marsh's little book entitled "English Hearts and English Hands" will remember many traits of character exhibited by the navvies over whom she obtained so potent and beneficent an influence that recal the personages figuring in the northern sages. Impulsiveness, impressionableness, a keen sense of reproach, especially the reproach of niggardliness, a readiness to revenge injury, a strong affection between brothers or comrades, and an almost childish simplicity in the ways of the world, mark the two groups of men divided by eight or nine centuries of time. The naïve comparison which one navvy drew between the joys of heaven and the "sitting in a public, over a good jug of ale, with a fiddle going," has a twang of the Eddaic age. "Can heaven be happier than that?" he asked. The good lady admitted that it must be a pleasure to him, and brought him nearer to her view of the matter by asking how he would like to die. Her account of the quarrel between navvy Paget and tall George, and her brave and skilful way of reconciling them, would fit into some of the Norse stories most aptly. One big fellow reported of himself and companions at the Crystal Palace, "The paymaster says we're the finest lot he ever saw, and the wildest—just like four hundred roaring lions." Language like this is an echo of the voices that resounded in the ears of Odin; and that other speech of one who "didn't by half like digging the earth so well as ploughing the sea," comes straight from the soul of a Viking. Let any reader take up Viga-Glum's Saga, and try if he can divest himself of the idea that he is reading the history of one of those grim clay-bespattered giants that are seen sometimes stalking slowly along our streets.

The story runs thus: Ivar and Hreidar are two brothers living in Norway. Hreidar, in a voyage to Iceland, having been hospitably received by Eyiolf's father, consents reluctantly to take back Eyiolf with him to Norway. His reluctance is due to a regard for Ivar, who has a strong prejudice against Icelanders. Some conversation on the subject takes place between Eyiolf and his friend.

"The end of it was, that Eyiolf went to stay at Hreidar's, on the promontory; and when Ivar was expected home he put on a great fur cloak, which he

wore every day; he was a tall man and sat always at Hreidar's side. Now when Ivar arrived they went out to meet him, as a mark of honour, and received him joyfully. Either brother then asked the other for tidings, and Ivar inquired of Hreidar where he had been through the winter. Hreidar told him he had been in Iceland, and then Ivar asked no more about the matter; 'But tell me,' said he, 'is that great rough lump I see there a man, or is it some animal?' Eyiolf answered, 'I am a man of Iceland, my name is Eyiolf, and I intend to be here all the winter.' 'I guess one thing,' said Ivar, 'we shall not be without mischief of some kind, if an Icelander is here.' Hreidar replied, 'If you deal badly with him, so that he cannot stay here, the affection between us, as near kinsmen, will suffer.' 'It was a bad voyage of yours to Iceland,' said Ivar, 'if we on that account are to be dependent on Icelanders, or cast off our own friends and kindred; nor do I know why you choose to visit those hateful people; and then too you have escaped telling me what has happened to you.'

"'It is very different from what you suppose,' said Hreidar; 'there are many good fellows there.'

"'Well,' replied Ivar, 'at any rate that rough and shaggy beast does not look particularly well on the high seat.' But when he saw that his brother set great store by Eyiolf, he did not speak so strongly as before against Icelanders. 'What can I call him,' said he, 'except Lump?' and Eyiolf did not seem to object to the name; but they made the worst of everything that he did."

This passage, as it seems to us, abounds with characteristics of our English nature. The brotherly affection, the jealousy of strangers, the short surly manner of speech under annoyance, the nearness of a quarrel, and yet the avoidance of it by the two brothers, the new zest given to hatred for the interloper by the fact that he and his country have deprived Ivar, who cannot bear to hear them talked about, of the customary story of his brother's adventures—all these are marks of character still to be found among all classes of Englishmen; but the simple frankness with which the ill-humour is shown and the hatred avowed belong now only to the roughest and lustiest of our population. The immediate application of a derisive nickname, too, is a national peculiarity still in full vigour among us. The expletives indeed with which a navvy garnishes his ordinary, and especially his vituperative discourse, have no parallel in the unadorned language of Ivar and his brother. But the manner and delivery of the dialogue we conceive to be very much that of the heroes of Staffordshire and the Black Country. Then Eyiolf's instant answering for himself, and the determination he expresses of staying in defiance of Ivar's remarks, should be noted as well as Hreidar's promptness in taking his part. Many of our best qualities as a race are here indicated in a simple story nearly a thousand years old. Love to one's own kith and kin and dislike of strangers have made us perhaps less genial in our hospitalities than Europeans of southern climes, but the sacredness of an Englishman's home, and all the virtues that gather round his hearth, result from the strong concentration of his feelings upon those that are near and dear. His generosity too, though rugged, is genuine, and even his strong prejudices yield to admiration of bravery or other manly qualities. So we find Ivar becoming a staunch friend to "the Lump," after the latter has coolly killed a bear in the wood. When subsequently he takes upon himself the challenge of a braggart Berserkir and defeats him in a good stand-up fight, Eyiolf becomes quite popular among his Norwegian friends.

This Saga of Viga-Glum gives altogether, and in a very small compass, the most vivid picture of our Norse ancestors that has yet appeared in English. The unpretentiousness of the book is one of its greatest recommendations. The simple style and language of the translation are such as would be expected from an accomplished scholar like Sir Edmund Head.

"With regard to the intrinsic merits of the narrative," says Sir Edmund, in the preface, "the reader must judge for himself. The picture of society which it presents to us is not one of pastoral simplicity and repose, but the actors in it are real men and women, not mere lay figures, and the events are for the most part those of everyday life. Bloodshed and violence are common, and a man's consideration in the community depends mainly on his own courage and on his wealth; yet the condition of things contrasts favourably with that prevailing in most countries at a far later date under the feudal system. The bulk of the population were free; they made their own laws, and executed them themselves, and we see among them the working of those principles of constitutional freedom which in most countries of Europe have long since perished. One peculiarity too they have which is especially interesting to us. They exhibit in a most remarkable degree that idolatry for forms of law which sometimes causes the substance of justice to be disregarded as secondary to the form, but which on the other hand in our own country has perhaps more than once saved the kernel by preserving the husk when both would otherwise have perished."

Such is the general complexion of character belonging to the personages treated of in the Saga, and such, no doubt, were the general characteristics of the men who, issuing from the defiles of the Caucasus, travelled westward and northward during many generations, leaving tribes and parts of tribes on every fertile spot encountered in the journey, until they could no further go. Iceland, their final limit, was peopled as much from Britain as from Norway, in the days when the Norse tongue was well understood in England and when Athelstan could enjoy the songs of a Scandinavian bard. The cold and the ruggedness of their settlements invigorated the character of this wandering race, and when they returned upon Europe as rovers and sea kings, they spread terror indeed around, but they infused a new spirit into the populations whom they conquered, and the Northmen proved themselves to be the male principle of the nations of Europe. Fierce, aggressive, conquering, all the peaceful nations fell before them. Saxons, Franks, Sicilians, Russians, Greeks of the Lower Empire—all acknowledged the power of the Norman sword and the craft of the Norman mind. Here is his prototype:—

"Viga-Glum, or 'Murdering Glum,' is not by any means a perfect character," says Sir E. Head, "even

when measured by the standard of the times in which he lived; but the author tells us that for twenty years he was the first man in Eyjafirth, and for twenty years more there was no better man there. He is described as one who was naturally indolent, shy, and moody; but when once he could be brought to act his courage and determination were indomitable. He was thoroughly unscrupulous; neither blood nor false oaths stood in his way, when he had to achieve a purpose. His humour is sometimes childish and sometimes savage: as when he asks the wife to put a stitch into his cloak just before he turns round and kills her husband, apparently for no object but to show his thorough coolness and indifference. The finishing touch to this part of his character is added by the peculiarity, that whenever he was intent on slaying a man he was apt to be seized with a fit of uncontrollable laughter which ended in tears."

This Iceland worthy who had so uncomfortable a laugh was the youngest son of Eyiolf, who slew the Berserkir in Norway. In Norway too Eyiolf wooed and won Astrida for his wife. They would seem to have been destined for one another. For Astrida accompanied her father to the Christmas feast spread by Ivar and Hreidar, and when the guests had been divided into messes of twelve, lots were drawn for the seat next Astrida, and at every drawing the lot fell to Eyiolf. This illustration of the art of dining, as practised by our ancestors, will be easily understood by any reader that has travelled as far as Petersburg and seen the shaggy-bearded bargemen on the Neva at their mess—ranged in a circle round the bowl of food into which each in turn dips his spoon. Before returning to Iceland with his wife, Eyiolf finished his education as a Norse gentleman by going out sea-roving for four summers. The little affair with the Berserkir was called the "holmgang," because, says Sir E. Head, duels of this kind often took place in a "holm," or small island. The editor of "Sæmund," however, explains the word by saying that the spot for such encounters was called a "holm," and consisted of a circular space marked out by stones, which is at least very suggestive of a prize-ring. Eyiolf went with his friends originally as a witness of the proposed combat, but being asked to hold the shield of the Berserkir's opponent, he declined, saying, "I shall not like it if he is killed under my care, and there can be no honour in that. Ask me if you like to fight the Berserkir myself; that is a thing one may do for one's friends; but what you now ask I will not grant."

To the question, whether their friend's death, if it happened, should not be avenged, he replied with a very practical argument. "My opinion is that none of our people ought to go back to their homes again, if the man who falls is not avenged, and I think it worse to fight the Berserkir after your kinsman is killed than it would be before." So he stepped forward, and the end of it was that the Berserkir had half of his foot cut off, had to pay the fine to be released from the duel, and went maimed the rest of his life.

Glum was in courage the worthy son of his sire, but he was not a popular man, nor of a genial character. The early part of his life was not happy. His father died, and his mother Astrida and himself were dispossessed of part of their property by some of their relatives. Here we have a sketch of his personal appearance:—"He was for the most part silent and undemonstrative, tall, of a dark complexion, with straight, white hair; a powerful man, who seemed rather awkward and shy, and never went to the places where men met together. Glum took very little trouble about household matters, and seemed to be somewhat slow in coming to his full faculties." Glum at the age of fifteen, unable to bear or resent the encroachments of his kindred, left his mother and home and went to Norway to the farm of Vigfuss his maternal grandfather. Vigfuss received the young man coldly, doubting whether a youth so moody and stupid-looking could be the son of his daughter Astrida. After this reception Glum grows gloomier than ever, hardly ever speaks, and spends most of his time stretched upon a bench with his cloak around him. A feast takes place, when "Biörn, of the Iron Skull," a terrible Berserkir, comes in, and stalking up and down the hall, asks the men one by one, whether he is not braver than any present. All, from Vigfuss downwards, make submissive answers, until the braggart comes to Glum lying on the bench. "Why does this fellow lie here, and not sit up?" says Biörn. Glum's comrades answered for him, that he was so dull it mattered little what he said. Biörn gave him a kick, told him to sit up like other people, and asked him if he was as brave a man as he? Glum replied that he knew nothing about Biörn's courage, and did not want to be meddled with; "but there is one reason," he added, "why I should not like to be put on the same footing with you; and that is, because out there, in Iceland, a man would be called a fool who conducted himself as you do, but here I see everybody regulate his speech in the most perfect manner." After this scornful address Glum jumped up, pulled off Biörn's helmet, and belaboured the champion so thoroughly with a log of firewood that the latter was heartily glad to make his escape. Vigfuss thereupon invited his grandson to the dais and overwhelmed him with honours and substantial rewards.

Returning soon afterwards to his mother, Glum found plenty of work to his hand in settling matters with his powerful and grasping kindred. This part of the story affords many interesting illustrations of the tenure of land among the Norsemen, the law of inheritance, the nature of the courts (the Thing) which adjudicated on disputed points, and the kinds of compensation offered for wrong or damage done.

It was not long before Glum astonished his relations and neighbours. He drove away the stray cattle that damaged the hay in his mother's field, and promised to do worse if they came again. "You talk big, Glum," cried Sigmund, owner of the cattle, "but in our eyes you are now just as great a simpleton as when you went away, and we shall not regulate our affairs according to your nonsense." This does not seem a very injurious speech, but it cost Sigmund his life; for Glum went home, and

had a strong fit of that awkward laughter which presaged homicide—"it affected him in such a manner that he turned quite pale, and tears burst from his eyes, just like large hailstones."

Glum's cool indifference on the subject of the murder which ensues, whether real or assumed, is a noticeable trait of character. After killing Sigmund before his wife's eyes he goes to visit Thorstein, his own brother, who notices the traces of blood left in the indented ornaments of the spear, and asked Glum if he had used the weapon within a short time. "Oh," cried Glum, "it is quite true; I forgot to mention it; I killed Sigmund, Thorkel's son, with it to-day." "That will be some news for Thorkel and his kinsmen." "Yes," said Glum; "however, as the old saying is,—'The nights of blood are the nights of most impatience.' No doubt they will think less of it as time goes on."

And truly enough they did bear the matter more patiently than might have been expected. But there were two things against Thorkel and his friends. Thorkel had unjustly deprived Astrida of that very field in which her son Glum had slain Sigmund. That would interfere with any suit carried on before the Althing. Then Glum was clearly a man of prowess, and to be personally dreaded, and a scheme of mere revenge might prove bootless. The administration of justice was not conducted with the passionless impartiality aimed at in modern jurisprudence. Both parties to a suit obtained as much interest as they could and through their friends influenced the court. In this case there were counter suits. To the action against Glum for slaying Sigmund, the former replied by an action for theft against the latter, who had been killed, according to the averment, while trespassing on Glum's ground, that is, on the field which had been wrongfully taken from Astrida, and Sigmund had been in consequence proclaimed an outlaw. In this and in a second cause the judgment went against Thorkel and in favour of Glum, who was to receive back, for a moderate consideration, the field that had been the original cause of the dispute. This was managed by a compromise, for Thorkel received from his antagonist a significant hint of what would happen should the trial be pursued to the end. "Thorkel may be sure, if he is convicted, that we shall not both of us be at the Thing next summer." Glum was triumphant, and his enemy, having offered a sacrifice of an old steer in the temple of Frey, and implored vengeance, went to reside in another part of the country.

We have made very free with this interesting little book of Sir Edmund Head's, and might continue to enlarge upon it through many pages. It possesses that exquisite charm which immediate transcripts from nature always have. In it we see the strange people whose blood flows in our veins, as they lived, moved, talked, thought, and felt, ten centuries ago. We have a chapter touching two marriages, brought about not without hard knocks on either side. Then the history of two boys, and the mischievous utterances of the spae-wife, who foretells that their friendship will not last, and that they will cause disaster in the country. A wrestling match, a horse fight, and other curious customs of the people add to the air of reality about the book, while the fact of Glum's grim temper breaking out occasionally in acts of ruthlessness, gives a tragic interest to the narrative, which is relieved on the other hand by the account of his many deeds of fairness and moderation. Many readers will find in this rough landlord of olden time a mirror of the natural English character untempered by modern civilization.

The story of Gisli the Outlaw, which Mr. Dasent has so thoroughly popularized that we need not enlarge upon it here, exhibits many of the features that strike the reader of Glum's Saga. The same simple obedience to strong impulses, to love, anger, and revenge: beautiful brotherly affection and wifely fidelity; determined courage and ruthless severity. But Gisli's Saga is of a higher strain than Glum's, more romantic and poetical, and consequently not altogether so suggestive of the real practical life of the Icelanders as the work we have dwelt upon at length. We heartily recommend Mr. Dasent's book to all readers. It is as instructive in the way of illustrating ancient Norse manners, as it is highly interesting in the complication of incidents and in the manifestation of a mysterious tragic destiny that is cast over the whole narrative.

Glum flourished in the middle of the tenth century, one of his exploits being mentioned in the annals under the date of 942. Christianity was established in Iceland about the close of that century. We must, therefore, look to Pagan sources for the code of morals ruling the society in which Glum moved. Of this we find aptly enough a very good epitome in the little volume entitled "The Edda of Sæmund the Learned." Sæmund lived a century later than Glum, and therefore in the Christian period, but though himself a priest, he appears to have had a very tolerant regard for the old heathen sagas and songs, of which he made, or is reputed to have made, a collection, now known by the name of "The Poetic Edda." Of the two parts into which the collection is divided, the present volume contains the mythological poems. An English version of the second part, consisting of the heroic lays, is promised.

In the poem here styled "The High One's Lay," Odin, who is the High One, delivers himself of a series of rules and maxims which we must presume to be the ethical standard of that time. Caution and ready wit are as much recommended as hospitality or courage. For example: "All doorways," begins the poem, "before going forward should be looked to; for difficult it is to know where foes may sit within a dwelling." Again; "Wit is needful to him who travels far: at home all is easy." And again: "Of his understanding should no one be proud, but rather in conduct cautious. When the prudent and taciturn come to a dwelling, harm seldom befalls the cautious: for a firmer friend no one ever gets than great sagacity." Here, no doubt, we have come to the

well at which Mr. Carlyle has drunk ere he set forth so strenuously the philosophy of silence and action. Drunkenness is condemned, and an illustration of its mischievous effects given at the expense of Odin himself. That which drowns the senses is neatly contrasted with the preciousness of good sense: "A better burthen no man bears on the way than much good sense; that is thought better than riches in a strange place; such is the recourse of the indigent. A worse provision on the way he cannot carry than too much beer-bibbing; for the more he drinks the less control he has of his own mind. 'Oblivion's heron' 'tis called that over potations hovers; he steals the minds of men. With this bird's pinions I was fettered in Gunnlöd's dwelling. Drunk I was! I was overdrunk at that cunning Fialar's." After this outburst of candour, the god grows more dignified: "Taciturn and prudent, and in war daring, should a king's children be; joyous and liberal every one should be until his hour of death." This is a noble summary of the qualities which distinguished the Northmen for many generations. Gluttony is very pithily scoffed at in the lay: "Cattle know when to go home, and then from grazing cease; but a foolish man never knows his stomach's measure." One piece of counsel, which shows that incontinence of speech is a very ancient vice, cannot be too often repeated in a babbling age: "A foolish man who among people comes had best be silent; for no one knows that he knows nothing unless he talks too much." What a practical turn Odin gives to his exhortations! So in the following maxims: "A guest should depart, not always stay in one place. The welcome becomes unwelcome if he too long continues in another's house;" and, "One's own house is best, small though it be; at home is every one his own master."

"I have never found," continues this shrewd observer of the sons of men, "a man so bountiful or so hospitable that he refused a present; or of his property so liberal that he scorned a recompense." Norman perfidy, which was once proverbial, might have sought its justification in the maxims of the Northmen's god, who, while he would have true friends very staunch to one another, "blending their minds together, exchanging gifts, and often going to see each other," recommends crafty dealing with doubtful friends. "If thou hast a friend whom thou little trustest, yet wouldst good from him derive, thou shouldst speak him fair, but think craftily, and leasing pay with lying. Before him thou shouldst laugh, and contrary to thy thoughts speak: requital should the gift resemble." It is hard to admit that blunt, honest John Bull springs from a stock that ever acknowledged a gospel like this! Whoever composed these maxims was not unacquainted with that sadness, that aching void, from which the human mind has suffered when intellectual ambition has been foiled, when the consuming flame of thought has destroyed the beauty of life, and man, with all his brave and lofty aspirations, has found himself—nothing! There is deep thought and melancholy in the following: "Moderately wise should each one be, but never over-wise; for a wise man's heart is seldom glad if he is all-wise who owns it. His destiny let no man know beforehand; his mind will be freest from care." Love is not omitted from the lay. Odin gives advice upon the subject; confesses to its wonderful power, and alludes by way of example to his own failure in an amour with a lass who was too cunning for him.

The motive suggested for early rising in the next maxim we quote must have had considerable influence with men like "Murdering Glum." "He should early rise who another's property or life desires to have. Seldom a sluggish wolf gets prey, or a sleeping man victory."

We must be pardoned one quotation more, on account of its bearing upon the recent debates in Parliament on the qualification for the franchise. The low set of fellows which, as is pretended, the seven-pound householders will send to the House of Commons, may take comfort from this dictum of Odin: "Washed and refected let a man ride to the Thing, although his garments be not too good; of his shoes and breeches let no one be ashamed, nor of his horse, although he have not a good one!"

Among the poems in Sæmund's "Edda" are several in the form of dialogues. One or two, in which the gods abuse one another in language worthy of Billingsgate, are very grotesque, and may have been written, as the editor suggests, when the old religion was declining and lay open to ridicule. "The Lay of Vafthrûdnir" is a dialogue of more serious interest, inasmuch as it exhibits the cosmogony in which the Northmen were instructed. Odin is very anxious to have a wit-combat with Vafthrûdnir, a celebrated Jötun, and pays him a visit under the assumed name of Gagnråd. They engage in a contest of question and answer on the condition that he who is defeated shall lose his life. The grim controversy is conducted in a very complimentary strain, and rises almost to tragic interest at the last, when the Jötun gives up the strife as he discovers with whom he has been really contending. The cosmogony is doubtless known to most of our readers. Much of it evidently was tradition, brought from the East and modified by time and place. Some analogies are worthy of remark. Gagnråd is asked to name the stream which divides earth between the Jötuns and the gods. He replies, "Ifing is the stream called; open shall it run throughout all time. On that stream no ice shall be." Ice would have afforded a passage to those who must not pass over, for this clearly points to the belief of the Jews in the great gulf that separated Dives from Abraham, and over which none could pass. The congenial employment of the blessed who have finished their earthly career is thus described. The picture is one that will be very tempting to those of our countrymen who are at so much pains and cost to witness the inglorious struggles of the prize-ring, and who feel such deep resentment when the encounter is bloodless.

"Tell me what the Einheriar [warriors slain in battle] do in Hærfather's halls until the

powers perish? All the Einheriar in Odin's halls each day together fight; the fallen they choose and from the conflict ride; beer with the Æsir drink, of sæhrimnir [hogs, perhaps in the form of bacon] eat their fill, then sit in harmony together." One almost wishes that tobacco-smoking had been known in those days, for the last line of the strophe seems to wait for another distich to the effect that the heroes smoke their pipes in peace. With all our civilization and nineteenth century progress, no one dare say that people are not now to be found in England who would feel the above representation to be that of a very comfortable and respectable paradise. In that sense no doubt there is still in these prosperous islands no inconsiderable amount of heathenism—of the worship of Odin and Thor—astuteness and muscular force.

The last poem in the volume is not the least interesting of the collection. It has been attributed to Sæmund himself, and illustrates the period of transition from Paganism to Christianity. That northern mind which has been accused of inability to understand a metaphor is, as here represented, in a state of some confusion. Under the form of a dream, a father deceased is supposed to address his son from another world and to narrate particulars of his last illness, his death, and the scenes his soul passed through on the way to its final home. The name of God is used throughout as the name of the Supreme. The sins of arrogance, luxury, covetousness are condemned, but the precept, "Love ye your enemies," is ignored. "To thy enemies," says the Song of the Sun, "trust thou never, although they speak thee fair: promise them good; 'tis good to have another's injury as a warning." And thereupon follows an example of treachery and of the punishment of the evil-doers in a place of torment. Hel seems to be no longer a personage, the daughter of Loki and Angrboda, but a place, with grated doors heavily creaking. Prayer is inculcated. "On God a man shall for good things call, on him who has created mankind. Of all things may be destitute he who for nothing asks: few heed the wants of the silent." Yet the sun is honoured with some kind of worship:—"The sun I saw, and it seemed to me as if I saw a glorious god: I bowed before her for the last time in the world of men." The process of death is graphically described: "The sun I saw seldom sadder; I had then almost from the world declined: my tongue was as wood become, and all was cold without me." Then comes a passage that sets at defiance any attempt to read it literally, as the realism of the whole poem would require: "The star of hope when I was born fled from my breast away; high it flew, settled nowhere so that it might find rest." Unless accepted as the expression of a poetical fancy, the passage is hopelessly obscure. The descriptions of the torments of the wicked recal parts of that Inferno which was the expression of the Gothic mind in a more advanced state of cultivation, under the influence of an Italian sky and sun and a phase of Christianity that was expressed in forms at once of beauty, of power, and of terror.

What a fall from the grandeur and simplicity of the old worship of nature and communion with Odin and Thor, Balder, Frey and the other dwellers in Asgard, to the foul and sordid superstitions described in the "Introductory Essay" prefixed to the translation of Arnason's Icelandic Legends, second series! It is horrible to think that witchcraft of the kind alluded to was ever believed in by human beings, and yet evidence has been given in English courts of justice in the nineteenth century, indicating the existence of such degraded creeds. What strange freaks of human ingenuity were they that, mixing Christianity and Paganism, the spiritual and the material, could formulate a rite like the following. The object of the rite is to procure, by sorcery, for some malevolent purpose, the services of a goblin or spirit raised from the tombs:—

"The sorcerer must exercise his art on a Friday night that divides the 18th day of a month from the 19th, or the 28th from the 29th. He must go in the middle of the night to the churchyard, and to a tomb, furnished with a Paternoster which he has written backwards upon a slip of paper, or scrap of skin, the evening before, with the quill of a bird called the moor-snipe, and with his own blood, drawn from a wound which he has himself made in his left arm. He must also take with him a rod, upon which he has written the proper magic runes. It is considered safer to choose one of the smaller tombs. When he has chosen one, he rolls the rod backwards and forwards over it, repeating perpetually the reversed Paternoster, together with other spells and formulæ. After some time the tomb begins to move and quake; the goblin is already moving upwards, very slowly, for these ghosts are most unwilling to quit their repose in the grave, and often pray to be left in peace. While the ghost is rising, all kinds of monstrous and awful sights surround the sorcerer, who must pay no heed to them, but repeat all the more eagerly his spells, and roll the rune rod quicker and quicker over the grave, until the dead man is half out of the tomb. But, at the same time, he must take the greatest care that none of the earth fall outside the compass of the tomb, for that earth can no human art or power return to its place. As now the goblin stands half above his grave, he must be asked two questions—never three, or he will sink again beneath the weight of the holy number. The questions are usually: who he was when alive, and, if he was a strong man. Others say that the one question will suffice—'How old are you?' If the ghost declare that he has had the strength of a middle-aged man, it is not advisable to go further in the business; for when he has entirely risen from the tomb, a wrestling ensues between him and the sorcerer; and these goblins have invariably double the strength they had in life, and double the vigour that one expects from their age. It is for this reason that sorcerers in general choose the tombs of youths between twelve and fourteen years of age, or sometimes of folk up to thirty years old, but never those of men older than themselves. If all goes smoothly, the sorcerer continues his spells until the goblin is quite clear of the earth. A great deal yet remains to be done. When the ghost is well out of his grave, his features are covered with a filthy foam and slime called 'the corpse-froth,' which the spell-worker must lick off with his own tongue; having done this, he must open a wound under the little toe of his right foot, and smear with the blood the goblin's tongue. After this, the dead man and the sorcerer

must wrestle together, and if the sorcerer can fling his adversary the latter must obey him in everything; but if the ghost fling the sorcerer, the latter must accompany him down into his grave, and none who have suffered this fate have ever been known to return."

This is bad enough, and the "Sending," as the goblin is called, is the fit offspring of a diabolical imagination. But the "fetcher," which was the child of covetousness, a passion as strong and mischievous as malevolence, is perhaps a more monstrous birth of the Scandinavian mind in its degradation:—

"To become rich in butter and wool, sorcerers have invented the so-called 'tilberri' (fetcher), another name for which is 'snakkur' (the reel of a weaver's shuttle.) This magic instrument is thus made:—A woman steals the rib of a dead man from some churchyard on the morning of Whitsunday, and wraps it up either in stolen grey sheep's wool or stolen thread. Some say that the wool on the back of a sheep which belongs to a poor widow must be used for this purpose. So wrapped up in stolen wool, the woman lays the rib on her breast, and goes three times to Communion, each time spitting secretly the consecrated wine into the hole in either end of the bone. At the first draught of wine the fetcher is motionless, at the second he moves slightly, and at the third he has acquired his full life and strength. When he has become too strong for the woman to bear him longer at her breast, she opens a wound in her thigh, whereto she places the fetcher, and wherefrom he draws all his nourishment for the rest of his existence. 'Fetcher' mothers are, therefore, always known by a blood-red wart on the thigh, and by their walking lame. If such a woman bear a child, and the fetcher contrive to get at her breast (and he will do his best to accomplish this object), she is lost and speedily dies. These fetchers have been used to drain the milk from a neighbour's cows and ewes; and evening and morning they come to the dairy window, where their mother is churning under the window-sill, and climbing up, scream, 'Full belly, mother.' Then the mother lifts the lid from the churn, saying, 'Give up, blessed son;' or, 'Throw it out into the churn, lad.' At these words the fetcher pours out all the milk he has sucked into the churn, and the good wife makes plentiful butter. This kind of butter is precisely like any other, save that, if one make the mark of the cross upon it, it will either vanish away, or dwindle down to mere froth. When this monster sucks the cows he leaps on to their backs, and stretching down on both sides, sucks with both his mouths. Some declare that he has only one mouth; in this case, having drained one side of the udder, he turns round on the cow's back and drains the other. Sometimes he sucks so violently, or treats the beasts so ill, that their udders swell up and they lose all milk.

"One who wishes to protect his beasts against all possible ravages of the fetcher, makes the sign of the cross beneath their udders and over their loins, or, best of all, lays the Book of the Psalms of David upon their backs."

Many other abominable ceremonies are described in the "Introductory Essay," but we will not further pain our readers. Curious reflections arise in the mind as to the cause of these perversions of thought. Was it owing to misplaced zeal in the early preachers of the Gospel? Did they forget their Master's parable of the sower, and cast the seed recklessly on ground totally unprepared? It is quite possible to believe that the missionaries to the north were unequal to the task assigned them of inculcating the mild truths of the New Testament upon the minds of the rugged, simple, nature-worshipping Norsemen. They may have been ignorant enough to think that it was right to make converts, no matter how, so that they got them baptized. In such case the weapons from their armoury most frequently in use would be the miracles, the raisings from the dead, the parable of Dives and Lazarus, and the denunciations of everlasting damnation. Appeals to simple-minded and imaginative men, highly spiced with wonders and strongly insisted upon, were necessarily more productive of immediate effect than even the most earnest exhortations to do justice and to love mercy and to heap coals of fire upon an enemy's head by acts of repeated kindness. Upon this theory it would not be disrespectful to the true spirit Christianity to say that the low superstition of the later Icelanders is due to the transfer of miraculous powers and supernatural peculiarities as conceived by the Jewish mind, to the plain and natural conceptions of godlike power imaged to the Scandinavians by the names of their deities. The two faiths were blended, and for a time, doubtless, it seemed dubious which should hold sway. Happily, at length, the duties of life and the advance of civilization made Christianity a beneficent power in the northern world as elsewhere, and relegated the traditions of paganism to the region of old wives' stories. In this last character they are presented to us in an English dress by Messrs. Powell and Magnusson, whose version, though tame enough in parts, contains enough of amusing matter to make their volumes attractive to that indispensable patron of literature, the general reader.

Iceland, as is here said, may well be described as a fit cradle for wild and exaggerated imaginings. The stormy seas, the broken line of shore, the many gulfs and creeks, the steep cliffs, the white glaciers, the solitary lakes, the volcanoes and hot springs, the caves and waterfalls, present a combination of the principal wonders of nature's working. There, perhaps, more than anywhere else of the like area, is to be found a greater number of witnesses to the convulsive throes with which the creation of the world was accomplished. Surrounded by these monuments of a power invisible, man, led by his fears and desires, peopled the solitudes of air, and rock, and mountain top, with creatures of his vivid imagination, and elves, and trolls, and hobgoblins, were to him a reality.

These beings once created, became subjects of much interest to the excited fancy of talkers by the fireside, and were invested with attributes of various kinds, human and superhuman. It needed very little invention after that to narrate their adventures, and to connect their conduct and fate with that of the farmers and herdsmen near whom they were supposed to dwell. The stories of the trolls are the most amusing. And, though unscientific, the way in which their metamorphoses

are made to account for the odd bits of rock and stone pillars that abound in and around Iceland must have a certain reasonableness in it, and keeps off at least all that troublesome inquiry and discussion that vexes the soul, let us say, of a Cornish or a Salisbury antiquary.

We give the shortest of these stories as a sample of them all. The troll, or lubber fiend, was not in all cases believed to be so good-natured as he is here represented, for herdsmen and shepherds, when missing, were generally supposed to have been snapped up by one of these gigantic beings:—

"Two trolls, who, quite contrary to the custom of trolls in general, had taken a great fancy to a church in their neighbourhood, determined to do it a service by taking an island out of the sea and adding it on to the church property. So they waded out one night till they reached one of a group of islands which suited their notions, and having rooted it up, they proceeded to take it to shore, the man pulling before and the wife pushing behind. But before they could accomplish their task dawn broke in the east, and they were both suddenly turned into stones. And there they stand in Breidifjördur to this day, the husband troll a tall thin rock, the wife troll a short and broad one, and are called still 'Old Man,' and 'Old Woman.'"

The strange medley of Christian and pagan creeds appears in the legend of "Gold Brow," a female troll of mischievous tendencies, who is driven off her ground by crosses and other Christian emblems. She takes refuge in a cave beneath a waterfall, where she deposits a chest of gold. This chest a pagan farmer, named Skeggi, is very anxious, after her death, to obtain. In his first attempt he is defeated, after a severe tussle with Gold Brow's ghost. He tries a second time, and succeeds by the means described in the following passage:—

"The first time I went to the waterfall and struggled with the ghost of Gold Brow, I called up Thor to assist me, but he deceived me and played me false. The last time I fought with her, in my despair and anguish I call upon Christ, the God of the Christians, to aid me, promising to build a church to him. Suddenly a bright gleam of light struck full into the eyes of the phantom Troll and she became a stone in the midst of the gulf. But in spite of all this, Skeggi died a heathen, and refused to be buried in the consecrated ground of the church which he had commanded to be built. So they buried him in the open country, and under his head placed the chest of Gold Brow."

Still more curious is the reference to Christianity in the story of Gellivör, "a female troll of mild temper, but who had a child of such curious appetite and disposition, that she was forced to provide fresh human flesh for it each Christmas." The disappearance, on successive Christmas-eves, of the farmer of the neighbourhood, and of several farm servants, was thus accounted for. The farmer's widow was only saved by the suggestions made in a dream by an elf-woman, for whom the good housewife had placed pots of new milk in an appointed place in the dairy. When the widow was impelled, in obedience to the usual mode of procedure adopted among trolls, by an irresistible impulse, to quit her bed and house and place herself in the power of the troll, who at once seized her, the Elfwoman went and pinched the child of Gellivör black and blue to make him scream out for his mother, who, in her affectionate flurry, dropped the dainty morsel she was bringing for her boy's supper, and so the widow escaped into a church. The bells beginning to ring, all the troll's plans for a recapture were brought to an end, for at that sound she was forced to fly. This happened, it is said, "near the end of the Roman Catholic times," which brings us to the point in Gellivör's history which we have indicated as curious. The troll in her old age, like some other wicked beings, took a high moral tone, and lectured the good people of Thingeyarsysla for a piece of negligence that Robinson Crusoe, when he kept his notched sticks, would have deemed inexcusable. "They became confused in their computation of dates, and forgot when Christmas-day fell." In their difficulty they decided to send one of their boldest men to ask the Bishop of Skalholt to set them right. Olafur, such was the delegate's name, had need of all his courage, for he was obliged to cross the mountain Bláskógar, in which the giantess then lived. He managed to propitiate her by a friendly distich in rhyme, reached the bishop, and came back with the authentic information from the calendar that his townsmen wanted. "On his way home, as he passed over Bláskógar, he met again with the troll, who gave him a book, which he found to be a troll almanack. In giving him this calendar, she said, 'If Christ, the Son of Mary, had done as much for us trolls as you declare that he has done for you human beings, we should scarcely have been so ungrateful as to forget the date of his birth-day.'" Gellivör had clearly the best of the argument, and Olafur, doubtless smarting under the reproof, took immediate revenge. "Look eastward!" he exclaimed. "Who rides there on a white horse?" The troll turned round, saw nothing but daybreak, and was instantly turned into stone.

Did the Icelanders believe in animal magnetism? or what did they understand by the impulses which the trolls were able to implant in the spirits of their victims? In the instance of the clergy of a certain church at Mjóifjördur, the troll "was wont to lay one of her hands upon the window over the pulpit in church. As soon as the strange hand prevented the light from falling on the paper on which the sermon was written, the priests became mad, and used to cry out to their congregation, 'Take my bowels out, for I must be off to the gulf.'" The troll's influence was only neutralized at length by one incumbent of the church, who requested six of the strongest men to hold him should he make the usual exclamation, six more to ring the bells, and other ten to run and place their backs against the door.

In the story of "The Man Whale" the influence of a human mind and will is seen exerted in a supernatural manner that recalls the incidents of Bulwer's "Strange Story." A young peasant who declines to acknowledge a child which a beautiful elf woman affiliates upon him, is turned by her into a large and cruel

whale with a red head. He commits all kinds of devastation in the gulf which he haunts—a narrow gulf between Akranes and Kjarlanes, and which is now called after him Hvalfijördur. At length a blind old priest at Saurbœr loses his two sons through the malice of Redhead, who upsets their boat so that they are drowned. The priest was skilled in magic arts, and one fine summer morning he bade his daughter guide him to the sea-shore. There, planting his staff in the waves and leaning on the handle, *he fell into deep thought.* "How looks the sea?" he presently asked. "Bright and smooth as a mirror." A little later he repeated his question, and the daughter said she saw "on the horizon a black line, which draws nearer, as it were a shoal of whales swimming quickly into the bay." The shoal, of course, turned out to be Redhead alone, who, obeying the uncontrollable impulse communicated to him by the power of "deep thought" which the priest had exerted, followed his imperative guide to the extreme end of the gulf, along a river, up a waterfall into a lake from which the river rose—the lake Hvalvatu. Here "the heart of the monster broke from very toil and anguish, and he disappeared from their eyes." This is a specimen of what it was thought mind could accomplish over brute force, and not without reason. Odin would have maintained a similar doctrine.

Deep homage again to the human intellect is to be found in the belief in "power-poets," men who had "the gift of destroying their enemies by a single strophe, and of withering them up by a few lines improvised on the spur of the moment." It needed no very high flight of genius to acquire this power, if we may judge from the line that was sufficient to fix destructive foxes motionless and breathless to the ground. "Stand now on the earth, and be stiff and stark as the stem of a tree!" No doubt much depended on the native form and rhythm, for the accomplishment of verse-making distinguished the principal heroes of the early period of Icelandic history. That great knowledge and high intellectual endowments should bring a man a reputation for magic in an age of general ignorance is not surprising. English Roger Bacon is a familiar instance. Sæmund the Learned also attained to this distinction, and he is the hero of some of the most amusing tales in the collection before us. His studies under a celebrated Italian astrologer were so profound that he forgot his own name and country. A fellow-countryman discovered him and induced him to return to Iceland, but the astrologer not wishing to lose so promising a pupil, it was very difficult to escape. For no sooner had the two Northmen set out on their journey by night than the master, looking at the stars, discovered their route and started in pursuit. Sæmund, however, had learned his lesson too well, and easily baffled his teacher. He first put on his head a shoe full of water, which satisfied the star-gazer that pursuit was useless, since the young man was drowned. Next day, however, the astrological observation showed the runaway to be alive and moving, until he had filled his shoe with blood and put it on his head. This appearance reflected in the stars was a sure indication of murder. When at length the master found out that he had been twice deceived by the scholar, he thought it full time to let him wend his way whither he would. This legend of early date has been the parent of many stories in later times. If Sæmund could deceive a great astrologer, why should he not cheat the Father of Lies himself? We consequently find in the tale entitled "The Black School" a new version of the old legend. In this school, the whereabouts of which was unknown, a rare circumstance by-the-bye in the very realistic legends of Iceland, the devil was master and the studies were confined to magic and the occult sciences.

The school-room was totally dark, and the books were only legible because they were written in letters of fire. It took from five to seven years for a scholar to get through all his terms, and commons were provided by a shaggy grey hand that came every day through the wall, bringing the rations and taking away the platters when cleared. One of the rules of the school was that the owner should keep as his own the scholar that left the school last at the end of the year. This, as may be supposed, occasioned a great scramble at the time of exit. The year that Sæmund had to leave, he volunteered to be the last, to the great relief of his comrades. Throwing over himself a large mantle, with the sleeves loose and the fastenings free, he proceeded to the stairs which led from the school to the upper world, when the devil grasped at him, and said, "You are mine!" He slipped out of the cloak, and ran with all speed. As he got to the door the sun shone, and threw his shadow on the opposite wall. The fiend coming up, again grappled with his victim, who exclaimed, "I am not the last! Do you not see who follows me?" The devil turned to seize the shadow, and Sæmund escaped, the first shadowless man, with a blow on his heel which he received from the heavy iron door that was slammed suddenly behind him. Two more adventures of Sæmund, in conflict with the Prince of Darkness, are diverting enough, and as they are short we give them as here related.

"As Sæmundar, Kalfur, and Hâlfdàu were returning from the Black School they heard that the living of Oddi was vacant. So they all hurried to the king, and each asked it for himself. The king, well knowing with whom he had to deal, promised it to him who should be the first to reach the place. Upon this Sæmundar immediately called the Devil to him and said, 'Swim with me on your back to Iceland; and if you bring me to shore without wetting the skirt of my coat, you shall have me for your own.' The devil agreed to this, so he changed himself into a seal and swam off with Sæmundar on his back. On the way Sæmundar amused himself by reading the book of the Psalms of David. Before very long they came close to the coast of Iceland. When he saw this he closed the book, and smote the seal with it upon the head, so that it sank, and Sæmundar swam to land. And as when Sæmundar got to shore the skirts of his coat were wet, the devil lost his bargain but the former got the living."

THE FLY.

"The devil did not forget either this or any other of Sæmundar's tricks upon him, and constantly looked out for a chance of doing him a bad turn. Many and many a time he tried to revenge himself upon him, but always in vain.

"One day he turned himself into a very small fly, and hid himself under the skin of the milk in the porringer, hoping by this means to get into the stomach of Sæmundar the Learned, and kill him. But no sooner had Sæmundar lifted his porringer to drink out of it than he saw the fly, and wrapping it up in the skin of the milk, he put it into a bladder and placed the bladder on the altar of the church.

"So there the fly was obliged to stay till Sæmundar had finished performing the next service, which took a long time. And it is confidently told that the devil never enjoyed himself less in all his life. When service was over Sæmundar undid the bladder and set the devil free."

The communication supposed to exist between earth and the nether world is oddly illustrated in the story of Jón Asmundsson, which bears marks of Oriental influence, suggesting the "Arabian Nights." Jón is foster child to Christján, a priest of Reykjavik, and grows to be a fine strong fellow. In due time comes a foreign merchant to the port, trading. He makes a boast of his strength, and having lifted four barrels of rye, tied together, up to the height of his knee, challenges any one to do as much for three half-pounds of gold by weight. Christján brings Jón, who lifts the barrels on to his shoulder and walks about the deck with them. The merchant pays the gold, but whispers to Jón that next year he will bring a boy to wrestle with him for five pounds weight of gold. The promised boy-wrestler proves to be a gigantic negro, in a shaggy mantle, who flings Jón over his head high into the air. The boy falls on his feet, and having been prepared by his foster-father's prescience for this encounter, kills the negro with a dagger. Again the money is paid, and the merchant promises seven pounds and a-half of gold if Jón shall conquer "a little whelp" that he will bring with him the following year. Priest Christján looks into the future again, and provides the lad with arms and armour for a contest with a "large evil-eyed deer-hound," that comes as the little whelp. The baffled merchant, on paying for Jón's victory, waves before his eyes the leaf of a book, and says, "If you do not bring me next summer, when I come back here, the book from which this leaf was taken, I will brand you as a fool and a faint heart; but if you bring it I will weigh you out full fifteen pounds of gold." Luckily the sharp eyes of the priest, who insisted on being present at the private interviews of Jón and the merchant, caught sight of some of the words on the leaf, and discovered that it was part of the devil's manual. There was only one way of saving the young man's honour. He must go below and procure a copy of the manual. Most opportunely Christján has a brother, who is a priest in the infernal regions. This circumstance might make one suspect that the narrator of the story was satirical, were it not for the tone of good faith throughout, and the cordial concurrence of the two brothers in a scheme for defeating the wicked foreign merchant and saving Jón. The youth sets off under the guidance of a rolling ball of thread, and takes care not to speak a word until told to do so by his friend the priest of spirits. The latter lived in a nice house on "a charming green plain," and had two nice-looking daughters. Here the young man stayed the whole winter, but reached the world above with the book in time to confound the merchant, who, having received the manual, was soon called to account for it by the original proprietor, who swallowed both him and his ship in a great storm. Jón became a prosperous man, married, and settled on a farm with his family; but oddly enough, the nice-looking girl in the lower regions had borne him a daughter, who, in her twelfth year, came upon earth, and was very heartily welcomed in her father's house. She paid her mother one visit, and brought back a dying message of love to her father, who was informed that he would also die in a month's time. This news seemed rather agreeable than otherwise, as he hoped, we presume, to join his first love. How she came to die in the kingdom of Death, or where she went after her decease, is not very clear.

The whole story is a most extraordinary medley of myths, concocted, probably, in modern times from scraps of various stories transmitted orally from one lonely villager to another.

One noticeable characteristic of most of the legends is what we have ventured to call their realism. That is to say, power is expressed either by great size or by the attribution of supernatural strength and authority to human beings or the brute creation, or to those creatures of the brain suggested by rock and waterfall, in cloud and mist, and all the vague sights and sounds by which nature impresses the imaginations of men. But of the more delicate forms of fancy we get few examples. The following is an illustration of sentiment more akin to the German than to the Norse mind. A brother and sister are unjustly put to death and buried as far apart from one another as the churchyard will admit. From the two graves spring two sorb-trees (mountain ash) which stretch across the churchyard to one another till they unite. There is, too, an unwonted prettiness of fancy in the story entitled "The Money Chest."

A large party of men travelling together pitched their tent early one Sunday morning on the fresh sward of a fair green meadow. Having tethered their horses, the men fell asleep side by side all round the tent; all but one who lay nearest the door. He presently discovered a small cloud of pale blue vapour moving over the head of the man who slept in the innermost part of the tent. Presently the cloud flitted out, and the watcher following it into the sunshine, saw it float slowly over the meadow, pause among a swarm of blue flies buzzing over the blanched skull of a horse, and come to a dead stop at a little thread of a rivulet that hurried through the grass. This it could not get over, until the man bridged it by laying his whip-handle across; and the vapour passed on until it came to a small hillock, into which it disappeared. By-and-by, it re-

turned, again accepted the aid of the whip-handle, and having re-entered the tent, hovered over the head of the sleeper as before, and then disappeared. The waker now fell asleep, and arose only with the others about sundown. He that had slept in the innermost part of the tent related a dream that he had had: how that, walking across the meadow, he came to a large and beautiful building, where he saw many people at revels, singing, dancing, and making merry. That was the horse's skull and the swarm of flies.

"Stepping out from thence, I walked over the sward till I came to a large and turbulent river that I wished to cross, but could not [that was the thread of water]; then I saw a mighty giant come towards me with the trunk of a large tree in his hand, which he laid across the river [that was the man with the whip]; I walked straight on to a high mound which lay open, where I found only a single chest, which, however, was so full of money, that I could neither lift it nor count the contents. I therefore gave it up, and returned the way I went."

The story ends by the discovery of gold in the little hillock already mentioned. The pale blue vapour must be taken to be the dream-spirit of the sleeper, which left him on a gold-seeking errand, and when away from the body was so sensitive that it exaggerated the dimensions of every object it encountered. We commend this tale to the author of "Phantastes," who has introduced into several of his novels with good effect the mysterious wanderings of the spirit of man in and out of the body.

In treating of Arnason's collection we have confined ourselves mainly to the first series, as published by the translators. We find it more interesting and characteristic than the second series, which bears evident marks of padding. The monkish stories with which the later volume begins have hardly humour enough to justify their irreverence. The best is perhaps that of the old woman who, having scolded her husband all his life, was anxious to save his soul, and caught it in a leather bag. Carrying it off to the gates of heaven, she endeavours to wheedle Peter, Paul, and the Virgin in succession to admit "her own Jón," and when they successively refuse on account of his sins she replies with an impudent *tu quoque*. At length, when the Master himself opens the door, she flings the bag inside, and has the satisfaction to see the door shut before the bag is blown back.

The punctiliousness of the devil on the score of Latinity is the subject of one anecdote.

In stories of this kind it is easy to trace the unhealthy influence of the cloister as compared with the wild breezy superstitions of flood and fell.

The "Tales of Outlaws" help to illustrate a peculiar feature in ancient Icelandic life. Outlawry was a common mode of punishment adopted by the Things, and its consequences must have often been terrible. Often, no doubt, as in the case of Gisli the Outlaw, the sentence was obtained by means of private influence to gratify a personal grudge.

It is conceivable that the outlaws at one time were tolerably numerous in the island. At all events, they were believed to be many, and the belief increased the power of men whose hands were of necessity against every man who enjoyed the protection of the law. The writer of the Introductory Essay already alluded to says: "Often these outlaws seem to have a perfectly organized social life. They have their own magistrates and priests. Services are performed in their churches every Sabbath; prayers are read and hymns are sung in their family circles, just as in the valleys below." It is to be understood, of course, that the outlaws took refuge in the uplands and fastnesses of the country.

There is a whole class of stories having for principal subject the success in life of churls' sons. It is easy to understand how popular stories of this kind would be among a nation of peasants. Great ambition, audacity, and courage are the moving principles of these ideas of the churlish mind. Unlike our Dick Whittington, more is expected from the sword and violence, or from cunning and trickery, than from patience and industry, and the carl's son attains to the rank of prime minister to the king, rather than to the less perilous seat of lord-mayor.

A curious collection of popular sayings will be found at the end of Arnason's second volume. Many of them will be found more or less modified, in various parts of England. For example: "If two wash in the same water they will quarrel."

The following may be useful as an easy test for discovering a poet-laureate whenever we have the misfortune to want another:—"If a child be born with two teeth it will speak soon and become a poet afterwards. These teeth are called scald teeth."

And "If one can reach with his tongue up to his nose he is assuredly a scald."

The dog being now so general a companion of man, the following observations on his ways may prove valuable. "If a dog lie with his head on his paws, towards the door, he is said 'to prophesy guests.' If he rests his head on the right paw, somebody of note will come. But if the dog turn his tail to the door and look natheless towards it, lying curled up, some one of thieving disposition will come."

We must now release our readers, trusting that they will feel sufficient interest in the subject of Icelandic legendary lore, if not in Icelandic literature, to take up for themselves the books to which we have called attention, whence it is certain they will be conducted by easy steps to the study of more recondite and more interesting works upon the subject. That one small inhospitable island, with a population never exceeding 60,000 people, should possess so rich and varied a literature is in itself a marvel, and we may be morally certain that the more we know of that literature, and the better we become acquainted with that people, the more clearly shall we understand the history of our ancestors, and the deep-laid bases of our national character.

The influence of northern legends upon the mind which is the highest type of English thought, the mind of Shakespeare, is worthy of note. From his works can be drawn in long procession, the whole array of fairy elves, witches, and goblins damned—Titania, Oberon, Puck, and the ghastly three who greeted Glamis on the blasted heath. Let us, then, respect and study Iceland and her works, for none can deny the appropriateness of Mr. Lowe's Greek epigram, prefixed to the Saga of Viga-Glum, which is thus translated:—

"Hail! Isle with mists and snow-storms girt around!
Where fire and earthquake rend the shattered ground!
Here once, o'er furthest ocean's icy path,
The Northmen fled a tyrant monarch's wrath!
Here, cheered by song and story, dwelt they free,
And held unscathed their laws and liberty."

ART. VI.—ITALY, VENICE, AND AUSTRIA.*

1. *Recueil des Traités, Conventions, et Actes Diplomatiques concernant l'Autriche et l'Italie.* 1703–1859. AMYOT, Editeur, Rue de la Paix. Paris.
2. *Documents et Pièces Authentiques laissés* par DANIEL MANIN, Président de la République de Venise. *Traduits sur les Originaux et Annotés* par MME. PLANAT DE LA FAYE. Furne et C^ie^, Editeurs. Paris. 2 vols.
3. *Mémoires de Daniel Manin.* Par M. HENRI MARTIN. Furne et C^ie^, Editeurs. Paris.
4. *La Vénétie en* 1864. Librairie de L. Hachette et C^ie^. Paris.
5. *La Prima Legislatura del Regno d'Italia; Studii e Recordi di Leopoldo Galeotti, Deputato al Parlamento.* Firenze. 1865.

THE condition of Italy during the first half of the present century seemed to forbid the idea of its ever becoming one united kingdom. Yet not only has such a kingdom been formed, but it has received official recognition from all the Governments of the world, with but one exception. The work is not however completed, inasmuch as portions of the Italian soil are still in the possession of foreign powers. Its completion is the one engrossing object to which all the efforts of the statesmen and people of Italy are alike directed. They aim avowedly at excluding all foreign rule and influence from the Peninsula, substituting in their place a purely national government, presided over by a sovereign of the nation's choice.

The more closely this important work is examined, the clearer does it become that it alone offers a reasonable hope of bestowing upon Italy the blessings of order and of freedom, increasing thereby most materially the general security and peace of Europe. This may be shown both by the failure of French supremacy in Italy, under the first Napoleon, to attain these objects, and also by the yet more signal failure of Austrian supremacy, which succeeded to that of Imperial France. It is yet further proved by the results which have sprung since 1859 from the formation of the Italian Constitutional Monarchy. Results obtained, despite the innumerable difficulties arising from the continuation of the Austrian rule in Venetia, and from the intricate problems involved in the solution of the Roman question.

From the commencement of the present century up to the year 1814, the supremacy of France was established throughout Italy in one form or another by the Emperor Napoleon. The introduction of his celebrated code of laws and a generally enlightened system of government did much to improve the condition of the country. But the burdens of the conscription and of heavy taxes, not with a view to national freedom, but for the prosecution of wars arising from the insatiable ambition of the Emperor, rendered the Italians weary of a rule which was after all but that of a foreign power. The other nations of Europe viewed this *de facto* possession of Italy by France as unjust in itself, and as dangerously increasing French preponderance. Nor can this discontent of Italy and of Europe be deemed other than just and natural.

Upon the fall of Napoleon, the treaties of Vienna professed to undo that which had been done in Italy by the French revolutionary wars and those of the empire. The Neapolitan Bourbons were restored to the thrones of Naples and Sicily. The Papal authority was re-established throughout the States of the Church. The house of Hapsbourg-Lorraine was reinstated in Tuscany. The kingdom of Sardinia, incorporated into the French empire by Napoleon, again appeared as an independent state. Lombardy was replaced under the sway of Austria.

To this general rule of restoring the old order of things, an exception, deserving particular notice, was made in the case of Venice. For centuries she had been an independent republic, and was so still in 1796, when Bonaparte commanded the French Republican armies in Northern Italy. Having revolutionized the Venetian Government, he established over it a so-called Protectorate. In the following year he handed over Venice and all her territory, as far as the Adige, to Austria, by the treaty of Campo-Formio, which was signed on the 17th October, 1797. His Government had, in a despatch dated the 29th September, expressly ordered him not to give up Venice to Austria, and had spoken of the "shame of abandoning" to that power the Queen of the Adriatic. The Directory, however, after some hesitation, ratified this act of their general, who, thus to suit his own purposes, blotted out the old republic from the map of Europe, and incorporated her with the Austrian empire.

Again, by the treaty of Presbourg, in 1805, Napoleon separated Venice and all the Venetian territory from Austria, and united them to that northern Italian kingdom, over which he placed, as viceroy, his step-son, Eugène Beauharnais.

Had the statesmen assembled at Vienna in 1815 been true to their own principle of undo-

* This article was completed just before the actual commencement of hostilities.

ing the work of their arch-enemy Napoleon, they would have restored, if not the Venetian republic, at least an independent state of Venice. Instead of doing so, they united Venice to Lombardy, thereby creating the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, which they gave to Austria. Thus the republic of Venice was once again incorporated with that empire, and thus the statesmen who framed the treaties of Vienna, renewed the flagrant act of robbery and injustice perpetrated at Campo-Formio by Bonaparte, of whose system they professed to be the uncompromising opponents.

This policy was rendered the more obviously unjust by the language addressed to the Italians in December, 1813, and in March, 1814, by the allied Austrian and English generals, who, then endeavouring to drive the French from Italy, sought to win the Italians to their standard. The Austrian general, Count Nugent, commences his proclamation, "To the peoples of Italy," dated Ravenna, 10 December, 1813, with these words: "You have been sufficiently oppressed,—you have groaned beneath a yoke of iron. Our armies are come into Italy for your deliverance!" In his enthusiasm for Italian freedom he does not hesitate to add further on the following sentence: "You must all become an independent nation." General Bentinck, the commander of the English forces, in his proclamation dated Leghorn, 14 March, 1814, declares amongst other things that "We do not ask you to come to us; we ask you to make good your own rights, and to be free!"

Yet the Austrian and English statesmen at Vienna, when they had full possession of Italy, disregarded those stirring promises of independence and freedom addressed by the generals of their allied sovereigns to the Italians, re-enacted Bonaparte's violent spoliation of Venice, and riveted at Vienna the chains forged at Campo-Formio. Thus were broken the promises of liberty held out to Italians when the allies sought to rouse them to arms against the French; and thus the special defenders of legitimist principles endorsed the lawless wrong of France's revolutionary general.

Surely these facts must have escaped the memories of English writers and speakers, when, after the conclusion of the war of 1859, they made Napoleon III. the object of their sarcasms and attacks, because he failed to carry out *his* promise to free Italy from the "Alps to the Adriatic."

The congress of Vienna effected, in fact, no other change in Italy than that of substituting for the rule of Napoleon the supremacy of Austria. Lombardy and Venetia were now hers; and entrenched within the famous Quadrilateral, her will was law to the petty Italian courts, each of whom aped the manners and customs of their powerful brethren of the Holy Alliance. Such was the result brought about by the Austro-English allies, whose commander-in-chief, Count Nugent, had called upon you "frank and courageous Italians to effect, arms in hand, the restoration of your prosperity and your country. You will do it so much the more effectually, as you will be aided to repulse whatever opposes this result. You must also become an independent nation." Has Garibaldi himself ever asked for more? Are the legitimists of Europe aware that the demands of Italy's popular hero are but identical with the promises of the Austrian generalissimo? Count Nugent's proclamation thus concludes: "Show your zeal for the public welfare, and your happiness will depend on your fidelity to those who love you and defend you. In a short time your lot will cause envy, your new condition will excite admiration.

"By order of Count NUGENT.
"Ravenna, December 10, 1813."

What that new condition did excite will best be gathered from the history of the next thirty years or more which terminated in the great uprising of 1848.

An acquaintance with the state of Italy, from 1815 to 1859, is absolutely necessary to all who would rightly understand how the formation of the present kingdom of Italy has been brought about. Without that knowledge, which alone gives the clue to the final result, nothing but blunders and confusion can ensue, arising either from absolute ignorance, or from mistaking some momentary or trivial circumstances (which may have had a temporary influence on the course of events) for the real causes which have resulted in the establishment of the Italian constitutional monarchy of which Victor Emmanuel is the chosen ruler. Such knowledge will also demonstrate clearly the reason why Venetians and Italians are unanimous in demanding that Venetia should become an integral portion of the kingdom of Italy.

The years which elapsed between the conclusion of the treaties of Vienna in 1815, and the era of Italian reforms and revolutions in 1847 and 1848 are amongst the saddest in the history of Italy. The courts avowed ultra theories of divine right, and carried out the complete repression of all popular demands. The arm of military power, sometimes their own, sometimes that of Austria, crushed every effort to oppose, or even mitigate the severity of the rulers. The press was stifled by a rigid and benighted censorship. Arbitrary power of every kind was employed to restrain the dreaded might of intelligence and thought. A system of espionage was ever at work to detect all who sought to ameliorate the condition of the country or reform its institutions; nor were those who pursued these objects by efforts the most legitimate, treated more leniently than those who sought to effect them by means the most violent. The rulers were leagued together for the oppression of the people, and the people were united by a common hatred against the tyranny of the rulers. First in one part and then in another of the Italian Peninsula revolutionary movements broke out. Sometimes so formidable were they as to necessitate the intervention of Austrian armies to prevent the overthrow of the dynasty attacked. Such was the case in Sardinia and Naples in 1821, in Parma, Modena, and the Papal States in 1831. But, throughout the whole period, smaller movements were continually recurring. Thus the list of sanguinary repressions, and of

their victims, increased together, and with them increased the hatred of the people to Austria and to the princes whom her arms and policy upheld. Vainly did the great powers attempt by the Congress of Laybach in 1820, and by that of Verona in 1822, to maintain tranquillity in Italy by propping up the system established by their diplomacy at the Congress of Vienna. "There was," says an Italian, writing of these sad times, "scarcely a year which did not see many executions in some one or other of our provinces; but amongst the record of our sufferings, the years 1831, 1833, 1837, 1841, and 1844 will remain, more than all others, engraven in characters of blood. In a letter written to a friend in 1832, the *then* young and unknown Cavour says:—

"Pressed upon one side by Austrian bayonets, and on the other by the excommunications of the Pope (Gregory XVI.), our condition is truly deplorable. Every free exercise of thought, every generous sentiment is stifled, as if it were a sacrilege or a crime against the State."

The Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio, who died at the beginning of this year (1866), one of the most able and upright public men of the day, thus defines Austria's Italian policy in his pamphlet entitled "La Politique et le Droit Chrétien." "The system adopted by Austria since 1815 reduces itself to this, to kill Italy, morally and politically, in order to reign in her place." He also relates an anecdote of himself, which illustrates to what an extent Austria carried her dictation. When a young man, prosecuting his studies in Rome, in the year 1820, he was sent for one day by the Governor, Monsignore Bernetti, and questioned upon political matters. The suspicions entertained about him having been proved utterly groundless, the governor said to him:—"Cavaliere, this affair displeases me, it is odious, but what can we do? *Austria forces us*, the Duke of Modena sends us notices, they are stronger than we are." The Marquis d'Azeglio goes on to say how surprised he was at the embarrassed manner and apologetic tone of the Roman Governor, and that such language proved to him how utterly prostrate was Italy beneath the all-pervading influence of Austria.

A young Milanese nobleman, an intimate friend of M. d'Azeglio, known as hostile to the Austrian rule, was, says M. d'Azeglio, sent for one day by the chief of the police, who politely warned him of the danger he incurred by mixing himself up with political matters, and then added:—"Good God, Signor Count! you are young, rich, noble, and amiable, why do you mix yourself up in such troubles? Are you afraid of the ballet girls of the Scala? The Emperor is fond of young people, and wishes them to amuse themselves. What is wanted of you is very easy, lend yourself to it with a will, and listen to my advice." Well may M. d'Azeglio add:—"If Europe knew all that has been done in Italy to beat down the strongest minds, to sear the conscience, to darken the intellect, great would be her surprise at seeing that virtue, sound judgment, and magnanimity still live amongst us."

Such, then, was the new condition of Italy which was to "excite admiration;" such the fruits of that Austrian supremacy in Italy established by the Congress of Vienna. Yet amidst this conflict engendered by misrule, despite proscription, exile, imprisonment, and death, patriotic aspirations and liberal opinions continued to gain ground. At length the rulers, unable to stem the swelling current, yielded in a degree to demands which they could no longer resist. Some of the princes were only actuated by fear mingled with crafty designs, others were influenced by timid hopes united to worthy motives.

Thus it was that in 1847, Pius IX., recently elected to the Papal throne, promulgated a general amnesty. Iniquitous courts of so-called justice were abolished. Unpopular public functionaries were removed. Commissioners for carrying out reforms were named. The municipal system was sensibly improved. And soon the name of Pio Nono became the rallying cry of Italian patriots.

Such a course pursued at Rome produced an immediate effect at Turin, Florence, and Naples. Early in the following year (1848), Constitutional Governments were inaugurated in those four capitals.

What occurred in Venice is characteristic of the Austrian system of government. The Venetians, headed by Daniel Manin (one of the purest and most enlightened public men of our own or any other time), to whom Tommaseo and other of their fellow-citizens united themselves, reminded the Austrian authorities of the various liberties and reforms promised to the inhabitants of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom ever since 1815; liberties which had never been granted—promises which had never been fulfilled. They kept carefully within the prescribed legal means of making known their wishes, both in reference to what had been promised in 1815, and also as regarded further reforms much needed. The result was, that every concession was refused, and both Manin and Tommaseo were thrown into prison. The former relates what took place, in these words:—

"I asked the Austrian Government to execute, and to cause to be executed, the laws which it had itself given, and to keep the promises it had made ever since 1815; to accord the reforms demanded by the wants and wishes of the populations, and by the spirit of the times. The Government replied by throwing M. Tommaseo and and myself into prison, as well as others who had written in the same sense."

As in Venice, so in Milan; the course taken by the Austrian authorities was that of violent repression. Not until the revolution of March, 1848, in Vienna itself had shaken to its foundation the throne of the Hapsbourgs, did its officials yield in any degree to the demands of the Venetians and the Milanese. Thus it was manifest that nothing but the direst necessity could wring from the German rulers of Northern Italy any concession of even the commonest justice. Hence followed the natural consequence, that the inhabitants of Venice and

Milan, once in possession of power, drove out their foreign masters, and proclaimed their own freedom.

Every Italian, of every shade of political opinion, felt assured that the freedom of Italy, whatever form that freedom might assume, could only be secured by the expulsion of the Austrians from the Peninsula. So surely as they remained in any part, so surely was all hope of the permanency of Italian liberty a mere delusion. Subsequent events confirmed only too fully this opinion, and proved that the maintenance of German rule to the south of the Alps is certain destruction to the freedom of Italy. But to effect this vital object of driving out the hated foreigner, the co-operation of all Italians, governors as well as governed, was absolutely necessary. The people of Italy, therefore, headed by the leading men of every state in the Peninsula, insisted upon all their princes forming an active alliance for the expulsion of the Austrians. But the princes, with the exception of Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, were opposed to the war against Austria. Pius IX. declared that, as head of the Church, he could not appeal to the sword; he allowed, however, at first, volunteers from the States, and some regular regiments under General Durando, to join the national forces against Austria. But in little more than a month, on the 29th of April, 1848, he pronounced an allocution, in which he repudiated all partnership with those who were fighting against the Austrians in Northern Italy. From that hour he lost all influence and popularity. This act put an impassable gulf between the Italians and Pius IX. From that time his course was vacillating. After various ministerial changes, the unfortunate Count Rossi became Prime Minister. He was assassinated in November, 1848, as he mounted the stairs leading to the legislative chamber. Shortly after the commission of this foul crime, perpetrated by an unknown hand, the Pope fled from Rome and went to Gaëta, in the Neapolitan dominions. The Roman Republic was immediately established, but was soon overthrown by the arms of then republican France. The French restored the Pope to his temporal power, for the maintenance of which their soldiers have ever since been necessary. But the Papal cabinet ever refused to carry out the reforms and ameliorations constantly insisted on by the French Government; it ever followed the counsels of Austria, and rejected those of France.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany disliking, both from reasons of policy as well as from family connexion, the war against Austria, yet allowed his soldiers and subjects to join in it. The assent he gave was reluctant and the support feeble. Suddenly he quitted his dominions without telling even his own ministers of his intention of doing so, nor did he return to Florence until his states had been occupied by Austrian troops. They maintained order while he abolished the constitution and drove the Tuscan patriots into exile.

Ferdinand II. of Naples acted in the matter in accordance with the two main principles of his statecraft, falsehood and treachery. On the 7th of April, 1848, he issued a proclamation, in which he said—

"The lot of the common country is about to be decided on the plains of Lombardy! Every prince, every Italian people, is bound to hasten thither, to take part in the conflict which ought to secure the independence, the glory, and the freedom of Italy. As for us, we intend to co-operate with all our forces by land and sea, with our arsenals, with all the riches of the nation, etc., etc.

(Signed) "FERDINAND."

The Neapolitan king accordingly ordered his fleet to sail for Venice, to aid the Venetians, who had just flung off the Austrian yoke; but he sent secretly a note to the admiral to be opened near Ancona, *absolutely forbidding* him to undertake anything *hostile to the Austrians*. The same precautions modified the royal commands touching the Neapolitan land forces, ostensibly sent to North Italy to take part in the war of Italian independence. This is but a sample of the habitual perfidy of Ferdinand II. of Naples. Not long after he succeeded in getting rid of constitutional freedom at home. Instantly he recalled his forces from Northern Italy, and employed them in crushing out liberty in his own dominions, and in hunting down its friends, whether republicans or constitutionalists. It was after this fashion that the Neapolitan Bourbon "co-operated with all his forces by land and sea to secure the independence, the glory, and the liberty of Italy."

Charles Albert, the King of Piedmont, was the only one of the Italian sovereigns who was sincere in the war against Austria. But he had been so inconsistent and so vacillating in the early part of his life—was so open to the charge of mere personal ambition—was so suspicious and so suspected, that he never won the full confidence of the Italians. He was, however, throughout the war, brave, loyal, and sincerely devoted to the cause of Italian independence, but he possessed little capacity as a general. At the commencement of the war he was, however, successful; he took Peschiera, one of the fortresses of the Quadrilateral; beat Marshal Radetzky at Goito, on the 30th May, 1848, and drove him across the Adige. But the Austrian marshal received reinforcements, and succeeded soon after in gaining the upper hand. He drove Charles Albert out of Lombardy, retook Milan, and compelled him on the 9th of August, 1848, to sign the armistice of Salasco, by which the King of Piedmont consented to give up all he had gained beyond his own frontiers, and to recall his fleet from the Adriatic, where it was aiding the Venetians, under Daniel Manin, against the Austrians. In the following year (1849), Charles Albert again declared war against Austria. Ill-prepared for the conflict, his army commanded by the Polish general, Chrzanowski, was defeated by Radetzky, at Novara, on the 23rd March, 1849. The king abdicated immediately, quitted Italy, and did in exile not long after. He was succeeded on the throne of Piedmont by his son, Victor Emmanuel, who thus began his reign on the battle-field which had just witnessed his country's defeat and his father's abdication.

While the cause of national liberty was falling in all parts of Italy, Venice, under the guidance of her noble chief, Daniel Manin, still carried on the contest against Austria. Those who desire to become fully acquainted with the whole truth concerning Venice,* its government and condition, from March, 1848, to August, 1849, when engaged in defending its ancient rights and liberties of which it had once again possessed itself; those, too, who desire to form a just appreciation of the statesmanlike ability and exalted patriotism of her great citizen, Daniel Manin, should read his memoirs written by M. Henri Martin, the able historian of France; they should above all study "the authentic papers left by Daniel Manin," which have been arranged and translated by Mdme. Planat de la Faye, with all the accuracy and care worthy of so interesting and noble a subject. There will be seen with what self-sacrificing devotion the Venetians, high and low, rich and poor, vied with each other in carrying on the defence of their common country; how the feuds of past ages were buried never to rise again; how amenable they were to the authority of their chosen rulers—they whose hearts were fired, then as now, with inextinguishable hostility to the stranger's hated rule; how joyfully and eagerly they encountered privations, sufferings, and death, in the sacred cause of their country's freedom; how they added to patience endurance, and to endurance courage, in their reiterated efforts to undo the wrong done to them at Campo-Formio, and endorsed at Vienna. Isolated, unaided, beset without by a powerful foe, wasted within by famine and disease, they maintained for long months the unequal struggle; not until the last extremity did they yield, then only did they cease the desperate strife; and so fell Venice after an heroic defence worthy of her ancient renown.

On the 27th August, 1849, whilst the Austrians defiled through the deserted streets and past the closed houses of the conquered city, Daniel Manin went forth into exile, and in exile died. But his name is engraven in imperishable characters upon every Venetian heart, it is had in everlasting remembrance throughout Italy's dominion, from the eternal snows of the Alps to the sunny shores of Sicily.

To this illustrious citizen of Venice, as to the wronged and noble country of his birth, may well be applied the lines of Manzoni:

"Dove già libertade è fiorita,
Dove ancor nel segreto matura,
Dove ha lacrime un' alta sventura,
Non c'è cor che non batta per te."—MANZONI.

"Wherever freedom has already blossomed,
Wherever in secret it still matures,
Wherever a sublime misfortune calls forth tears,
There, there is no heart that does not beat for thee."

With Venice fell the last hope of Italian liberty. Piedmont had been crushed by Novara's terrible defeat. Austria and Austrian influence were now all-powerful. Lombardy and Venetia, with the quadruple fortress of the Quadrilateral, were again in her absolute possession. Her troops occupied Tuscany and garrisoned the northern portion of the Papal States. Her counsels were supreme in the Vatican, and French troops in Rome but maintained that supremacy. The Dukes of Modena and Parma were the devoted satellites of the house of Hapsbourg. Ferdinand of Naples eagerly obeyed all its behests, save when he added some wanton cruelty of his own special grace. Thus the liberties of Italy went down before the treachery and despotism of its princes, united to the brute force of its implacable enemy enthroned at Vienna, who stifled the last hopes of national independence in the blood and carnage of such awful deeds of violence and cruelty as those perpetrated by the brutal Haynau when the city of Brescia fell into his clutches. And so to use, with reference to Italian freedom, the touching language applied to Venice by M. Henri Martin, in his "Life of Daniel Manin," "again the tomb closed over the liberties of Italy, and the heavy hand of Austria sealed the stone."

Had some prophet gifted with divine foreknowledge, filled with that sacred fire which is kindled by an unfaltering belief in the ultimate triumph of justice and of right, predicted in the dark hour of the German Hapsbourg's triumph, that within 16 years an Italian kingdom, comprising 22,000,000 of inhabitants, should be formed and acknowledged by all the powers of Europe, Austria alone excepted, with what derisive incredulity would his words have been received by the myrmidons of despotism? How would they not have laughed to scorn the prediction that a king of Italy, the chief of a constitutional government, freely chosen by the nation, should then have at his command an army numbering 400,000 soldiers and a fleet of 70 ships of war, great and small, comprising 24 iron-clads? Yet all this and more, which only a few years back seemed to short-sighted humanity but an idle dream, is to-day a mighty reality, gladdening the hearts of all who believe in the strength of justice and of liberty, of all who glory in the triumph of a nation's freedom and a people's rights.

But why did the Italians select Victor Emmanuel as their king? Why did they annex themselves to Piedmont and proclaim her ruler their sovereign, rather than select some other Italian prince and unite themselves to his dominions and government? To those who reply that the victories of the allied French and Piedmontese armies in the North, and the marvellous triumphs of Garibaldi in the South, were the cause, it is sufficient to reply, that those victories only gave to Italians the opportunity of proclaiming their will, and neither did nor could force them to choose this government rather than that, or this king rather than another. Nay more, it is well known that though France aided the Italians in 1859 to strike a first blow at Austria, which they could

* The republic of Venice was proclaimed 22nd March, 1848; the next day were published the names of those who formed the government, of which Daniel Manin was chosen President.

not have done successfully without such assistance, yet French diplomacy was opposed to the union of Central and Southern Italy beneath the constitutional sceptre of the King of Piedmont. Why, then, did the people of Italy make that choice? There is but one true answer to the question, all others are mere vain or dishonest subterfuges to get rid of the truth. The real reason was the conduct and policy of the king and government of Piedmont from March, 1849, when Victor Emmanuel ascended the throne, to 1859, when the French-Piedmontese alliance and war gave to the Italian people the opportunity of making known their real wishes. A short *résumé* of facts will place this beyond all doubt or controversy, and will serve to recall the enlightened and patriotic statesmanship of the rulers of Piedmont, which the stirring events of the last few years have thrown into oblivion. Nor let it be forgotten that the admirable course pursued by the Piedmontese sovereign and statesmen, during the ten years alluded to, ever received the hearty support of their brave and loyal people.

Rarely has any king mounted his throne in a darker hour than that in which Victor Emmanuel ascended the throne of Piedmont. Her military power had been broken by the defeat of Novara. Her finances were disordered by an unsuccessful war. A portion of her territory and the half of her chief fortress of Alessandria were occupied by the Austrians. A heavy war indemnity was the price to be paid for their withdrawal. The people, irritated by disasters, were in a mood to commit any rash folly at the instigation of violent counsellors. All was confusion, doubt, and anger. An implacable enemy was at the very gates of the capital, and within were a distracted parliament, an exhausted treasury, and an angry people.

The king confronted these dangers and finally overcame them, neither by craft nor by violence, but by good faith, honesty, and firmness. In the proclamation announcing his advent to the throne, he invited his people to aid him in consolidating the free institutions of the country. He returned quickly to his capital from his camp, and there swore fidelity to the constitutional liberties granted by his father, Charles Albert, in March, 1848. He kept his oath, and never swerved from its letter or its spirit. His very people and parliament in their irritable mood, in their little experience of free government, furnished him with occasion, or at least with a plausible excuse, for overthrowing the constitution. The honest sovereign would not avail himself of it. He hastened to summon to his councils one whose name was but another word for rectitude and spotless patriotism, Massimo d'Azeglio.

Meanwhile Austria plied all her arts. She spoke smoothly. Her terms of peace should be softened, her pecuniary demands lessened; but could not his Piedmontese Majesty get rid —quietly, gradually, if he would, but at any rate get rid of the Constitution? He rejected the insidious counsels, spurned the proffered bribe, signed the disastrous treaty, paid the heavy indemnity, preserved his people's rights, and kept his royal word. Austria never forgave it; his country never forgot it. From that hour it was that Victor Emmanuel gained the well-earned title of "the honest king," "il re galantuomo," and from that hour Italy knew where she could find a leader whom she could trust. Great was the debt of gratitude she then incurred, and at no distant day right well was that debt discharged. In the time of her deepest distress Italy found the King of Piedmont, alone among Italian princes, true to his people and to his word—alone he gave a refuge to her exiled sons, alone resisted the German oppressor, alone preserved the ark of her liberties:

> "In te sol uno un raggio
> Di nostra speme ancor vivea."—MANZONI.

"In thee alone a solitary ray of our hope yet lived."

Therefore was it, that in the day of her national triumph Italy would have none other for her king.

Thus amid gloom and danger was laid the foundation of Italy's future freedom by the honest policy of an honest prince. The accomplishment of that freedom was worked out by a master mind which had long employed all its vast powers in the study of the political questions both of our own and of other days.

In the year 1832 a young Piedmontese of enlightened opinions was for a short time put under arrest by his suspicious government on account of his liberal views. Writing about the matter to a lady friend, he says: "I thank you for the interest you take in my disgrace, but believe me I shall make my way all the same. I am very ambitious, and when I am minister I hope I shall justify it; for in my dreams I already see myself minister of the kingdom of Italy." Viewed in relation to the *then* state of Italy, these words written in 1832 must have seemed indeed but idle dreams—read *now* by the light of accomplished facts, they seem rather the prophetic utterance of genius, for he who wrote them was none other than Camillo Cavour.

When 1848 arrived it found him amongst the ardent friends of a wise liberty. He had studied closely, thought deeply, and travelled much. He loathed the foreign supremacy which for more than thirty years had sought to stifle all liberty and thought in Italy, and had deprived her of all power. But his well-balanced intellect perceived that violent deeds and utopian schemes could give her no relief. The model he studied was England. With eager interest he followed her political course, which, avoiding alike useless change and stereotyped immobility, reformed what needed reformation, and altered her laws to meet the requirements of the age.

Such was the statesman who, in October, 1850, first became a cabinet minister in the Piedmontese Government, of which Massimo d'Azeglio was the president. The story runs, that when the prime minister mentioned Cavour's name to the king, he said, smiling:—"If Cavour once enter the cabinet he will soon

be master." It was true, and D'Azeglio knew it, but he was one of that noble type of men to whom the public welfare is the one supreme consideration, compared with which all mere personal questions are as nothing. If another proved more capable than he in directing the national policy it but afforded him joy, for he loved his country incomparably better than he loved himself.

It would indeed be most unjust to the statesmen, neither few in number nor ordinary in intellect, who sat in Piedmont's Parliament, to represent Count Cavour as alone worthy of mention during the years which elapsed between 1850 and 1859. Indeed he would himself have been the first to protest against such a view. Yet, none who have studied the home and foreign policy of the Court of Turin during this important period, can fail to see that Cavour's was the master mind that ruled, that shaped the policy so wisely pursued, and guided his country through innumerable difficulties to the high destinies of a glorious future.

The Piedmontese Government determined, by a system of enlightened reforms, ecclesiastical, political, and financial, to get rid of abuses, to consolidate the free institutions of the state, and to improve the condition of the people. The Siccardine Laws, so called from one of the ministers, Count Siccardi, who proposed them, abolished the old right of asylum, and the special ecclesiastical tribunals before which alone priests could be tried. Thereby was established the equality of all, whether layman or ecclesiastic, before the law. Another measure, brought forward by Cavour himself, abolished certain religious communities, chapters of collegiate establishments and other benefices, whose members were not positively ministering to the spiritual wants of the people, by preaching, by educating youth, or by attendance on the sick and poor. The revenues possessed by these bodies were handed over to an ecclesiastical commission, which allotted a small portion of them to the life-maintenance of the members of the suppressed establishments. The rest was divided amongst the parish priests, formerly paid out of the exchequer, the clergy of the Island of Sardinia, where tithes had been abolished, and those ministers who, though engaged in laborious parish duties, were ill paid. Considerable sums were also obtained from the property belonging to abbeys, benefices, and bishoprics, which had until then been exempt from taxation. These funds were also handed over to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and distributed in a manner similar to that just stated. The law, brought forward by the government, making marriage a civil contract, as in France and Belgium, was approved by the Lower House, but was thrown out by the Senate. It has very recently passed the two Houses of the Italian Parliament at Florence, and forms one of the many wise measures voted by the Legislature of the Italian kingdom to the great benefit of the country.

Popular education was carefully improved, and every effort made to put it into effective operation throughout the whole land. Statistics which appeared in 1863 showed that Piedmont was in advance of all other parts of Italy in this most important branch of the public welfare, then came Lombardy, Tuscany being much behind the two provinces just named, while the rest of Central Italy (Parma, Modena, the Roman Legations, Umbria, and the Marches) was in a far worse condition; that of Southern Italy and Sicily, after a century of Bourbonic rule, reaching such a climax of ignorance and neglect that something like nine-tenths of the population could neither read nor write. A few facts, towards the close of this article, will show what strenuous exertions are being made, under the present constitutional government of Italy, to remedy so sad a state of things.

The question of the liberty of the press presented peculiar difficulties in a country like Piedmont, so new to free institutions, and having powerful and despotic neighbours, who were specially jealous of such liberties. The policy adopted was that of allowing ample freedom in the discussion of all home affairs, but as regarded foreign affairs, especially with reference to foreign rulers and governments, some check was placed on the freedom of the press.

While developing and facilitating the construction of railroads, ordinary roads, canals, and other public works, Count Cavour particularly occupied himself with a series of able financial measures. A decided advocate of free-trade, it was upon that great principle that he based his financial reforms, which did so much to augment the resources of the country and to develop its wealth. The manner in which he framed and carried out those measures signally displayed the power with which he grasped a great principle, and the skill with which he applied it. He further endeavoured by liberal commercial treaties to diminish the impediments to commerce, and to facilitate the progress of free-trade.

While carrying out this liberal and progressive system of policy, the government of Piedmont, with equal generosity and wisdom, offered an asylum to all whose fidelity to the rights and liberties of Italy had caused their banishment from all other parts of their unhappy country. Thus Piedmont became to every Italian patriot the refuge of the present and the hope of the future. Such a system of policy as that briefly described won for Piedmont the ever-increasing admiration and sympathy of every free and intelligent man in Europe. Her internal order, her wise reforms, her enlightened progress, contrasted splendidly with the mingled tyranny and anarchy which afflicted all other parts of Italy. Every day proved more clearly the fact that *there*, where foreign bayonets were *not*, and there alone throughout the whole Peninsula, was to be seen an Italian people enjoying all the blessings of order and of freedom.

Yet not without difficulty was this admirable policy pursued. The extreme radicals said the government did not go far enough—accused it of weakness, of duplicity. The extreme reactionists cried out that the Ministers were mere revolutionists in disguise, and declared religion and the State alike in danger. Austria, and the whole tribe of Italian courts who fol-

lowed in her wake, did their utmost to impede such a policy. Well they might; for it was undermining their power far more effectually than the plots of conspirators or the theories of republicans. But Piedmont's great minister went steadily on, overcoming (sometimes by prudent tact, and sometimes by skilful boldness) all opposition at home while baffling at every turn with incomparable skill the hostile diplomacy of Austria.

Thus matters were progressing, when, in 1854, England and France declared war against Russia. The clear intellect of Cavour at once saw what course Piedmont ought to pursue, and how much Italy's cause would gain by an active alliance with the Western powers. The king fully concurred in Cavour's policy. Eighteen thousand men were accordingly sent to the Crimea, where the soldiers of this free Italian state proved by their discipline, no less than by their valour, that they were worthy to fight side by side with the armies of France and England.

Many members of both of the extreme parties opposed this policy of Cavour's. It was, however, supported by a decided majority both of the nation and of the parliament, as it was also by the noble exile of Venice, Daniel Manin, who declared "that in serving under the flag of Italian redemption, our soldiers who fight in the Crimea are not the soldiers of the province of Piedmont but of Italy."

The early termination of the war prevented the Italians gaining as much from it as they had hoped. Nevertheless, their cause had made decided progress through Piedmont's active alliance with the Western powers. Not only did the Piedmontese ministers sit at the Congress of Paris on equal terms with those of the five great European monarchies—not only did they there plead the cause of Italy and expose its intolerable condition, but they obtained from the representatives of England and France the official acknowledgment that it required speedy amelioration. The Russian minister also adhered to that opinion. It was clear that after such authoritative declarations the actual state of Italy could not long endure unchanged. It was indeed intolerable. The leaden despotism which oppressed the whole land, Piedmont alone excepted, was annihilating both order and liberty. The cruelties of tyranny goaded the people on to revolutionary violence, and drove many to take part in conspiracies. Some, indeed, maddened at the sight of their country's sufferings, sought revenge by assassination, that execrable crime which is the scourge alike of the victim it attacks and of the cause which it espouses.

The nature and the fruits of forty years of Austrian supremacy in Italy were now laid bare to the world. Such a condition, brought into direct contact as it was with the freedom and good government of Piedmont, threatened not only the peace of Italy but of Europe. If left unchanged it could not fail to bring about a violent conflict. Yet the powers assembled at the Congress of Paris were unable to find any practical remedy; they confined themselves to protests and protocols, which cost nothing and which effected nothing. The opportunity was lost, and with it, as soon was seen, the hope of an enduring peace.

It was in this year, 1856, that Daniel Manin, now fast sinking into the grave, wrote:—"All the sovereigns of Italy, except the King of Piedmont, are hostile to the Italian cause; that simplifies the question and distinguishes it from the state of affairs in 1848, when it was necessary to respect the interests of princes *soi-disant* favourable to the cause of independence."

The Congress of Paris left face to face the freedom of Piedmont and the despotism of Austria. Around the one was gathered all the love of the hot Italian race, and around the other all its bitterest hate. Old distinctions faded away as men of every party rallied closer around Piedmont's king. To him Manin bade his countrymen to look. Garibaldi desired no better lot than to fight under his banner in a national war. Politicians of the right, the centre, and the left supported the constitutional monarch. On him was bent the wistful gaze of all Italians —of those who had shared with his father the victory of Goito and the defeat of Novara; of Tuscans who had followed Montanelli to the field of Curtatone; of Venetians who had toiled with Manin in the heroic defence of Venice; of Romans who had fought under Garibaldi in the memorable siege of Rome; of Neapolitans who had languished for years in the dungeons of the lying Bourbon; of Sicilians burning with hatred and crying for vengeance against the same evil rule. Such a condition of Italy only served to increase the ill-feeling between Turin and Vienna; it but added fuel to the fire which was soon to burst out into another European war; it but hastened on the irrepressible conflict between freedom and despotism.

At length, in March, 1857, diplomatic relations were broken off between Piedmont and Austria. The Piedmontese government urged on the fortifications of Alessandria. The people gave it their eager support. The storm was evidently gathering, when suddenly the appalling attempt of Orsini on the life of the French emperor, in January, 1858, fixed upon Paris the attention of Europe. The French government appealed to its foreign neighbours to prevent such criminal attempts in future. That of Piedmont expressed its full intention to do so, but pointed out that such criminal deeds sprung from the exasperation produced by the intolerable state of Italy. Such, despite the repressive acts of his government, appears to have been the view of the Emperor Napoleon. At least, in his interview with Count Cavour, at Plombières, in the autumn of that year, 1858, he appears to have expressed a determination not to abandon Piedmont if she were attacked by Austria.

At length the memorable year 1859 arrived, and with it Napoleon's expression of regret to the Austrian minister at Paris that the relations of the two courts were not as good as they had been. Victor Emmanuel, in his speech at the opening of his Parliament a few days later, declared "that he was not insensible to the cry of agony which arose to him from so many parts of Italy."

Then followed the marriage of his eldest daughter to Prince Napoleon. Austria augmented her forces in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. Piedmont replied by additional military preparations. War was imminent. Diplomacy made impotent efforts to avert it; but it was now too late. On the 19th April, 1859, the Viennese government addressed its ultimatum to that of Turin. It was rejected without hesitation. The Austrian troops at once crossed the Ticino and invaded Piedmont. The despotic statesmen of Vienna hoped by one fierce blow to crush the last refuge of Italian liberty; but France came to the rescue, and by her powerful aid the invader was driven back. Nor can any later short-comings and faults of French diplomacy take from the great and generous people of France the glory of having defended free Piedmont against despotic Austria, and so struck a mighty blow for the cause of Italy's freedom. With what marvellous perseverance, courage, and skill the Italian people, guided by the genius of the great Cavour and the patriotic ardour of Garibaldi, followed up that blow is known to all. It does not fall within the scope of this article to relate that part of Italy's modern story; suffice it to say that within eighteen months Victor Emmanuel was proclaimed King of Italy, and immediately conferred upon her citizens the rich blessing of constitutional liberty and a really national life. To those, then, who ask the reason why the Italians—when the occasion presented itself—selected the King of Piedmont as their sovereign, and annexed themselves to his dominions, the simple reply (obvious enough to all but those who *will* not see) is, that the cause of such a choice sprung from the admirable and patriotic policy pursued by Victor Emmanuel and his government from 1849 to 1859. That policy, despite innumerable obstacles, was initiated and carried out with a firmness, consistency, and wisdom which will reflect eternal honour upon Piedmont's courageous and honest king, upon her gifted statesmen, upon her free parliament, upon her brave and loyal people.

Turning now from other portions of Italian soil, let the reader fix his attention upon Venetia, whose lot was left unchanged by the events of 1859, and which to-day demands justice in tones that cannot be silenced, re-echoed as they are by the millions of armed and united Italy. Nor will the old pleas of her German taskmaster in favour of his leaden rule avail him any more, for to-day they are met by this crushing reply—Schleswig-Holstein! Since the formation of the Italian kingdom Europe has had presented to it a remarkable contrast in the condition of two well-known cities situated in the north of Italy. On the one hand, Venice has continued, after as before 1859, beneath the rule of Austria, that great German power to whom she was handed over, despite all her remonstrances, by the acts of Campo-Formio and of Vienna; on the other hand, Milan has been released from that same German rule, and become an integral portion of the Italian constitutional monarchy. It will be interesting to examine by the aid of facts what has been the respective condition of these two cities during the few years which have elapsed since 1859. We English are a positive race, fond of facts and figures, not a little given to cry out against our neighbours if any of *their* proceedings derange our monetary affairs or inconvenience the transactions of that mighty potentate the Stock Exchange. Let the reader, then, cast his eye over the following figures, and so learn how the trade of Venice flourishes beneath German rule; after which other considerations shall follow touching sound policy, justice, liberty, and country, whose claims are incomparably superior to those of mere material interest.

The report of the Venetian Chamber of Commerce dated 31st January, 1865, gives the following statistics of the value of the exports and imports of the Port of Venice in Austrian florins:—

	Imports.	*Exports.*
1860.—	48,864,500 florins.	21,233,220 florins.
1861.—	39,145,189 "	16,982,508 "
1862.—	33,359,948 "	12,495,225 "
1863.—	28,346,973 "	13,245,641 "
1864.—	26,108,012 "	12,822,272 "

In 1865, 22,596,102 and 12,741,044 represented the value of the imports and exports, according to a correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge* of the 3rd May, 1866. He further adds:—

"Venice has a population of about 118,000, and a garrison of 8000 or 9000. It is a free port, and the capital of a province of 2,500,000 inhabitants. . . . . Do you wish some statistics which will show you better than all arguments the decay of this city which ought to be a centre of pleasure and business, and which might have increased visibly since Italy is free, just as Naples and Milan have increased in population and riches? I will take an article of daily consumption (butcher's meat), and I will compare the statistics of 1860 and 1865.

	1860.	1865.
Imports.	3,489,356 florins.	1,897,348 florins.
Exports.	394,410 "	266,727 "
Consumpt'n.	3,094,946 "	1,630,621 "

"Is it necessary to enumerate the miseries hidden beneath these figures?"

Another report of the Venetian Chamber of Commerce, published in January, 1865, gives the following statistics of vessels, and their tonnage, entering and leaving the Port of Venice between the years 1859 and 1865:—

Vessels entered.

	1859.	1860.	1861.	1862.	1863.	1864.
Vessels.	4,581	4,250	3,788	3,382	3,292	3,123
Tonnage.	537,285	436,416	364,792	332,413	312,275	301,337

Vessels leaving.

Vessels.	4,466	4,251	3,756	3,295	3,241	3,093
Tonnage.	519,241	450,980	375,015	336,483	310,968	303,539

Thus, in five years there has been a diminution of 1458 vessels, and 235,948 tons of entry, and of 1373 vessels, and 215,702 tons of exit. The Venetian coasting and river trade, which in 1858 was valued at 36,000,000 of florins, had fallen in 1865 to 15,600,000, or less than one-half.

While Venice has suffered such terrible losses, Genoa has more than doubled its commerce, while that of Naples has so increased that the Government has given up to trading purposes the military port; nor does that united to the old commercial port suffice for the growing trade of this great city.

Meanwhile, the mournful and desolate aspect of Venice, the absence of all life and gaiety, its palaces falling into ruin, that of the Foscari turned into barracks for Austrian soldiers, are but so many more indications of its wretched condition. The Carnival, which used to be particularly gay in Venice, is to-day a thing of the past. Operas, balls, and fêtes are to be seen no more in what was once the most animated of European cities. The only demonstrations that take place in Venetia are those made against the domination of the German and those in favour of the Italian national government. In vain has Austria offered to the Venetians a share in the new constitutional system of the empire. Every effort of the Viennese statesmen has utterly failed in bringing about any reconciliation. As well might treaties in which Germans had no voice hand over Innspruck to Italy, and then diplomatists expect to see the inhabitants of that city accept the offer to send representatives to the Parliament of Florence. Yet the Venetians eagerly took part in public affairs in 1848 and 1849, under the rule of Daniel Manin, and thought no sacrifice too great when demanded of them by a government of their own choice and formed of their own countrymen. But whatever the offers of the Viennese statesmen, one thing is certain, namely, that the Austrian authorities in Venetia have had recourse to the most arbitrary and lawless proceedings in order to break down the public spirit of the country. Thus, in the summer of 1862, the police arrested at Verona a traveller going to Turin, and seized upon him a paper attributed to the famous secret Venetian committee. The names of 40 persons were on the list, 35 being those of respectable citizens, nobles, men of business, and lawyers, the other five were simple miscreants. Englishmen will hardly believe the truth of this affair, but it is simply this, that the traveller seized was no other than one of the Austrian police, disguised for the purpose, and the paper a forgery. The accused were tried, not before a civil, but a military tribunal. The spirit in which the proceedings were carried on may be judged by the shameful means used to begin them. After several months of trial and captivity, the accusation broke down in the case of all but five, two of whom were finally acquitted on a second trial before the superior military tribunal, and three condemned to 10, 12, and 16 years in irons; they left for the fortress of Lubiana in February, 1864. Such was this famous case, known as the "procès Saint-Georges," of which fuller details are given in a publication entitled "La Vénétie en 1864," published in Paris, and placed among the works at the head of this article. But it was upon the spot, in Venetia itself, that the author of the publication referred to informed himself of this and other facts which prove how deplorable is the state of this Italian province, and how oppressive is the rule of its foreign taskmasters. The gentler sex also come in for a share of the delights of Austrian rule. The Countess Labia, having gone to mass in St. Mark's dressed in mourning on the 6th of June, the anniversary of Cavour's death, was arrested. She refused to pay the fine imposed for this high crime and misdemeanour, and was therefore punished with imprisonment. Madame Calvi and the Countess of Montalban have undergone the same punishment after a trial which seems to have formed a pendent to the one described above as originating in the seizure of one of the Austrian police disguised as a traveller. Venetia presents beneath the rule of the Kaiser nothing but the aspect of a country occupied by a foreign enemy. Fortresses and soldiers in abundance, trade and industry perishing, popular instruction neglected, want and crime on the increase. There nothing else is to be seen but undying hatred upon one side, and military despotism upon the other.

Such in Venetia is the rule of this liberator of Schleswig-Holstein, if liberation it be. When the German inhabitants of the Duchies of the Elbe protested against foreign rule, pointed out whatever of hardships they suffered or were supposed to suffer beneath it, demanded to be governed by a prince of their own choice, and rent the air with cries of liberty and fatherland, Anstria sent 40,000 men to aid in their deliverance. In her new-born fervour for national rights and liberties, she trampled down treaties, ancient and modern, and recked nothing of such titles as centuries of possession are supposed to give. What to her were those bits of parchment, old and new, drawn up and signed by diplomatists, her own and others?—what to her the reiterated promises made to maintain the integrity of the Danish monarchy?—what to her old world notions about possession, when brother Germans shouted for liberty and demanded union with the great fatherland?

But when Venetians, turning to Italy, make the self-same demands, their talk about liberty, fatherland, and national rights are only treason and rebellion, to be put down and kept down by 80,000 or 100,000 bayonets; nay more, if need be, for no effort is too costly to crush out such revolutionary ideas. If allowed to prevail, what will become of the sacred rights of treaties and those of time-honoured possession? ask the statesmen of Vienna. Austria would fain persuade the world that liberty and national rights are glorious principles to be maintained and fought for on the banks of the Eider, but that they are nothing else than treason and revolution on those of the Mincio or among the lagoons of Venice, fit only to be exterminated by rifled cannon and fixed bayonets. Thus by brute force she maintains such rights as were given to her at Campo-Formio by the robbery of France's revolu-

tionary general, endorsed by the treaties of Vienna, preceded as those treaties were by stirring proclamations to Italians to rise and shake off the iron yoke of Bonaparte, "that they might all become an independent nation!" Such, then, is the policy, and such are the title-deeds by which the Imperial, Royal, and Apostolic Majesty of the House of Hapsbourg upholds in Venetia its right *divine*.

But Austria and her friends are fond of saying that the Italians can never be united amongst themselves, and are quite incapable of governing their own country. The argument comes well, forsooth, from such a quarter, especially when adduced as a reason for setting up Germans to be rulers of Italy. Do Germans, then, manifest such perfect harmony in ruling their own country that they ought to be set over their neighbours to instruct them in the principles of internal unity and concord? Is it desirable for Italy or for Europe that the same brotherly love and touching friendship should exist between Milan and Naples as that so conspicuously displayed between Berlin and Vienna? Surely when Germans, in whose land is nowhere to be found a single foreign bayonet or ruler, have quite agreed how their own house is to be set in order, it will be time enough for them to undertake that work for their neighbours. If, as in the case of Schleswig-Holstein, German powers have rigorously enforced the principle that Germans are to be under none but German rule, why are not Italians to insist that they ought to be delivered from all rule not Italian?

As to the results of German domination in Italy, the bitter fruit it bears may be seen in Venetia, with all its crying injustice to the oppressed, peril to the oppressor, and danger to the peace of Europe. Meanwhile what has been going on in Milan, released from Austrian rule and placed beneath that of an Italian government? It was in December, 1848, that Lord Palmerston made the following reply to the argument used at Vienna, that the Lombards were quite as discontented under the French as they were now (1848) under Austria. "This argument," writes his lordship, "which is perfectly true, is strongly in favour of the arrangement proposed by the government of her Majesty, by which Lombardy would be incorporated with Piedmont, and so make part of an independent Italian state, instead of being a province subject to a foreign power."

This change was actually effected in 1859. Since then Venice has still continued "subject to a foreign power," with what result has been shown; Milan, on the other hand, has been "incorporated with Piedmont, and made part of an independent Italian state." What has been the result of this new condition of things? Under the rule of Austria, Milan might fairly be described as a hotbed of discontent and revolution; among all classes of the population was to be found a deep-rooted hatred against the government, so much so that Austrian rulers did not hesitate to call the Milanese "les frondeurs de Milan." To-day it may be said without any exaggeration that Milan is as contented, as orderly, as free, and as generally well managed as any town in England. The population of no English city is more loyal to our own beloved and honoured Queen, or more attached to the free principles of our constitutional government, than are the Milanese to King Victor Emmanuel, and to the free institutions which are theirs beneath his patriotic rule.

The elections, of which the writer has been more than once an eye-witness during several months of residence in Milan and repeated visits to Italy, are models of order, freedom and purity. Never has the capital of Lombardy, nor, indeed, any other place, been the scene of that vile corruption and brutal violence which often disgrace electoral proceedings in England.

Popular instruction is being pushed forward, under the direction of the municipality of Milan, with the utmost diligence and care. Many members of the wealthier classes, both ladies and gentlemen, aid in this great work by giving to it their time and personal exertions. The number of pupils, boys and girls, in the elementary schools, numbered 6100 in the year 1859 to 1860; since then the numbers have been in—

1861	6,700
1862	7,835
1863	8,682
1864	9,004

Evening schools for boys, lads and men, who wish to learn to read, write, &c., but whose work prevents their attending the day schools, were opened in 1861. The number of scholars in these schools had risen, in 1864, to 1684.

Schools on the afternoon of Sundays and fête days were opened in 1862 for girls and women, whose occupations prevented them from getting other opportunities of regular instruction. In 1864 the pupils of these schools amounted to 1156.

Thus, in the year 1864, the number of those receiving good popular instruction were—

In boys' and girls' day schools	9,004
Evening schools (men and boys)	1,684
Sunday and fête day schools (girls and women)	1,156
Total	11,844

The following year, 1865, this number had increased to 13,057.

There are, besides, in Milan, infant schools containing 2684 little children.

Two excellent normal schools are also in operation. While popular instruction is thus advancing, and is eagerly welcomed by the people, education of a superior kind is also provided. Large and commodious schools and school buildings have been, and are being, erected, in place of the comparatively few and inconvenient schools existing previously to 1859. In that year the municipality was expending 100,000 francs for educational purposes; it has since gone on continually increasing that sum, until it rose, in 1864, to five times that amount. A large school building, constructed on the best and newest plans, ad-

mirable in all its arrangements, is almost, if not quite, finished; it stands in one of the most populous parts of the city, and has cost 1,000,000 of francs.

Not content with collecting the above information, the writer has visited very many of the schools in Milan, both day and evening, both those for boys and those for girls. After repeated and careful examination of the pupils in reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, and the rudiments of geography and history (chiefly Italian), he can bear witness to the soundness of the instruction given, the competence of the teachers, the general diligence and good attendance of the pupils. The schools are well managed and orderly, and the Milanese eagerly take advantage of the increased and improved means of instruction offered them by their excellent municipality. It would be an act of simple injustice not to bear witness to the indefatigable diligence and administrative ability with which the Mayor and Corporation of Milan manage the affairs of their city, which is really a pattern of good municipal government.

Public works, adding much to the beauty, convenience, and healthiness of the Lombard capital, have been begun within the last three or four years, and are being pushed on with great rapidity and success. Foremost amongst these are the works of the Milan Improvement Company, Limited, which is building the handsome gallery (Vittorio Emanuele) uniting the Piazza della Scala to the Piazza del Duomo. The reconstruction of this latter Piazza, according to the fine designs of Signor Mengoni, is also a part of the company's undertaking. These plans, embracing as they do the formation of large and well-built streets in place of the old narrow and tortuous ones ill adapted to the increasing commerce and traffic of the town, promise to make of Milan one of the finest cities of Europe. Such are the works now in full operation in the centre of the town. In that large quarter between Porto Nuova and Porta Garibaldi have been constructed the commodious streets of Solferino, Ancona, Castelfidardo, and Marsala. Milan can boast, since 1863, of possessing one of the finest railway stations on the Continent. A large new street, called Prince Humbert, leads from this terminus into the city, piercing the old ramparts near the handsome public gardens, which have been finished and greatly improved since 1859, as has also been the Museum of Natural History which faces them. In this neighbourhood have lately been laid out the new streets Montebello, Carlo Porta, and Parini.

Within the last five years the numbers of hotels, inns, and restaurants have been doubled. Several companies for carrying on various public undertakings have been formed and are prospering. One of them deserves particular notice. Its object is the construction of dwellings suited to the working classes. It was established in 1861, with a capital of 350,000 francs, which has much augmented since. The dwellings already constructed have cost 500,000 francs. They are situated in the streets of San Fermo and Montebello, and in the square of the latter name. The company is prohibited by its own regulations from realizing a profit of more than 4 per cent.; whatever it makes above that profit goes to the building of more dwellings and to the maintenance of those already constructed. Since its formation the company has realized far more than 4 per cent., and has succeeded in every way both to its own benefit and yet more signally to that of the working classes of Milan. Benefit clubs and societies have also been formed, and so numerous are they that the Chamber of Commerce, in its report in 1863, declares that nearly all individuals belonging to those classes who live by their own labour, whether manual or engaged in small trade and shopkeeping, have become members of one or other of these societies.

In a word, Milan exhibits all the signs of an active and thriving city, inhabited by a contented and industrious population. The most complete order prevails, and with it the utmost liberty, municipal, individual, and political. The people and press discuss and direct in perfect freedom all their affairs. Two or three clubs, formed upon the model of English ones, are in existence, and there as in England all the topics of the day are discussed fully and freely. But whatever differences of opinion, as with us English, may exist upon the various local or general questions of public interest, the Milanese are one and indivisible in their loyalty and devotion to Italy's chosen king and free government. They are also one in the firm resolve to spare no effort to work out the full completion of Italian liberty and independence. No population in all the Peninsula more ardently desires to release from foreign thraldom that sister city—Venice, to which Milan has been united in past years by the yoke of a common bondage, and to whom she yearns to be reunited by the possession of a common freedom.

Such, then, is the contrast offered by Milan under the rule of its own national government and that of Venice under Austria. Let those consider well these facts who try to persuade the world that Italians are quite incapable of governing their own country well; that to do so they must be instructed and directed by German rulers, whose land presents, forsooth, so perfect a picture of unity and concord. Yet not from Milan alone come constant proofs to the confusion of Italy's calumniators and in support of her righteous cause. A brief, it must be a very brief glance shall now be given at what is going on in Naples, the beautiful capital of Southern Italy. There the education of the people was in the grossest state of neglect previous to 1860. Since that date both the municipality and individuals have striven earnestly to amend a state of things so hurtful and dangerous to the public welfare.

In 1862 there were already in operation 263 elementary schools, comprising day schools for boys and girls, and 19 evening schools for boys, lads, and men. The total number of pupils amounting to 10,500.

In 1865 the total number of schools was—

Boys' day schools	251
Girls' day schools	202
Evening schools	129
Infant schools	22
Schools on Sundays and fêtes for girls and women	16
	620
Private schools not under the care of the municipality, for poor boys and girls	370
Total	990

The number of pupils amounted to 39,611. In 1865 the municipality expended 510,216 francs on popular education. Besides these elementary schools, there have been established superior ones in which some 800 pupils obtain a more complete education. Two normal schools have also been established, in which at present 40 young men and 160 young women are being trained up as teachers.

In March of this year (1866) the correspondent of the *Journal des Débats* says:—

"The distribution of prizes among the pupils of the elementary schools in the Theatre del Fondo, by the heir to the throne, Prince Humbert, was one of the ceremonies by which was celebrated on the 14th of this month the king's fête. Here more than elsewhere the instruction of the people is a question of capital importance; its progress is therefore followed with the liveliest interest. This year it has surpassed all expectations. Amongst the pupils who had most distinguished themselves were men of the people of from 40 to 50 years of age, mingled with children of 8 years old."

The writer of this article himself visited the schools of Naples some eighteen months back. Nothing could surpass the eagerness with which boys, lads, and men were then flocking to the evening schools after a hard day's work. Little fellows of nine to fourteen years old were to be seen sitting beside their own fathers, or mingled with grown men of their own family and friends, all diligently at work, reading, writing, learning arithmetic, or the rudiments of geography. The quickness with which they learn is marvellous, and is only outdone by their desire to acquire knowledge.

Naples is to-day as remarkable for the absence of beggars as it used to be famous for the swarms of them. The formation of a good police, the introduction of gas, of various sanitary measures, and other good municipal arrangements, have greatly improved the condition of the city. Much, however, remains to be done, for it must take years to civilize and to bring into thorough order the towns and country of the Neapolitan provinces, which long years of Bourbon misrule had converted into an Augean stable of ignorance, pauperism, brigandage, and vice.

In Palermo had been established 27 schools in 1861, there are now 78. Those of Bologna have also increased considerably. Indeed, throughout Italy, the government, the municipalities, and individuals have done their utmost to push on the all-important work of popular education, and still continue to do so. The general result is thus given by Signor Galeotti in his interesting volume entitled "La Prima Legislatura del Regno d'Italia," published in 1865:—

Boys' and girls' elementary schools	30,321	Pupils 939,234
Evening schools	3,576	„ 123,581
Infant schools	1,774	„ 80,819
	35,671	1,143,434

The government, the municipalities, and individuals are spending annually, says Signor Galeotti, 12,122,515 francs on elementary popular instruction.

The Italian government has during the six years of its existence spared neither labour nor money in promoting the material interests of the country. A well-planned network of railways has been formed and is being rapidly executed. Turin is now united by a continuous line, *viâ* Milan, Bologna, and Ancona, to the port of Brindisi in the extreme south-east of the Peninsula. Other important lines, such as that which crosses the Apeninnes, connecting Bologna and Florence, and that between Naples and Rome, are now in operation; while others of great importance are being constructed as quickly as possible.

Not less diligence is being shown in the matter of ordinary roads, chiefly in the southern provinces, which greatly need them. Ports, harbours, bridges, canals, and lighthouses are being made or repaired. Industrial societies and public companies are growing in numbers and prospering, the government and the municipalities favouring and aiding them in every way.

The parliament has already done very much in the vast and intricate work of administrative, legislative, judiciary, and monetary reform. Previous to 1860, the country was divided into seven separate States, whose rulers endeavoured to keep the Italian people as much divided as possible. They fostered all the local jealousies, prejudices, and petty interests to the utmost, and impeded by their custom-houses, their different coinages, their varying systems of administration, law, and usage, the union, liberty, and progress of Italy.

The enlightened and beneficent work of the constitutional government which now rules has been, on the contrary, that of overthrowing local prejudices and interests for the sake of promoting the general welfare. It has broken down separating barriers, and united both materially and morally these common children of a common country. In this double work of demolition and reconstruction, the parliament and people of Italy have displayed patience and prudence, mingled with earnest and persevering efforts to found upon just and wise principles a good and enduring system of government. If much remains to do, yet assuredly very much has been already done, and the work continues to progress.

The general state of Continental Europe, and the peculiar condition of the Italian kingdom, with foreign powers still in possession of portions of its territory, and with a powerful enemy encamped within the famous Quadrilaterial, has necessitated the creation and maintenance

of a large army and fleet; the Italians not wishing to have as their only available weapon against foreign foes that moral support, that thunder of despatches and articles, whose aid proved so ineffectual in the recent cases of Poland and of Denmark. This necessary military work has been accomplished, so that the Italian nation is to-day able to vindicate its just claims with something more than moral force to sustain them.

But all these vast undertakings have severely taxed the financial resources of the country, which have not had time in six years to grow in proportion to the immediate outlay necessitated by so many and such important demands. Hence the deficits and financial difficulties of the moment. It is, however, a mistake to suppose that they present anything like hopeless embarrassment. There is nothing but what time, economy, and prudence can surely put right. Space will not allow this interesting and important subject to be dealt with in the present article. But those who desire to form a true idea of Italy's financial difficulties and financial resources, of the great work she has done and is doing, cannot do better than study Signor Galeotti's interesting volume, "La Prima Legislatura del Regno d'Italia." There assuredly they will find the full confirmation of the saying attributed to Cavour—"If Italy wishes to be free, she must pay, pay, and pay again." But there they will also learn that if much remains to be done, vast has been the work already accomplished; that rulers and people are alike determined to shrink from no sacrifice required for the completion of Italian union and independence; that they possess in themselves and in their country resolution and resources more than sufficient to overcome the difficulties and the dangers yet to be encountered in completing the glorious task. The might of freedom, justice, and right is on their side, and though dark and stormy be the present hour, though to-day the sky be black with the thunder-clouds of imminent war, theirs shall be the final victory. It is but the history of all struggles for liberty that the world has ever seen. It is but the universal law, that no great and good object can be attained or carried out, by nations or by individuals, without costly labour and exertion. There can be no freedom unless the price for obtaining it be paid, no leaving the house of bondage save by signs and by wonders, no entering into the promised land without toiling through the wilderness of privation and of suffering—in a word, no redemption without sacrifice.

As to the attitude of Italy at the present hour, it is but that which would be assumed by every other nation in the like circumstances. She finds Austria and Prussia on the point of coming to blows over their Danish spoils, and the latter willing to enter into an Italian alliance. The occasion is unique, for hitherto the vast majority of Germans have been in favour of aiding Austria in her possession of Venetia, whenever that possession has been endangered. The National German Assembly at Frankfort, in 1848, where there was full freedom of vote and voice, presented the spectacle, at once ludicrous and shameful, of declaring that Germany ought to possess itself of Schleswig-Holstein, but should at the same time support Austria in maintaining her hold upon Venetia.

There are those who talk of the necessity of the frontier of the Mincio as a protection to Germany. Frontier! Necessity! What frontier have Germans left to Denmark? What forbearance have they manifested for Danish necessities? Have they not taken even to the uttermost farthing? In this matter German Powers have meted out judgment without mercy to their weaker neighbour; therefore judgment without mercy shall be their portion. But let the facts be looked to. The German Confederation numbers 44,000,000, Austria, without Venetia and the Italian Tyrol, 32,000,000; Italy, with those two provinces, rather more than 25,000,000. Between these German and Italian lands rises the great barrier of the Alps (like the Pyrenees between France and Spain), yet the more powerful retains possession of a large province of Italy to the south of the Alps as being necessary to German security; and *that* after the conduct of Germany towards Denmark in the matter of Schleswig-Holstein.

If it be said that the Italian kingdom has no claim to Venetia, because that province has never belonged to the kingdom of Italy, it is sufficient to reply, first, that the desire of Italians to possess Venetia is only the echo of Venetian longing to be united to Italy; next, that Venetians and Italians only ask for Venetia that which Austria so loudly demands for the Duchies of the Elbe, freedom to choose their own sovereign.

Let it also be remembered that Italy did not create the present danger of war now so imminent, she has but taken advantage of her German oppressor's quarrels to assert her own rights by negotiation, or by arms, as the case may be. To those who advise her to wait she replies by this question—Until when? Until German Powers have made up their differences? Until it suits those who in full possession of all their rights and liberties find their business affairs deranged by Italian demands for the like blessings? Are not such advisers the very same as those who told Italy, in 1859, that she had nothing to gain by war? Or shall she wait until *moral force* delivers Venetia from Austrian rule? Italians surely may be pardoned if they are sceptical about the efficacy of such aid, considering what a broken reed it proved to Poland and to Denmark. It was not mere moral force, able despatches, and eloquent writing, but far sterner work that gave Italy her present position, her fleet, her artillery, and her army of 400,000 men. To-day she relies on bringing them to bear upon the work of completing her deliverance at a time when the two great German Powers are in hostile array against each other.

Experienced Piedmontese generals and officers, men not given to boasting, not blinded by enthusiasm, men who know what military matters are, both by practice and in theory, have the greatest confidence in the Italian army, in whose formation, training, and discipline they

have borne a large part, having made it the subject of their most earnest labours. To such a force must be added the tens of thousands of volunteers who are flying to arms with the devoted enthusiasm of those who believe themselves called to fight for all that a people holds most dear. Time, with its stern facts, alone can prove whether, as the writer believes, the chiefs of the Italian army are justified in their confidence; but woe to the enemy that comes to do battle with Italy's sons in the belief that he has but an easy victory to win. Italians are under no delusion as to the power of their formidable foe, that foe had best not undervalue those who, from their gallant king to the youngest conscript, from the hero of Caprera to the most youthful of his volunteers, are *one* in their devotion to the sacred cause of their country's freedom; who know that to-day the question for them and Italy is nothing short of this, "to be or not to be?"

There are some who, as usual, suspect France of waiting to aggrandize herself at Italy's expense. France, for service done, made the Alps her boundary between Italy and herself. History will no doubt give full weight to whatever may be urged against that proceeding, but it will assuredly admit that there was much to justify it. Sound policy and justice alike forbid France to change the boundaries of her south-eastern frontier, and that double motive will doubtless prevent her from tarnishing the lustre of those triumphs which marked the memorable campaign of 1859, bright as they are, not so much with the questionable glare of mere military achievement, as with the imperishable glory of a kindred nation's freedom and a kindred people's rights. Not to the elected of millions, but to those who claim to be the special depositories of the divine right of kings, to the Hohenzollerns and to the Hapsbourgs, the world must turn if it would contemplate the most recent example to be found of a policy which has not scrupled to break down treaties, to belie promises, to use alike violence and fraud, for the attainment of its own ends at the expense of its feeble neighbour. Such, in the Danish question, was the statecraft common to the Royal and Imperial monarchs enthroned at Berlin and Vienna, who are not sovereigns by the national will, not offsprings of universal suffrage, but whose boast it is that *they* reign by right divine, that *they* rule by the grace of God!

It remains only to say a few words upon a subject much talked of latterly, which is, however, by no means new; that of the cession of Venetia to Italy by negotiation. This has long been desired by various English diplomatists and statesmen, not only in the interest of Italy, but in that of Austria and of Europe. It is interesting to see what was being said and proposed on this subject in the troubled years 1848 and 1849, more especially as all subsequent events have amply proved the wisdom and foresight of those who advocated such an arrangement.

In May, 1848, Sir Ralph Abercromby, the English Minister at Turin, in a despatch to Lord Palmerston, then Foreign Secretary, points out that, should Austria completely reconquer Lombardy and Venetia, they would always be a cause of heavy and permanent expense. "If Austria," he writes, "could for once make up her mind to negotiate honestly for the evacuation of those provinces and the recognition of the new constitutional kingdom of North Italy in consideration of an advantageous pecuniary arrangement, she would certainly find the most liberal intentions, both in this country (Piedmont) and in the provinces which are uniting themselves to it." Having spoken of the great value to be attached to a prompt and satisfactory solution, he concludes with these words:—"But, in order to be satisfactory, it is indispensable that the Austrians evacuate Italy and recognise its complete independence. Any other solution would but serve to prepare for the future new insurrections and new conflicts."

Upon the 3rd June, 1848, Lord Palmerston, in a very able despatch to M. de Hummelauer, endeavours to persuade the Austrian Minister of the necessity of giving up Venetia as well as Lombardy, chiefly on the ground of the cost and difficulties in which Austria would be involved if she undertook to re-establish her power over those provinces, and when re-established the impossibility of maintaining it except at great expense and by the costly means of the permanent employment of a large military force. He expresses the willingness of the English government to interpose its good offices between Piedmont and Austria, provided that the arrangements already accorded in the case of Lombardy were extended by Austria to that part of the Venetian territory which should be agreed upon between the two parties.

Again on the 9th October, 1848, after the recovery of Lombardy and Milan by Austria, Lord Palmerston, writing to Lord Ponsonby, the English Minister at Vienna, again points out the insuperable obstacles which prevent that power from holding Lombardy except as a conquered province, and its therefore becoming a burden and a source of weakness to Austria. He says that the hatred of the Lombards towards her might well lead them to ask foreign aid against her, and that if such aid led even to a general war, it might well end in Austria losing all her Italian possessions. The despatch terminates by saying:—

"Thoroughly disposed as the friends and allies of Austria might be to aid her if she were menaced in her own proper and legitimate existence in Germany, there exists on the subject of her pretensions to impose a yoke on the Italians so general a feeling of their injustice, that this feeling might well have the effect of leaving Austria with very little aid in the case of a similar war."

Another most remarkable despatch of Lord Palmerston's is that of the 11th of November, 1848, addressed to Lord Ponsonby at Vienna. The English Foreign Secretary again refers to the inextinguishable hatred of the Lombards to Austria, he impresses on the cabinet of Vienna that the policy of ceding Lombardy could now be adopted by the Imperial and Royal government without loss of prestige or

honour, inasmuch as the arms of Austria having been completely victorious, and being in full possession of that province, such cession would be regarded as an act of wise and generous policy, springing from the purely voluntary determination of Austria. He goes on to remind the Viennese statesmen that the government of France might soon change hands (as it actually did) on account of the Presidential election then pending; that French policy might assume in the future a much more active part as regarded foreign affairs; that a war against Austria for the liberation of North Italy would always be pleasing to France in certain circumstances, and he then asks, "Could Austria be certain that even the sympathy of Germany would follow her in her efforts to force again her yoke on the Italian nation?" He further adds most truly, that the principle of nationalities to-day (1848) the rallying cry of Germany is in itself a protest against Austrian rule in Italy; that the principle of prescriptive right is scarcely more favourable to Austria, because although good as regards certain parts of Lombardy, which, like the Duchy of Milan, had long been fiefs of the empire, it was equally strong in favour of the republic of Venice.

"This State," says the despatch, "has played a considerable part in history during nearly fourteen centuries of liberty, whilst the title of Austrian possession remounts to the treaty of Campo-Formio, by which General Bonaparte handed over to her (Austria) Venice, and to those of 1815, which once again placed Venice in the possession of Austria."

Never in the course of his long and remarkable career did Lord Palmerston display more far-sighted sagacity than in his Austro-Italian despatches of 1848-1849. Never have predictions been uttered which subsequent events more completely ratified. It is curious to reflect that it was at that very time the fashion to call him a mere meddler, and to decry his policy with a persistency as ignorant as it was unjust. Had his wise counsels been followed in the years referred to, immense would have been the gain not only to Italy, but to Europe and to Austria. As he so justly pointed out to this latter power, her Italian possessions have been nothing but a source of embarrassment and disaster. They have been the scene of that oppressive and cruel rule from 1848 to 1859 which alienated from Austria the sympathy of all lovers of freedom and of justice. They cost her the blood, the treasure, and the disasters of that latter year, when, left without an ally, she was brought into the utmost peril. They are the reason why at this very hour an Italian army of 400,000 men, and a fleet more powerful than her own, menace the southern frontier and ports of Austria, when she needs all her strength to oppose the policy and armaments of Prussia. Had the statesmen of Vienna wisely followed Lord Palmerston's advice, given seventeen years ago, and consented to the formation of a Northern Italian kingdom with an Alpine frontier, running somewhere between Trent and Bolzano, and including Venetia within its limits, Austria would have escaped all the disasters and difficulties of the last fifteen years, and would not see Italy to-day arrayed in hostility against her. Indeed, the gain would have been greater still; for commercial interests and intercourse would long ere this have sprung up and necessarily drawn together in friendly relation Italy on the one side, and Austria with Germany upon the other. Instead of the ruinous expenditure caused by the creation and maintenance of enormous armaments of every kind, a lucrative commerce would now be enriching both countries, and erasing the old feelings of hatred engendered by past wrongs.

It was in April, 1848, that Daniel Manin, then President of the Republic of Venice, wrote these lines in an official despatch addressed to the French and English governments: "Venise affranchie ne saurait donner de l'ombrage. Venise autrichienne serait une honte pour le présent et un embarrass pour l'avenir." The world, and especially Austria, know to-day how true those words are. Happy would it have been, judged only as a matter of policy, or even from a mere money point of view, without entering into higher considerations, had the wise and far-sighted advice of England's minister been followed, and that "future embarrassment" been got rid of—happy for Italy, happy for Europe, and happy for Austria herself.

As to the claims of Venetians to settle freely their own future, they have the support alike of all policy and justice; more especially after the conduct of Germany, and particularly that of Prussia and Austria, in the question of the Duchies of the Elbe. To every sophism urged for the maintenance of German rule in Italy, there is to-day this short but unanswerable reply—*Schleswig-Holstein*. Let statesmen and diplomatists be well assured that there can be no lasting peace until Germans and German powers cease to hold Italian provinces beneath their yoke. To patch up a peace, leaving those provinces in such thraldom, is a worse evil than setting them free by immediate war.

If Austria were once again to have Italy in her power as completely as in 1850, not only would it be a calamity to Italy but to Europe, for so surely would it entail a lengthened period of conflict and revolution, so surely would it bring in its train such years as 1848 and 1859. Upon such a basis there can be no enduring peace for Europe. Those, then, who prize that rich blessing, those who uphold order and justice, no less than those who love freedom, are interested in delivering every portion of Italy from German rule. Those who would maintain it are favouring that which does but lay up countless and certain stores of disorder, revolution, and war.

The cause of Italy is the cause of liberty and order, of right and justice, of all that is held most dear by every people under heaven, of all the most precious among temporal rights that man can claim or God bestow; therefore the voice of every free nation, and especially that of England (the ancient cradle, the island home of liberty and law), should be raised in support of Italy's just claims—that most beautiful of southern lands, so long oppressed by the curse of tyranny and the miseries of anarchy, where

to-day are to be seen a patriot king, a free parliament, a brave army, and a noble people, all equally devoted to the sacred cause of their country's freedom; where the millions of enfranchised Italy, without distinction of rank or age, are united in an heroic determination to deliver once for all their native land from foreign thraldom, and prepared to seal her freedom with their blood:—

> "Già le destre hanno strette le destre;
> Già le sacre parole son porte:
> O compagni sul letto di morte,
> O fratelli su libero suol."—MANZONI.

> "Already right hands by right hands are grasped;
> Already the sacred words are uttered:
> Either companions on the bed of death,
> Or brothers on a free soil."

It may be that even such a sight will fail to move those who proclaim cheapness to be the highest good, the desire of all nations, who never rise above the business point of view, who have no thought save for material interest and personal loss or gain, who know no higher law than that of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, who hold no book so sacred as the ledger, who, in their blind devotion to the golden idol of their worship, forget the divine claims of justice and liberty, of a nation's freedom, and a people's rights.

But whoever has faith in those mighty principles, whoever believes that they are the God-given heritage of all mankind, will turn with deepest sympathy to Italy's brave sons, who, rallied around their chosen king, are "to-day the soldiers of a single army, that they may be to-morrow the citizens of a free state." To them will be given an earnest "God-speed" wherever justice reigns; for them the free men of every land and of every clime will raise to Heaven the heartfelt prayer, "May God defend the right." J. W. P.

ART. VII.—CHAUCER—HIS POSITION, LIFE, AND INFLUENCE.

1. *The Poetical Works of* GEOFFREY CHAUCER, *with a Memoir by* SIR HARRIS NICOLAS. London: William Pickering, 1845.
2. *The Canterbury Tales of* GEOFFREY CHAUCER. *A new Text, with illustrative Notes, edited by* T. WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., &c. London. Printed for the Percy Society.
3. *Poetical Works of* GEOFFREY CHAUCER, *edited by* ROBERT BELL. London: J. W. Parker and Son, 1854.
4. *The Canterbury Tales, by* GEOFFREY CHAUCER, *from the Text, and with the Notes and Glossary of* T. TYRWHITT. A new edition. Illustrated by E. Corbould. London: Routledge, Warne, and Routledge. 1863.

ENGLISH literature dates its commencement from Geoffrey Chaucer. It is true that there were many previously in England who wrote in the language that was for the time predominant. The lofty and untutored soarings of Caedmon must have delighted the primitive Christians of Britain as much as the more polished flights of Milton did the "saints" of a later generation. Maistre Wace contrived as much amusement for the haughty Norman nobles as Wilkie Collins does for their modern representatives. There were long before Chaucer, as there have been long after him, and will be long after us, those who would rather be learned and prosy than vigorous and homely. But the language in which they wrote—whether it was Anglo-Saxon, French, or Latin—is not the language of England, any more than the mud in which the ichthyosaurus wallowed, and where future coalfields waved, is the soil of England. They are a hidden treasure of fossil specimens; their excavation, though remunerative, is painful and laborious. Nor is the language of those who wrote while the two languages were combining, much more intelligible. Chaucer, on the other hand, may be read with comparative ease. There are a few of his phrases obscure; a few of his endings silent; a few of his words obsolete. But we require neither grammar nor glossary to understand and enjoy him.

The growth of our language, however, during the three centuries which preceded the birth of Chaucer, forms the most interesting chapter in our literary history. Anglo-Saxon, it is well known, like all the languages of the Indo-European stock, was originally "analytic," or "inflexional;" that is to say, most of the re ations between the words were expressed by changes *in* them, and not by particles *between* them. For example, the relations between the subject and the verb were expressed by changes in the verb; and those between the verb and its object by changes in the object. All these languages, however—Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, and Anglo-Saxon—have undergone the same fate. All their modern representatives have become "non-inflexional," or "synthetic." The relations between the subject and the verb, and the verb and its object, are no longer expressed by changes in the verb or its object, but by separate words.

Whether this change has been an advantage or a disadvantage, an advance or a retrogression, has never been fully or fairly discussed. The old languages possess several obvious advantages. They are more concise, more pliable, and possibly more harmonious. In these languages have been embodied works of the highest genius—works which, for more than a thousand years, have excited the admiration of the civilized world, and which—as the standards of taste and the criterions of propriety—are still engrained upon the youth of every cultivated nation. In judges, then, who have devoted to these languages both their youth and their manhood, a prejudice in their favour is not only natural but inevitable. It is, however, allowed that the modern languages also possess some peculiar advantages. If they are not so brief as the other, they are more precise; if they are not so pliable, they are clearer and more simple. To strike the balance between their respective merits is not an easy task. Yet it must be allowed either that language has improved, or

that it is unlike every other science; that originally it was comparatively perfect, but has gradually and universally deteriorated. It is therefore just possible that the change by which Anglo-Saxon was gradually transformed into modern English was not only inevitable but beneficial.

This change seems to have commenced in the beginning of the eleventh century, about the time of the Danish invasion. It was not therefore originated, though undoubtedly accelerated, by the Norman conquest. During the period which immediately followed that event, the Saxon nation and the Saxon language must have been in a sad plight. The people were separated from everything they had been accustomed to love and to respect. A foreign and despotic sovereign sat on the throne; a foreign prelacy presided over the Church; a foreign nobility held possession of their land; a foreign language and a foreign literature ruled the court, the camp, the bar. The Saxon nobility was displaced, impoverished, exiled: their language was looked upon by the followers of the Conqueror as native Irish was looked upon by the followers of Strongbow, as Gaelic is looked upon by modern cockneys—as the barbarous language of a barbarous people. The injury which the Saxon language thereby suffered has not been fully appreciated.

A peasant aims as little at speaking elegantly as he does at dressing elegantly. He is satisfied whenever his immediate object is attained —whether that object is to find expression for his ideas, to keep out the cold, or to sate the cravings of his appetite. *How* that object is attained is to him a matter of indifference. In the higher classes, on the contrary, manner is everything. To be in society is the great object of their life; and hence whatever is offensive to the eye, or to the ear, whether it be in dress, deportment, or language, must be carefully removed. Frequent intercourse would otherwise be intolerable. The most elegant dress, the most elegant manner, the most elegant expressions, are carefully studied and eagerly acquired. The great ideas, indeed, which form the spirit of an age, like the great discoveries which have changed the world, have seldom proceeded from the noble or the great. Their task is simply to refine the expression, to drape the idea. To both classes is mutual intercourse beneficial; to both is isolation fatal. Without the influence, example, and encouragement of the nobility, a language becomes coarse, clumsy, and ungrammatical. Without the invigorating under-current of popular opinion, a language becomes obscure, immutable, and insipid.

The Norman language, it is true, did not become so; but the Normans were not in reality isolated. They still looked to Normandy as their home. From thence they had transferred intact to England their language, laws, traditions, habits, opinions, and prejudices. In their migration they were accompanied and followed by Norman *trouvères* and Norman chaplains. Their ears were still charmed, their faith was still fostered in the old language. Thus transplanted to a foreign soil, their young and vigorous literature for a time throve luxuriantly. The Saxons, on the other hand, were exposed to all the evils of isolation. From *them* the Normans kept aloof. Their drunken, gluttonous life; their rough and uncouth speech; their abrupt and peculiar poetry—without rhyme, and apparently without rhythm; their literature bristling with heaven and hell, philosophy and religion, were loathed and despised by conquerors whose manners were haughty and reserved, whose habits were reverential and abstemious, and whose literature was full of rhyme, love, and romance. The wealthy imitated the nobles, and the learned and literary strove to gratify the tastes and win the favour of their rich, noble, and royal patrons. Anglo-Saxon was abandoned to the vulgar. The schools in which it had been taught were shut up. There was neither money to support them, teachers to keep them, nor pupils to fill them.

The fusion of the two nations, and thereby of the two languages, was due to the severance of the Normans from Normandy, and their opposition to the king. Much of the love and affection of the followers of William for their native land must have died with them. To their successors Normandy had none of the associations of home; none of the memories which bind us to the scene of our boyish frolics, of our youthful loves, and manly friendships. At the accession of Henry of Plantagenet, and his marriage with Eleanor, this estrangement was increased. Normandy was supplanted by Provence, the *trouvères* by the *troubadours*, and feats of chivalry by courts of love. Finally, at the accession of John, Normandy was severed from England and annexed to France.

The position of the English nobility has, from the time of the Conquest, formed a marked contrast to that of the neighbouring countries. In Scotland the aristocracy has been hated, resisted, and despised; in France it has been hated, resisted, and banished; in England it has been respected, loved, and obeyed. In France and in Scotland their power was originally exorbitant and oppressive. By their vast hereditary estates, their powerful and extensive combinations, and the absolute disposal of their armies of retainers, they became in reality independent sovereigns. In defiance of the king, they levied taxes, proclaimed war, and concluded peace. Their vassals were oppressed, without hopes or means of redress. The measures taken by the Conqueror to prevent these evils in England are a proof of his sagacity, if not of his gratitude. To reward and to retain the fidelity of his followers, he granted large and valuable estates. Yet extensive combinations were prevented; their estates were placed in different counties. To overawe the native population, he allowed his followers to build and to fortify strong castles. Yet slavish dependence was prevented; the vassals had to take the oath of allegiance to the king as well as to their lords. In France and in Scotland the power of the nobility finally proved their bane; in England their original weakness has proved their salvation. In all the three countries the party of the people has gained the victory: in all the three countries the fellow-combatant of the people has carried off the

spoils. As the power of the nobility made them despise and crush the people in France, so the weakness of the nobility made them love and court the people in England. When the pride of the Norman nobles was galled, or their opposition aroused, they must court the favour and seek the aid of their oppressed vassals. Everything which widened the breach between the king and the nobles narrowed it between the nobles and the Saxons. The capricious and insolent tyranny of Rufus, the stern and unbending justice of the First Henry, the Provençal predilections of the second, the insolence, faithlessness, and cruelty of John,—all tended to bring the Saxons into closer alliance with those who were at once their lords and fellow-subjects.

Under the influence of these causes the Saxons were gradually elevated from their servile position. In fifty years after the Conquest this elevation had commenced; in another fifty years the Saxons had begun to amalgamate with their conquerors, and in fifty years more this amalgamation was complete.

The chief cause of the decay of the Saxon language was thus removed. But it is easier to wound than to cure, to pull down than to build up. It was not till half a century after the union of the two nations was complete, that the union of the two languages began. Nor was the length of the struggle more surprising than its result. Theoretically looked at, it seemed as if the Norman should, and therefore would prevail. It was essentially the same language as that which had been spoken by the conquerors of the civilized world, and in which the noblest efforts of human genius had for centuries been expressed. It was a lineal descendant of the Latin; its genealogy was undoubted; its pedigree was clear. The Saxon, on the contrary, belonged to a race that was known then only by its barbarous indifference to everything that antiquity revered. Its previous triumphs had been those of ignorance over learning, of barbarism over civilization. In Norman, ancestral fame was aided by present success. In the 12th century French was the most flourishing literature in Europe, and much of this French literature was produced, and all of it appreciated, amid the Normans of England. The Saxons, on the other hand, lost the power—apparently for ever—of producing a new, or understanding their old literature. Depressed and despised for two centuries, their language gradually became insufficient, indirect, and ungrammatical. All its inflexions and syntactical structure were irrevocably swept away. It ceased to be a living organism, changing with the ever-changing current of human opinion, and became a lifeless, useless, and unsightly skeleton. Yet in the composite language of the composite people, Anglo-Saxon remained the essential element. Norman had to come down from its proud pedestal and play the lackey to its humble rival.

Both of these facts, however, admit of the most simple and natural explanation. Two things are necessary for the success of a language—national adoption and literary culture. But the former of these conditions is more essential than the latter. A language is made by a literature more correct, uniform, and permanent, but it can never thus be introduced or created. Hence the success of a foreign literature is always temporary, its influence limited, and its tenure precarious. It was thus with Norman in England. Its decline was as rapid as its growth. Like an exotic, when surrounded by a hundred fostering influences, it grew rapidly and flourished luxuriantly: like an exotic, when exposed to the storms of a stormy period, it speedily faded, withered, and died. In the 13th and 14th centuries, many Norman books were read in England, but few were written. As in Anglo-Saxon, the decay of the literature was at once a sign, a cause, and a result of the decay of the language. In the 11th century, Norman was reduced to the condition in which Anglo-Saxon had been since the 11th. There gradually grew up a marked difference between French at Stratford-le-Bow and French at Paris. Anglo-Norman became a corrupt and provincial dialect of a foreign tongue. But though the condition of the two languages was similar, their position was different. The Normans were a mere colony in England—not a colony of the lower classes, or confined to one portion of the soil, but a colony of the aristocracy, thinly though widely spread over the country. As soon therefore as Norman was stripped of its social and literary pre-eminence, it was stripped of all apology or necessity for its continuance. It is not for speculative excellences, but for practical convenience that one language is 'taken' and another 'left.' However desirable, or however advantageous a change of language may be, it is absolutely impossible for the many to give up their mother-tongue. The Saxon was the language of the great body of the people; and such a language—however mean, however corrupt, however imperfect—must finally determine that of the nation. Numbers are here more potent than ancestral fame or æsthetic beauty. The exuberance of the Norman literature, and the success of the Norman language, protracted and modified, but could not reverse the inevitable result. The comparative victory of the Saxon was no proof of its innate strength; the comparative defeat of the Norman was no proof of its innate weakness. Whenever the conditions of the contest have been the same, the result of the contest has been the same. The Normans had previously proved the servility of the Norwegian, as they now proved the servility of the French. The Englishmen who settled in Ireland in the 12th century gradually adopted the habits, the dress, and the language of their Irish subjects.

It is impossible to ascertain the precise steps by which the two languages were gradually blended into one. But in the beginning of the 14th century this mixed language was first employed in literature. The first writers betray in their movements an unsteadiness and want of confidence natural to men walking on ice that is just forming. Translators from the French, such as Robert of Gloucester and Robert de Brunne, naturally preferred French idioms. Satirists, such as Langlands, rigidly adhered to the Saxon. Pedants, such as Gow-

er, showed their learning by writing—with equal brilliancy—in French, English, and Latin. It was reserved for Chaucer to perceive the true genius of the language, to express himself in it with ease, and to hallow it by his genius.

There is little reason to doubt that Chaucer was born in London in 1338, of gentlemanly, though not of noble parents. But of the next thirty years of his life, his childhood, boyhood, youth—how, what, and where he studied, the profession he adopted, and the friendships he formed—we are in total darkness. The latter half of his life, on the contrary, is known minutely. But for this knowledge we are indebted not to the biographies of his friends, to the abuse of his enemies, to the histories of his time, or even to his own works—but to the musty records, the dry chronicles that moulder in the Treasuries of the Exchequer and the cells of the Tower. From the first notice of Chaucer to the last, he appears in close connexion with the Court; and he was destined to prove the notorious instability of Court favour and Court patronage. According to the deposition made when he was 58 years of age—in legal phrase "40 and upwards"—he accompanied Edward in one of his expeditions into France. This expedition was in all probability that of 1359. The expedition failed; but what became of Chaucer, or how he spent the next five or six years of his life, is unknown. Did he, as Knight has plausibly conjectured, languish in captivity? If so, he must have married immediately after his return. For in September, 1366, a pension of ten marks was granted to his wife Philippa. This lady was the daughter of Sir Payne Roet, king-of-arms of Guienne, and sister to Catherine Swynford, successively the governess, mistress, and wife of the Duke of Lancaster. From her youth to her marriage, she had been in the train of the voluptuous queen of Chaucer's most distinguished patron—Edward the Third. In the following year Chaucer received the first of those grants—the records of which compose his biography. For the next twenty years honours and wealth continued to flow in upon the favoured courtier and successful diplomatist. In the course of ten years (1370—1380) he was employed in seven different embassies. Two of these have acquired a singular interest. In the one he is supposed to have made acquaintanceship with Petrarch; by the other he is proved to have been the friend of Gower. Personal interviews between famous contemporaries have—from the time of Solon downwards—formed a favourite subject for invention. Chaucer's interview with Petrarch rests upon a very slight foundation—the bare statement of a fictitious personage that his tale—"Griselda"—had been sold him at "Padowe" by a "worthy clerk," "highte Fraucis Petrarch." The dates, however, of this half mythical interview tally better than is usual in such cases. The interview must have taken place in 1373, if it took place at all. In that year Petrarch was at Arquà, near Padua, from January till September, and Chaucer was at Florence during the summer. Thus they might easily have met at Padua in June and July. It is therefore neither impossible nor improbable that the interview took place. This embassy, however, led to more important results than the acquaintanceship of such a pedant as Petrarch. It was Chaucer's first important mission. It must have been executed skilfully, as he was rewarded liberally. On the 23rd of April, 1374, he received an annual grant of a pitcher of wine—afterwards commuted into 20 marks; on the 8th of June he was made Comptroller of the Customs and Subsidy of Wools, &c., and on the 13th he received 10*l.* for life from the Duke of Lancaster. For eight years his income received no further increase; but in 1382 he was made Comptroller of the Petty Customs. He remained in possession of these emoluments, however, only for four years.

Chaucer's intimacy with Gower is neither so unimportant nor so dubious as his interview with Petrarch. They wrote complimentary verses on each other, though that might not imply much. A more trustworthy proof of their friendship has lately been discovered. When Chaucer set out on an embassy to Lombardy in 1378, he appointed Gower his trustee. When their friendship began or when it ended it is impossible to say. It may have begun in their youth and ended only with Chaucer's death.

At the close of 1386, Chaucer was suddenly stripped of both his offices. The cause of his downfall is still obscure. No proof has been found of his hostility to the government, or his sympathy with John of Northampton. He neither fled to Zealand in 1382, nor was committed to the Tower in 1386. On the contrary, we have the best proof that from 1380 to 1388 he resided in London, and received his pension with his own hands. In 1386, instead of being committed to the Tower, he was elected a knight of the shire for Kent. The *time* of Chaucer's disgrace is the only clue to its cause. Chaucer's patron—the Duke of Lancaster—was abroad: Chaucer's patron's enemy—the Duke of Gloucester—was at the head of the government. It is therefore not improbable that the Duke of Gloucester's enmity to his brother may have extended to his brother's relative and *protégé*. The effect of Chaucer's fall is unfortunately more obvious than the cause. In a year after it his wife died. Had the death of the wife anything to do with the misfortunes of the husband? In another year he had to commute his annual pension for something of more present value. In 1389 the Duke of Gloucester was supplanted by his brother, the Duke of York, and his nephew, the Duke of Lancaster's son. The new administration was appointed in May; in July, Chaucer was appointed, at a salary of 2*s.* per day, Clerk of the King's Works at Westminster. Next year he was made Clerk of the King's Works at Windsor. But these appointments were of short duration; in another year he was superseded, and for the next three years his only income—so far as we know—was his annuity of 10*l.* from the Duke of Lancaster. At length his prospects began to brighten. In 1394 he received a grant of 20*l.* for life. But this sum was too small to remove the effects of eight years' destitution, and to meet the continual demands of his ele-

vated position. In 1398 he received Letters of Protection—protection, there is too much reason to fear, from the persecutions of his creditors. Little or no alleviation was afforded by the grant of a tun of wine. There is scarcely a sadder spectacle in all history than that of the skilful ambassador and venerable poet "tottering to the Exchequer," as Sir Harris Nicolas remarks, for some miserable advance of a few shillings. Next year Richard was supplanted by his cousin; and the Duke of Lancaster's son did not forget the noblest of his own and his father's followers. A few months after he came to the throne he doubled the poet's pension But human assistance was now of little avail. On the 25th of October, 1400, and probably near the spot where he now reposes, the aged poet's trials and sufferings were finally brought to a close.

Chaucer had two sons—Lewis, who died young, and Thomas, who attained immense wealth, and one of whose descendants was declared heir to the crown.

The history of Chaucer's life is thus the history of his income; and yet the exact amount of his income we are unable to compute. The number of occasional donations which he received—such as 104*l.* for the wardship of an estate in Kent, 75*l.* for forfeited wool, &c.—are from their nature indeterminate. The value of his pensions, as we have seen, fluctuated greatly. In 1367 they amounted to 20*l.*; in 1374 to 40*l.*; in 1378 to 43*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* In 1386 they were reduced to 10*l.*; but in 1394 they were again raised to 30*l.*; in 1398 to 35*l.*; and during the last year of his life to 51*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* How much his salaries—as Comptroller of the Customs of Wools, &c., from 1374 to 1386, and of the Petty Customs from 1382 to 1386—amounted to is unknown. There is still another difficulty in determining Chaucer's wealth or poverty. We are ignorant of the comparative value of money in the 14th and 19th centuries. Were we, therefore, able to estimate Chaucer's nominal income, we should still be ignorant of its real value. There is, however, little doubt that Chaucer's fortune, during his prosperity, was ample, if not splendid.

The fluctuations of Chaucer's income seem partly to have influenced the order and character of his writings. If his cares were relieved by his official emoluments, his genius was hampered by his official duties. The best portion of his time, during the best portion of his life, was consumed in the trivial routine of a custom-house. Thus hampered, the poet confined himself to translations. These enlarged his vocabulary and matured his style. But it was not till—like Milton—his mind was free from official routine that he began his greatest and most original work. In his previous works he had outstripped all his contemporaries: in his "Canterbury Tales" he outstripped most of his successors. They were written when he was old, poor, and desolate; but in spite of age, poverty, and desolation, he bequeathed a greater gift than power, riches, or rank have been able to bestow.

Chaucer's personal appearance, habits, character, and genius must be learned from his works. In person he was corpulent; he was no "poppet" to embrace. But his face was small and fair. In his portrait by Occlive, his features are thin, pale, and intelligent; his eye is downcast and meditative; but its light has been dimmed by age and study.

That Chaucer was a hard student is attested by his voluminous writings and by his own statements. When he had done all his "reckonings" at the custom-house, he returned to his favourite studies at home. His office was no sinecure: he had to write all the records with his own hands. His studies were no pastime: he pored over his books till his eyes were "dased" and dull.

Yet Chaucer was little of a recluse and still less of an ascetic. "His abstinence," as he says himself, "was lyte." He was fond of physical life and physical enjoyment, keenly alive to the pleasures of the table and the pleasures of society. With a sly, slightly sarcastic humour, he enjoyed, observed, recorded; and he probably did not desire to shine. His observation was keen and penetrating, his description faithful and skilful.

Nor was his attention confined to one class of men or to one cast of thought. His sympathies were as wide as his observation was accurate. In these qualities he excelled not only all his predecessors, but, with one exception, all his successors.

In one respect he was superior to Shakspeare. He was able to make a practical use of his observation. His frequent embassies at once stimulated, tested, and proved his skill, sagacity, and tact.

The mistakes of Leland (1509), the reckless assertions of Speght (1598), the want of discrimination in Urry (1721), and the mistakes, reckless assertions, and want of discrimination combined in Godwin (1803), render their biographies almost valueless. The meagre outline of Tyrwhitt (1775), with all its defects, is second only to the exhaustive memoir of Sir H. Nicolas (1845).

The position of a poet of the present day is very different from what it was in the days of Chaucer. Every poem narrows the ground and lessens the necessity for a successor. The more popular, common, and accessible tracts of thought are occupied first. As it is no proof of genius to repeat what it may have been a very great proof of genius to invent, new and more outlying tracts of thought have ever to be sought for. Hence the modern poet, in his search for originality, is apt to stumble upon eccentricity.

An author's fame is now more quickly and more widely diffused. His readers are multiplied by thousands. Before the invention of printing, few, very few—outside the cloister—could read. Manuscripts were few and dear. At a trifling expense every new work may now be read from Land's End to John o'Groat's a few days after it is published; while critiques and analyses may be procured for a few pence. In a short time every very popular work is known more or less vaguely to almost every individual in the kingdom. It is republished

in America and the colonies, and translated into French, German, and Italian.

Hence an author's income is now less mutable. The poet of the present day has no longer to depend upon the bounty of an individual. The caprice by which a single patron might be turned into an enemy, or the reverses by which he might be changed into a beggar, cannot, to any perceptible extent, affect a whole nation. The general public is a more steady, more permanent, and withal a more liberal paymaster than its predecessor.

But a writer has now less influence upon the language. If his readers are multiplied by thousands, so are his rivals. An intimate acquaintance with an author now-a-days cannot be expected, nay, is seldom deserved. New books are no longer studied or even read; they are 'looked through,' 'dipped into,' 'skimmed over,' or 'glanced at.' 'We make ourselves acquainted' with the 'latest publications'—not to satisfy an intellectual craving—not to increase our resources from the spoils of others, enlarge our vocabulary or refine our expression—not to widen our sympathies or remove our prejudices—but to save appearances and to conceal our ignorance. We must be able to say 'we have seen it,' and appear entitled to talk fluently and confidently when we must be secretly conscious that we are perfectly ignorant what we are talking about. Hence an author's influence upon the language now is imperceptible, and forms a singular contrast to what it was in the time of Chaucer. To his contemporaries, the golden mine embedded in the works of Terence and Cicero, of Horace and Virgil, and which was so bountifully to enrich future generations, was known only by its dross. Late and ecclesiastical Latin was construed through imperfectly understood French. The literature of Athens, of which even that of Rome was but a feeble imitation, was less known then than Sanscrit is known now. Our primitive Saxon literature had become unintelligible; our modern English literature had not yet been formed. The only language that was understood, the only literature that was appreciated, was French. Towards the middle of the 14th century this last resource was cut off. A new ara in our literature—a new era in our national history began in Chaucer's lifetime. For three centuries our civilization and our literature—whether expressed in Anglified French or Frenchified English—had been merely offshoots of those of France. But our dependence upon France was terminated by the ambition and energy of Edward the Third. To his wars with France must directly or indirectly be attributed the political, literary, and religious growth of the nation during the latter half of the 14th century. His wars were expensive; his resources were insufficient. To meet his expenses it was necessary to empty the pockets of his subjects, and to empty their pockets it was necessary to enlarge their freedom. His wars terminated our subjection to France and weakened our connexion with the Continent. National isolation fostered national independence; and for the first time the authority of Rome was called in question. His martial victories aroused, and his reverses irritated the national pride; and the national pride was no longer satisfied with the reproduction or clumsy translation of a French author. French ceased to monopolize the bar, the school, and the pulpit. Hence the almost contemporaneous appearance of Wickliffe, Minot, Gower, Chaucer, and Langlands. None of these, however, except Chaucer, exercised a very material or lasting influence upon our language. Minot, though fluent and smooth in his versification, was without vigour or originality. Gower was intolerably pedantic and intolerably dull. Langlands, on the contrary, was both vigorous and original. His invectives must have been keenly appreciated—of course with a difference—both by the followers and opponents of Wickliffe. But it was only in a peculiar phase of society that the "Vision of Piers Ploughman," could become or continue popular: while people of every rank and profession have for many centuries been able to enjoy the "Canterbury Tales."

What the successes of his contemporaries had produced, the reverses of his successors perpetuated. The coronation of Chaucer's last patron, Henry of Bolingbroke, "the elect of the people," and the conquests of his son "Harry," seemed to consummate the political and martial victories of Chaucer's first patron, Edward the Third. But what seemed to consummate finally overthrew. Bolingbroke's usurpation led to the civil wars, and the civil wars led to national humiliation and national servitude. They made the capricious tyranny of Henry the Eighth practicable, and the despotic tyranny of Charles the First possible. They led to national misery and literary darkness. For two centuries not a single light, save "the morning star" of our literature, brightened the horizon. Thus for several generations Chaucer had no rivals in the writers that lived before, with, or after him. For several generations his authority was undivided, his influence was unimpaired.

Chaucer's influence was greater, because the language was then more susceptible of change. The Augustan poet might wonder why a liberty that was granted to Cecilius and to Plautus was denied to Virgil and to Varro, or why he was not allowed to enrich the language like Cato and Ennius.

> Quid autem
> Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus ademptum
> Virgilio Varoque? Ego cur acquirere pauca,
> Si possum invideor cum lingua Catonis et Enni
> Sermonem patrium ditaverit et nova rerum
> Nomina protulerit?

But neither could Horace in his day, nor can Tennyson in ours, tamper with the language as Plautus and Chaucer did in theirs. The language of successive authors has gradually become a standard. Our vocabulary and our syntax have at last become stereotyped. Innovations in either become every day more inadmissible. In Chaucer's time the language was passing through a series of rapid changes. There were a hundred different dialects and no means of determining which was right. Those

whose authority is now equally decisive over the dress of society and diction of conversation had then but recently and partially given up French. The literature by which our present written language is determined only began with Chaucer. He became to others what none had been to him—a standard. If this state of the language caused great difficulties, it also furnished great rewards. If, in selecting the most harmonious words and phrases, he had to trust to his own ear and to his own judgment, his taste was universally approved and widely imitated. He was respected by Gower, admired, or rather adored, by Occlive, Lydgate, Douglas, Spenser, and Milton; imitated by Pope, Dryden, Wordsworth, and Tennyson. By the peculiar fortunes of James the First, Chaucer's influence was extended to Scotland; and, amid the countrymen of Barbour, the English poet found more fervent admirers, and more worthy rivals, than amid his own. "There is, perhaps," it has been said by the highest authority, "no author who has done so much to mould, or rather to fix, the standard of the language, as this great genius."—*Marsh*, p. 17.

But though Chaucer's enormous influence has been admitted, the character and direction of this influence has been disputed. He undoubtedly wrote the language which he spoke; but the language which he spoke must have been tinctured with that of the society in which he mixed; and the courtiers of Edward the Third were much more familiar with French than with Saxon or English. Like the *literati* of his time, Chaucer was thoroughly acquainted with French literature. By his numerous translations, his ear had become accustomed to French phrases and French idioms. These two circumstances, and the poverty of the English language in rhymes, account for Chaucer's introduction of many new romance vocables. It is true that Chaucer used a smaller proportion of French terms than the purest of his contemporaries; but Langlands used only those French words which were already current, while Chaucer used many of his own coinage. "There is no doubt," as Marsh has remarked, "that many of these words have been retained in place of equally appropriate Saxon terms upon Chaucer's authority. So far, therefore, the charge often preferred against him of having alloyed the language by the introduction of French words and idioms, though by no means true to its whole extent, is not absolutely without foundation." But his syntax remained purely Anglo-Saxon. His expressions have the ease, elegance, and brevity which characterize the language of the upper classes, and the compass, variety, and flexibility which characterize the language of genius. His rigid adherence to a Saxon framework, and his profuse admission of French vocables, were in perfect accordance with the tendencies of our language. On the whole, therefore, his influence has been eminently beneficial.

The hoar of antiquity now lies thick on the ancient poet. Over his thoughts and his language the dust of six eventful centuries has been slowly settling. The society familiar to him has become strange and obscure to us. We are unable to recall, scarcely even to imagine, the vanished life of that long bygone generation—the knights, with their chivalrous love and brutal ferocity; the women, with the ultra-feminine primness of the cloister, or the ultra-manly freedom of the age; the philosophers, with their trivial knowledge and childish speculations; the witches, astrologers, and alchymists, with their weird unnatural lore and semi-conscious imposition; the innumerable orders of clergy, with their inveterate feuds, their profane jests, and boisterous joviality; or the people, with their rustic coarseness, their gross ignorance, and unquestioning faith. Such a phase of society seems strange to us; but though strange, neither it nor the works in which it is unfolded can ever become uninteresting.

But Chaucer has other attractions; his language is almost as valuable as his thoughts. In English similar terminations are comparatively rare. Thousands of words have no rhymes, and thousands more have only one or two. The tyranny of like endings is therefore peculiarly galling and oppressive. Whatever be the poet's subject, or whatever be his individual habits of thought or expression, the same hackneyed and threadbare rhymes perpetually recur. Hence rhyme is now much less highly prized and much less frequently used. It has ceased to be a favourite with Tennyson; and his poetry has not suffered by ceasing to be a mere word-jingle. The evil is apparent, but the remedy is obscure. Longfellow has attempted to reanimate the antiquated system of Anglo-Saxon alliteration. Marsh has suggested a more natural remedy. Many poetical terminations found in our early literature have been unfortunately dropped. For example, the melodious *en* of the plural, the participle *and*, and the trochaic *e* feminine, &c., found in Chaucer, are now obsolete. By reviving these and similar terminations we should make our rhymes much more varied and our measures much more soft.

And not only many musical endings, but many expressive Saxon words have become obsolete. Some of these have died and left no sign: others have been replaced by words more euphonious, though less significant, borrowed from the French or Latin. To point a striking antithesis or round the epic roll, our language is almost perfect; but it has become less able to depict nature, to paint our emotions or to touch our heart. The recovery of this power must be sought in the study of our ancient literature, and pre-eminently in the works of Chaucer.

Not much has yet been done to make Chaucer's works more popular or more intelligible. The task is difficult; first, because his text is uncertain. During the seventy years in which he remained in manuscript, Chaucer was exposed to many corruptions. The rapid changes in the language of the nation during that period were accompanied by as rapid changes in the language of Chaucer's manuscripts. The various dialects which prevailed in the various counties prevailed also in the provincial tran-

scripts of Chaucer. But if his popularity at first tended to corrupt, it afterwards assisted to preserve. The "Canterbury Tales" were one of the first works which popular favour enabled Caxton to print. Fifty years afterwards his complete works were published by Godfrey. But the press, though it prevented provincial or modern interpolations, did not prevent editorial, or remove traditional corruptions. Modero editors have still greater difficulties. While Chaucer's text has not become more correct, it has become more obscure. In the lapse of centuries, and the revolutions of opinion, in the pulling down of one church and the building up of another, in the growth of the human intellect and the expansion of human knowledge, his language and allusions have become strange and his versification unintelligible. But if Chaucer's antique language darkens, it also adorns. If it is dangerous to say too little, it is also dangerous to say too much. Without explanation, his works become oppressively obscure: overloaded with explanation, they become oppressively dull. To remove these difficulties, the first modern editor of Chaucer has done more than any other before or after him. Like most of the writers of his own century, and many of those of ours, Tyrwhitt often unnecessarily and pretentiously displays his abstruse and curious learning. But in spite of his pedantry, Tyrwhitt possessed —what is rarely found in pedants—a vigorous, shrewd, and masculine understanding. His text of the "Canterbury Tales," in 1755, seems as good as that of Wright, in 1847. He has interpreted many obsolete words, explained many obscure passages, and definitely solved Chaucer's mode of versification. The worst features in Tyrwhitt's edition reappear in that of Routledge. Tyrwhitt's notes, even when notoriously incorrect, and his biography, with all its errors and defects, are reproduced without comment or discrimination. None of Tyrwhitt's mistakes are corrected, none of his defects supplied. The name of Corbould appears upon the title-page; but only as a lure. Certainly, the illustrations, which appear at intervals throughout the volume, can neither make Corbould's fame wider, or Chaucer's text clearer. From these faults Robert Bell's edition is entirely free. By this editor nearly everything which can explain, illustrate, or improve his author, has been carefully collected and skilfully condensed. But it is not likely that all Chaucer's writings—consisting, as they mostly do, of translations—can ever become popular. We still require an edition of the "Canterbury Tales," in which the obsolete words, opinions, and customs will be explained, and the obsolete pronunciation indicated.

Art. VIII.—Felix Holt—the Radical.

Felix Holt—the Radical. By George Eliot, Author of "Adam Bede." William Blackwood and Sons. London and Edinburgh. 1866.

George Eliot's novels are not novels in the ordinary sense of the term—they are really dramas: as the word is understood when applied to "Hamlet," or the "Agamemnon." From them might be compiled a treatise on morality, just as a set of γνώμαι from Æschylus or Sophokles. Their interest centres always in the solution of some moral problem. "Romola" was a tragedy, showing how in Tito weakness may become the worst of crimes. The lesson of "Adam Bede" was that the harvest of sin is misery. No other novelist in England has attempted such themes. Dickens concerns himself with mere local and ephemeral subjects: George Eliot with problems which interest all the world, and which will continue for ever to interest mankind. She tries the reins and the heart. She speaks out of the fulness of the heart, when others speak only from observation.

Nor is this the only difference which separates her from all other living English novelists. Her writings are marked by the results of the highest cultivation—the poetry of repose, and the artlessness of art. She possesses that knowledge which can alone give breadth of view, and her style that beauty which is the bloom of the mind. Hence the charm of her writings to all cultivated persons. Most novelists paint with black and white; draw their characters either as angels or devils: George Eliot as human creatures, mixtures of good and evil.

A third difference remains to be noticed: the fineness of her observation and her realistic power. Here Jane Austen is her nearest rival. But whilst Miss Austen makes you feel that you are in the next room to the speakers, and can over hear them: George Eliot, that you are in the room with them. Jane Austen gives you the idea that her characters are all members of the Established Church: George Eliot, that they have souls.

Her new novel, like those which have gone before, deals with moral questions. One side of her picture is sad enough. It is the old story, old as the world: how evil ever checkmates itself, and what a fearful compound interest of punishment sin ever demands. The other side is brighter, and relieves the gloom. Αρετὰι κρείσσονες ἔισι μόρου is its text. Just as to be weak is to be wicked, was the cry in "Romola," so here, to be strong is to be religious. The character is the man. The moral of one side of the picture may be read in the first volume in the description of Mrs. Transome, when, after fifteen years' absence, her son returns; when the wealth which she has longed for has been at length gained—"She shivered as she stood alone: all around her, where there had once been brightness and warmth, there were white ashes, and the sunshine looked dreary as it fell on them," (vol. i. 216.) The moral of the other side is not seen until the end of the last volume, when Mr. Wace exclaims, "I feel somehow as if I believed more in everything that is good." (vol. iii. 281.)

And it is these two portions of the tale which, above all others, interest us. The first is the most important. We have no quarrel

whatever with George Eliot for the punishment with which she so righteously visits the guilty lovers. Our protest is directed against the language of Mrs Transome. Her argument is only so much woman's logic, an appeal to the feelings. Her indictment is simply a complaint against the injustice of justice. Mark this description :—

"He moved away again, laid down his hat, which he had been previously holding, and thrust his hands into his pockets as he returned. Mrs Transome sat motionless as marble, and almost as pale. Her hands lay clasped on her knees. This man, young, slim, and graceful, with a selfishness which then took the form of homage to her, had at one time kneeled to her and kissed those hands fervently: and she had thought there was a poetry in such passion beyond any to be found in everyday domesticity." (Vol. iii. 134.)

We would, indeed, translate her conduct very differently. We would put the matter in this way: no person seduces another; we seduce ourselves; and to give fine names to our passion is to confuse wrong with right; and to lay the blame upon another is a poor way to excuse our own weakness. To say that the selfishness is all the man's and the poetry all the woman's, is to misstate facts. The selfishness and the weakness belong equally to both, and both must equally bear the punishment. To go on further, and demand, as Mrs. Transome does, sacrifice only from the man, is equally misleading. Chivalry is not confined to one sex. Both must be equally chivalrous. If both have tasted of the apple, then both must leave Eden and its narrow conventional garden. If there be true love, a new Eden will soon spring up in the desert, and the thistles change to brighter roses than ever grew in the garden. We speak plainly, because such teaching countenances the worst error of the day with regard to women. Women can never rise until they become self-dependent. "To curse God," was the advice of Job's wife: "to curse man" is the modern theory. We speak plainly, because, too, we have heard a higher strain in "Romola," and can listen to nothing less. Women must depend more on the intellect than the feelings. Athênê must be born from the brain of Zeus.

With regard to the other question, let us say at once that few portraits are truer than George Eliot's representation of Felix Holt. The general idea of a Radical working man is that of a half atheist and half cynic, who, instead of living in Diogenes's tub, stands on the top of it and spouts. She has, however, drawn him as rough and rude, despising the whitewash of ceremony, undazzled by the mirage of riches, and anxious only to translate principles into action. His love of Esther, and his power over her character are equally well drawn. But how far is he right in his deliberate choice of poverty? for Esther in reality leaves the matter to him. At the present day there is no need to discuss the value of the text, "the love of money is the root of all evil." George Eliot must mean her words to be taken, like many of the sayings in Plato's "Republic," in a high allegorical sense. If they are meant in any other they are simply mischievous.

We will now proceed to discuss some of the minor points: how far the characters are worked out, how far the situations are natural, and the story probable. The plot has always been George Eliot's weak point. The flood in "The Mill on the Floss," is as improbable as the Deluge. And we must say that the machinery of the lawsuit in "Felix Holt" seems to us clumsy, and the concurrence of so many of the interested persons, Harold Transome, Christian, Johnson, and Esther, at Treby, very improbable. Doubtless such a lawsuit has often happened, but hardly the gathering together of all the actors on one spot. This point, however, we will not press. It is the conduct of some of the characters which seems to us so extraordinary. The behaviour of Felix Holt in the election is simply that of a lunatic. He is represented as a man of sound common sense, sober in thought, practical in action :—

"A noble soul, who's like a ship at sea,
That sleeps at anchor when the ocean's calm:
But when she rages, and the wind blows high,
He cuts his way with skill and majesty."

But the moment that the need of sensible action does arrive he flings all forethought aside and forfeits all our sympathy by his folly. Again, too, we require to know some of the causes which made him a Radical. As the effect of his six weeks' debauchery, his conversion is simply absurd. The citizens of Alnwick used to be made freemen by wading through the mud and filth of a horse-pond. This practice has for many years been discontinued. In morals, however, we do not believe that it ever existed.

Further, we think that since the term "Radical" so conspicuously challenges attention on the title-page, and since, too, in the Introduction we are reminded that the action took place thirty-five years ago, some of the characteristics of the time should have been more clearly reproduced. Toryism then meant wealth to the landlord, and starvation to the peasant. Toryism then meant ignorance for the poor, and brute force for the rich. In fact, Toryism too often meant pleasure enjoyed by the few regardless of the sufferings of the many. It was this injustice that made many a hero and martyr throughout the Midland counties, a bitter sense of wrong that raised many a village Hampden; and we feel the necessity of some dark background of this kind, as both a cause of and foil to the rugged earnestness and nobleness of Felix Holt.

We are asking for what is difficult, but we think we have some right to ask it from the author of "Romola." We judge her by a very different standard to that by which we should judge any other novelist. And if we point out what we regard as further defects, it is not from a spirit of fault-finding, but rather as indicating the perfection which we expect from George Eliot. In the first place, then, we think that the early relations between Mrs. Transome and Mr. Jermyn should have been given more in detail.

After we have finished the story we feel that we are without the true starting point. We are left to imagine motives as best we may, and to judge without any true means of judging. This, in our opinion, is a fault in art. Again, too, we think there is somewhat too much of a straining after profound sayings. It may be our fault, but we certainly cannot understand such a sentence as—"The sins which Rufus Lyon had to pray against had been those of personal ambition and those of a too restless intellect, ceaselessly urging questions concerning the mystery of that which was assuredly revealed, and thus hindering the due nourishment of the soul on the substance of the truth delivered." (Vol. i. p. 145.) Again, too, the following sentence contains far too much shell in comparison to the pearl—"The sensitive little minister knew instinctively that words which would cost him efforts as painful as the obedient footsteps of a wounded bleeding hound that wills a foreseen throe, would fall on this man as the pressure of tender fingers falls on a brazen glove." (Vol. i. 301.) Further, we have to express a difference of opinion from some of her statements. Thus the following appears to be only a half-truth:—"All knowledge which alters our lives penetrates us more when it comes in the early morning: the day that has to be travelled with something new and, perhaps, for ever sad in its light, is an image of the life that spreads beyond. But at night the time of rest is near." (Vol. ii. 161.) There are still other minor blemishes—a certain thinness of thought in passages, and some rather strained jokes which might be pointed out—did we not know how easily the world can pick out faults, but with what difficulty beauties. The story takes us back to the old ground in Loamshire, and in descriptions of its scenery George Eliot's hand has lost none of its former cunning. Nothing can be better in its way than the following:—

"The happy outside passenger, seated on the box from the dawn to the gloaming, gathered enough stories of English life, enough of English labours in town and country, enough aspects of earth and sky, to make episodes for a modern Odyssey. Suppose only that his journey took him through that central plain watered at one extremity by the Avon, at the other by the Trent. As the morning silvered the meadows with their long lines of bushy willows, marking the water-courses, or burnished the golden cornricks clustered near the long roofs of some midland homestead, he saw the full-uddered cows driven from their pasture to the early milking. Perhaps it was the shepherd, head servant of the farm, who drove them, his sheep-dog following with a heedless unofficial air as of a beadle in undress. The shepherd with a slow and slouching walk, timed by the walk of grazing beasts, moved aside, as if unwillingly, throwing out a monosyllabic hint to his cattle; his glance, accustomed to rest on things very near the earth, seemed to lift itself with difficulty to the coachman. Mail or stage-coach for him belonged to that mysterious distant system of things called 'Gover'ment,' which, whatever it might be, was no business of his, any more than the most outlying nebulæ or the coal-sacks of the southern hemisphere: his solar system was the parish; the master's temper and the casualties of lambing-time were his region of storms. He cut his bread and bacon with his pocket-knife, and felt no bitterness except in the matter of pauper labourers and the bad luck that sent contrarious seasons and the sheep-rot. He and his cows were soon left behind, and the homestead too, with its pond overhung by elder-trees, its untidy kitchen-garden, and cone-shaped yew-tree arbour. But everywhere the bushy hedgerows wasted the land with their straggling beauty, shrouded the grassy borders of the pastures with catkined hazels, and tossed their long blackberry branches on the corn-fields. Perhaps they were white with may, or starred with pale pink dog-roses: perhaps the urchins were already nutting amongst them, or gathering the plenteous crabs. It was worth the journey only to see those hedgerows, the liberal homes of unmarketable beauty—of the purple-blossomed, ruby-berried nightshade—of the wild convolvulus, climbing and spreading in tendrilled strength, till it made a great curtain of pale-green hearts and white trumpets—of the many-tubed honeysuckle, which, in its most delicate fragrance, hid a charm more subtle and penetrating than beauty. Even if it were winter, the hedgerows showed their coral, the scarlet haws, the deep-crimson hips, with lingering brown leaves to make a resting-place for the jewels of the hoar frost. Such hedgerows were often as tall as the labourers' cottages dotted along the lanes or clustered into a small hamlet, their little dingy windows telling, like thick-filmed eyes, of nothing but the darkness within. The passenger on the coach-box, bowled along above such a hamlet, saw chiefly the roofs of it; probably it turned its back on the road, and seemed to lie away from everything but its own patch of earth and sky—away from the parish church by long fields and green lanes, away from all intercourse except that of tramps. . . . There was no sign of superstition near, no crucifix or image to indicate a misguided reverence; the inhabitants were probably so free from superstition that they were in much less awe of the parson than of the overseer. Yet they were saved from the excesses of Protestantism by not knowing how to read. . . . . But there were trim cheerful villages, too, with a neat or handsome parsonage or grey church set in the midst; there was the pleasant tinkle of the blacksmith's anvil, the patient cart-horses waiting at his door; the basket-maker peeling his willow wands in the sunshine; the wheelwright putting the last touch to a blue cart with red wheels; here and there a cottage with bright transparent windows, showing pots full of blooming balsams or geraniums, and little gardens in front, all double daisies or dark wall-flowers; at the well, clean and comely women carrying roped buckets." (Vol. i. pp. 2—6.)

This is the land where Shakespeare was born, whose meadows and orchards he has so often sung, whose shepherds and rustics he has so often described—the "heart of England," as Drayton called it, now worthily painted for us in prose. Nothing, too, can be better in their way than those slight humorous touches by which George Eliot gives reality to the picture; such as the description of the shepherd dog, with "a heedless unofficial air, as of a beadle in undress;" of the villagers "saved from the excesses of Protestantism by not knowing how to read." It is these same touches of humour, too, that make her characters so life-like. One stroke lights them up more than whole pages of description by ordinary writers. Thus the retired draper, with his anecdotes, is at once individualized by his "it's all one web, sir" (vol. ii. p. 79); and the general confusion of the

agricultural mind is at once done justice to by the account of Mr. Rose, the gentleman-farmer, who "confounded a toast with a salutation" (vol. ii. p. 254). These, however, count among the lighter graces of George Eliot's style. It is when she touches the deeper chords of human feeling that we acknowledge her power. There are one or two passages which stand out conspicuous, such as Mr. Lyon's exclamation when asked on the trial whether Felix Holt belonged to his congregation: "Nay,—would to God he were! I should then feel that the great virtues and the pure life I have beheld in him were a witness to the efficacy of the faith I believe in, and the discipline of the Church whereunto I belong" (vol. iii. p. 220); and again, still better the conversation between Mrs. Transome and her old servant Denner: "Light the candles and leave me." "Mayn't I come again?" "No. It may be that my son will come to me." "Mayn't I sleep on the little bed in your bedroom?" "No, good Denner; I am not ill. You can't help me." "That's the hardest word of all, madam." (Vol. iii. p. 264, 265.) That last sentence has a true Shakespearian touch of pathos. Nor must we forget another Shakespearian touch, though of a different kind: "Mrs. Holt's eyes had become moist, her fingers played on her knee in an agitated manner, and she finally plucked a bit of her gown and held it with great nicety between her thumb and finger." (Vol. i. p. 99.)

But it is in analysis of character that George Eliot so surpasses all her contemporaries. The picture that we have of Mrs. Transome when she beholds her illegitimate son is equal to anything which the author has written. She feels that nothing has come as she wished. Each event has thwarted her desires. Each new hope dies as quick as it is born. For her, hopes "were woven of sunbeams; a shadow annihilates them." Equally true, equally powerful, is the analysis of Esther's feelings, her need for reliance on some one whose nature was stronger than her own (vol. ii. p. 13). Equally true the picture of her state of mind when "she had begun to feel more profoundly that in accepting Harold Transome she left the high mountain air, the passionate serenity of perfect love, for ever behind her, and must adjust her wishes to a life of middling delights, overhung with the languorous haziness of motionless ease, where poetry was only literature, and the fine ideas had to be taken down from the shelves of the library when her husband's back was turned" (vol. iii. p. 186). This is one of those passages that help to reconcile us to the Utopian doctrine of the blessings of poverty, which Esther by her choice virtually preaches.

A few words about some of the characters. Of Felix Holt we have already spoken. Mrs. Holt at first is somewhat tiresome, but improves, until in the third volume she stands out as the most amusing of all the minor characters. Nothing in the story is more humorous than her quoting Scripture in behalf of her pills: "What folks can never have boxes enough of to swallow, I should think you have a right to sell. And there's many and many a text for it, as I've opened on without ever thinking; for if it's true, 'Ask and you should have,' I should think it's truer when you're willing to pay for what you have" (vol. iii. 165). Nothing excels this except indeed Mr. Nolan's opinion that "debating is an atheistical sort of thing." Mr. Lyon is drawn with that skill and fidelity to truth and colouring with which alone George Eliot knows how to describe his class. His style and manner would make him somewhat ridiculous, did not his earnestness and sincerity place him above all ridicule. After Felix, the most striking character, and to many far more interesting, is Esther. At first she appears to us somewhat like a beautiful book, not fit for use. Gradually, however, her wit and conversation win us over, whilst her deeper nature at the same time is unfolded. She is the heroine of the tale. The minor characters, we need not say, are all well done. In them George Eliot always excels. The scenes in the steward's room at Treby Manor and at the "Sugar Loaf" will often be quoted as characteristic specimens of George Eliot's particular vein of humour. The book, however, must not be judged by details, but as a whole. It is not until the end of the third volume that its real scope and power are seen. The first volume must be read by the light of the third. Of its faults we have already spoken. It is decidedly inferior to "Romola," but then "Romola" shows the highest tide-mark any novelist, in our generation at least, has reached; "Felix Holt," however, stands long before all other novels by contemporary writers. It is marked by such poetry, such humour, such character-painting as no one else but George Eliot can write.

Contemporary Literature.

The Foreign Books noticed in the following sections are chiefly supplied by Messrs. Williams & Norgate, *Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, and* Mr. Nutt, 270, *Strand.*

Theology and Philosophy.

Everything tends to show that the challenge to make good the claims of Christianity as a supernatural or miraculous Revelation from God to man is taken up, as it can only be effectually taken up, by those Churchmen who believe in the continuance of a supernatural or miraculous power in some portions of the Universal Church at the present day.[1] The liberal theologians and the men of science form one camp, Roman Catholics and High Churchmen of various grades form another: the Evangelical School have no heart, no respect, no influence; they never had any learning, they affected to despise intellectual attainment, and find they are not in possession of the weapons

[1] "The Church and the World: Essays on Questions of the Day." By Various Writers. Edited by the Rev. Orby Shipley, M.A. London: Longmans. 1866.

which are necessary in the present conflict. They are conscious they have no future; in the next generation their name will be clean gone. On the other hand, the party attached to the so-called Catholic Revival is a rapidly growing one, by the absorption into itself of other sections of Christians with whom the idea of a Revelation necessarily implies the miraculous. In the interest of this priestly party we have a volume entitled the "Church and the World," that is to say, in apostolic language, "We are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness." Much more bulky, for it contains no fewer than eighteen Essays, the contributions to this volume are, like those to the "Essays and Reviews," professed to have been written independently of one another, notwithstanding that a similar statement with respect to the latter volume was received with a shout of incredulity. The key-note which runs through the whole of these compositions is that the Church is not only supernatural in its origin, but supernatural in its working and constitution, and especially in its ministry and sacraments. The world, on the other hand, is natural. The world has a dominion over things material; the Church administers divine gifts supernatural. To the world may be given Science, to the Church belongs Revelation; to the world is permitted the development of various forces and the application of Arts, to the Church the efficacy of Prayer and Intercession, and the communication of spiritual Life through the Eucharist. Wherever the true ministry is, there is the Eucharist, there is Life, there is the Church. Dogma in its details is here to a certain extent kept out of sight, but always presupposed and argued from; it is shown by preference rather in its inferences than in its original propositions; rather in its attractive flower than in its unsymmetrical root; not as set forth in the Creed of Athanasius, but as exhibited in a symbolical Ritual. It would be impossible to analyse in our space here, or to indicate even in the most summary way, the contents of eighteen Essays, which in a literary point of view may be characterized generally as carefully done. The volume is far more readable than the ponderous "Aids to Faith;" and is more valuable as the manifesto of a party which appears prepared to advance itself as the power destined to reunite Christendom, or, as they prefer to say, "the Church;" to thoroughly ecclesiasticize England, and to put down Infidelity. Infidels of course are abominated; broad Churchmen and muscular Christians follow them next; the Evangelical system has no logical consistency, and is dying out; the High and Dry clergy never did any good, and are for the present exigencies worse than incompetent; Dissenters are treated with a contemptuous friendliness, or on the principle of *μισήσων ὡς ἀνθις φιλήσων*; there is, however, an avoidance generally of all personalities in this book—the only exception we have noticed being at p. 35, in an Essay on the "Missionary Aspect of Ritualism," by a Mr. or Dr. Littledale, who owes his education to the University of Dublin. The individual who fares controversially worse than any heretic is the Bishop of Ely (p. 344). He ought to know better—he ought not to repeat the libel upon Romanism that in the sacrifice of the Altar there is an iteration supposed of the sacrifice on Calvary, or that the Anglican Ritualists in their adoration of the Eucharist dream of repeated propitiations—the Sacrifice in the Eucharist is a continuance of the One Sacrifice of the Cross, or rather a counterpart and veiled representation upon earth of the Intercessory Sacrifice always presented in Heaven. We are here in a high region of thin air, far above the grosser disputes of vulgar Protestants and Roman Catholics on the subject of transubstantiation, or Calvanistic, Anglican, and Zwinglian theories as to the meaning of Sacramental Grace and the mode of its communication. It is, however, this doctrine which is the central one in the scheme of these new Catholics, and which gives life to all their Ritualism. These are not men of mere ribbons and millinery. The Ritual with them is valuable in two ways: it is significant of doctrine to the initiated, an expression of their devotion and their faith; and it is suggestive of doctrine to the uninformed—Ritualism, according to the title of one of the Essays, has a "Missionary aspect." It is undoubtedly true that dogma has grown out of devotion, as the dogma of the Immaculate conception out of the devotion to the Virgin: genuflection before an altar will generate in many minds a conviction of a special divine presence thereon. So, the great facts of the ever-continued offering of the divine Sacrifice, and of the constant imparting to the dead world of the life derived from the "Incarnation," are represented and taught in "Ritual," and the effectual application of them to mankind is accomplished by the priesthood, and in subordinate degrees by organizations regulated by and subordinate to the priesthood. But above all, in the Priest the Saviour himself is present, for the Priest offers Christ, and only Christ can offer himself. It is a round system, and complete in many respects, and one from which a great growth of priestcraft and fetichism might grow up "while men sleep:" the organizations ecclesiastical to which it would lend life might even be useful for a while in dealing with some evils with which our civilization is afflicted. But organizations by means of vows, celibacy, and confraternities will prove unworkable in the long run. It is not expected even by the promoters of these clerical fancies that they will be viewed with much favour by ecclesiastical superiors—In speculation they are too fastastical, and in practical working affect to be too thorough. We must, however, give a few specimens of the book itself. Our readers will recollect a happy expression of the late Bishop of London—"histrionic"—as applied to certain vagaries of ritual as they were then generally considered. Our present ritualists adopt and glory in the epithet as characteristic of their forms of worship. We read:—

"It is an axiom in liturgiology that no public worship is really deserving of its name unless it be histrionic. Histrionic for three reasons. First, be-

cause it is an attempt to imitate and represent on earth what Christians believe to be going on in heaven; secondly, because this representation is partly effected by the means of material symbols, to shadow forth invisible powers; thirdly, because personal action, rather than passive receptivity, is the essence of its character. The whole histrionic principle is conceded and hallowed by the two most sacred rites of the Christian religion," &c.—p. 37.

The antagonism to a mere Biblical system arises out of the principle which is thus described:—

"It is a spiritual system, not an intellectual one; a system whose purpose is a reunion of man with God, through the Incarnation of the Second Person of the Holy Trinity. That this union is not effected by merely believing in a certain system of theology, or in the Revelation of God in the Bible; but, being essentially spiritual, only effected through those means by which spiritual gifts are conveyed to men. That those means are the Sacraments, which may be termed 'extensions of the Incarnation.'"—p. 183.

Of course these "extensions of the Incarnation" are only found in the line of the Apostolical Succession, for the Episcopate and the priesthood are not only a form of Church Government most nearly after the model of Scripture, but the only one of divine appointment and which has the promise of grace (p. 184). This theory of the "Extension of the Incarnation" through the Sacraments, and especially of its application through the duly consecrated Eucharist, makes our Ritualists anxious that consecration of the elements should take place only in Church, which might then be carried to the sick when required; and we have a characteristic note:—

"Priests in London are specially interested in such relaxation. A case was lately told me in which the Holy Communion had to be administered in a sick chamber to a dying man who occupied but one corner of the room. The other corners were tenanted. In one of them was crouched, throughout the administration, an unfortunate woman of known bad character; and during the celebration unclean insects were literally to be seen crawling over the 'fair white linen cloth!' This is one instance only amongst many of recent occurrence which might be quoted."—p. 547.

A true humanity, and a religious feeling not stifled by ritualism, would rather have been shocked at the unclean insects to be seen literally crawling over the unsavoury bed-clothes of the poor sufferer, than at the desecration of the fair white linen cloth which a namby-pamby priest had brought in order to display his fetish. We have also read of One who said to the Scribes and Pharisees of his day—"The publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of heaven before you," and when he was once sitting at meat in a Pharisee's house did not disdain the presence and the respect of "a woman which was a sinner."

There can, however, be little doubt of the high eucharistic doctrine becoming the pivot on which will turn all attempts at "Reunion;" and from it will be directed the attempts of a Catholicity recombined, or at least of supernaturalist theologians acting in the spirit of a Reunion, to recover the ground lost of late years to Rationalism or naturalism. Questions of "Evidences" may be put aside, critical investigations into the origin of Books will become superfluous, discussions of the abstract possibility of miracle may be postponed, as at least irrelevant, if not profane, if men can be won to bow down before that continued "Supernatural presence," that abiding miracle in the Church.

Our readers have already gathered some conception of what this doctrine is as held by the high Angelicans whose volume we have been noticing. We will now state it in the words of one of the very ablest Roman Catholic theologians and controversialists of the day, the venerable and indefatigable Dr. Döllinger.[2] He would agree with those English Churchmen in treating as calumnious the representation of the Catholic doctrine of the Mass as an "iteration of Sacrifice." And we may observe in passing that the words of the thirty-nine Articles are not pointed at the doctrine of the Eucharist which we are here describing, and the special pleadings of Sancta Clara and of No. 90 are rendered unnecessary. Dr. Döllinger says:—

"Christ's priestly function is discharged in heaven; His blood has a real power to cleanse and sanctify, and the offering of his death and passion could be made but once, for in its eternal and all-sufficient perfection it cleanses all. All sins are taken away by one offering, which, in its power and inexhaustible efficacy, can bring all to perfection and beautitude . . . ."

And he pursues it:

"Christ, the Lamb, offers himself continually on that heavenly altar. He is the Priest for evermore, who has wrought the reconciliation of the human race . . . . And here the Church on earth was not to be poorer than the Church in heaven. Therefore, on the eve of his passion, He ordained in His Church the offering of His Body and Blood, whereof He would here as there be Himself the Priest, only that here both priesthood and sacrifice, in accordance with the present order and economy of faith, are veiled from the eyes of men, His body concealed under earthly nourishment, His priestly act under the ministry of men called by the Church to represent him."—Vol. ii. pp. 45, 46.

As with our Anglicans the Sacraments are "extensions of the Incarnation," so says Dr. Döllinger:—

"As the Church was founded by the Incarnation of the Word, and His dwelling among men, so is her continuance, her constant blossoming and increase on earth, dependent on the abiding presence of His living body in her midst, hidden indeed but indicated and pledged by sensible signs. But where He is present, there He is and must be continually offering and discharging by that oblation His office as our intercessor; so that on the earthly altar of the

[2] "The First Age of Christianity and the Church." By John Ignatius Döllinger, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Munich, Provost of the Chapel Royal and Theatine Church, &c. Translated by Henry Newcombe Oxenham, M.A., late Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford. In two vols. London: W. H. Allen and Co. 1866.

Church is the same presence and the same performance as in the heavenly sanctuary, here concealed on the altar from the believer's gaze, there unveiled. For since the Incarnation unites the Son for ever indivisibly to man's nature, His sacrifice is also everlasting."—p. 46.

The work itself from which the foregoing passages are taken is intended for a porch or opening into a great ecclesiastical history, for which the "Heathenism and Judaism" was a preparation. The Apostolic age here illustrated stands as it were by itself between two great periods. The History of the præ-Christian period has closed, but the history of the Church has not begun, although the germs of it are to be found in the Apostolical Society. The author, says his translator, has described the Apostolic age by the light of contemporary documents, that is, of the writings of the New Testament. In the second Book, which is concerned with doctrine, those writings are commented upon. The truths found therein are declared to be substantially the same with those which are more fully expressed in the ecclesiastical creeds. The work, although not directly controversial, nevertheless has a bearing on Strauss's estimate of the Life of Christ, and still more on Baur's conception of the history and doctrinal differences of the Apostolical Church. The translation is fitly inscribed to Dr. John Henry Newman.

Dr. Rowland Williams's first volume of "Hebrew Prophets,"[3] embraces the Prophets, both of Israel and Judah, under the Assyrian Empire, including Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Hosea, Micah, the first Isaiah, Nahum, during the period from about 800 B.C. to about 600 B.C. The plan of the work, which is opened with a Preface of no great extent or significance, is to give a preliminary introduction to each prophet, with a current commentary subjoined to a revised Version. Of the Version itself we will first say that it seems to us to approximate more closely to the idioms of the original, while retaining generally the familiar tone and rhythm of the Authorized Version. In the Introductions we have required illustrations of the date and circumstances of the several compositions, together with a development, in the author's manner, of his views concerning Hebrew Prophecy. These are given rather in a fragmentary way than systematically or completely.

"What did the Prophets mean? Did they predict a Messiah, one anointed with the Holy Spirit, who should be Priest, Prophet, and King, the glory of Israel, and Saviour of mankind, suffering yet triumphant, man in form, God in power? Pearson on the 'Creed' gives the belief of learned tradition; Keith on the 'Prophecies' is a popular recast of it, with which most readers must be familiar. Setting aside profane assumptions that the belief cannot be well founded, and pious assumptions it must be true because it is received, let us examine the only authorities on the subject, the Hebrew Prophets. If reason does not elicit it from their writings, no external volition can impose it upon them, or their readers."—p. 154.

Dr. Williams guards himself from time to time, and fairly enough, against being made answerable for a dogmatic denial of the possibility of a divine enlightenment bestowing a gift somewhat like that which we call prophecy. But in detail he deals with the particular prophecies as ordinarily cited in this way. On the authority of Matt. ii. 6, there is a prophecy or prediction of the birth of Jesus Christ in Bethlehem in Micah v. 2. Now Dr. Williams says "it is impossible from the context and history to avoid the conclusion that Micah is here speaking of some one being born or sitting already on Judah's throne, and destined, as he hoped, to consolidate the divided kingdom; certainly he is not speaking of any distant Messiah, earthly or heavenly."—p. 157.

From which it follows, "that we shall be obliged to consider the citation in our first Gospel, ii. 6, as an adaptation of ancient words, instead of an authoritative allegation of prediction; and opinions will differ widely as to the degree of historical justice, or fanciful ornament shown in the adaptation."—*ib.*

And if, says Dr. Williams, any one is convinced that there is no prediction, properly so called, in this celebrated prophecy, "he will be prepared to find the scales fall from his eyes on examining similar passages." It will be observed, however, that the evangelist suffers damage, while the prophet suffers none.

In the Introduction to Isaiah, again, he says he considers the destruction of Sennacherib to be a remarkable instance of faith justified by the event, but not that the result transcended the limits of a marvellous Providence. And he adds,—

"For in order to establish a proof of extra-natural intervention by way of prediction and miracle, we need fuller knowledge than we possess of the relation borne by the finished poems in our volume to the original utterances of Isaiah in point of form, and to the specified events in point of time."—p. 222.

And afterwards more generally,—

"There are so many woes and burthens upon different lands in succession, that in the course of ages a soil traversed by invaders could hardly fail to experience various fulfilments; but anything like definite prediction of events followed by realization—at least such as might serve as a basis for demonstration of extra-natural intervention, is probably impossible to substantiate."—p. 223.

The chief interest in the discussion of the prophetic question lies of course in the inquiry, whether we have any, strictly speaking, Messianic prophecy. We naturally turn to Isaiah, and Dr. Williams says, "No Messiah of the traditional type maintained in 'Pearson on the Creed' is mentioned or implied throughout Isaiah." It is true "whole chapters breathe the spirit of Christ," and the longings of mankind for a deliverance from the bondage of a

[3] "The Hebrew Prophets; translated afresh from the original, with regard to the Anglican Version, and with illustrations for English readers." By Rowland Williams, D.D., Vicar of Broad-Chalke, Wilts, formerly Fellow and Tutor of King's College, Cambridge. London: Williams and Norgate. 1866.

finite state, shape themselves in a distant future under imagery borrowed from the local and the present. But Christ himself has reversed many local and temporal interpretations, and Christianity is truer than the things which its professors would rest upon as evidences. Miraculous prophecy is not dogmatically denied by Dr. Williams, but it has actually disappeared from his system. What, then, is his position relative to miracle in general? His present undertaking does not require him to treat of the general question, which only comes before him incidentally in his work. But it is a well-known method of controversy with orthodox defenders of the faith to terrify their opponents with consequences, and to call upon them to accept or repudiate conclusions from their premisses which are not fairly or necessarily before them. Dr. Williams has replied to an appeal of this kind in a passage, the greater part of which, on account of its interest, we must quote, notwithstanding its length. Speaking of the return of the shadow on the Sun-dial of Ahaz (Isaiah xxxviii. 8), he inclines to think the phenomenon recorded was connected with an eclipse "throwing a temporary but evanescent shadow" (p. 425). Whether this were so or not, he says well,—

"If science adopts an aggressive attitude towards the hypothesis of Miracle, and criticism one of feebler, if not of vanishing defence for its evidence, the purely religious teacher is not dismayed. He sees that while the religion for which he is anxious retains its hold on men, miracles associated with it will find protection in its shadow; whenever the religion fails, the record of miracles will not restore it."—p. 426.

But then, in anticipation of attacks from those who would tie together all the miracles of the Bible, and accuse him of denying by implication the Resurrection of Christ, he says:—

"If, in order to exempt such incidents from question, or from intimation that their strongest construction is not the foundation of our faith, any one would place them on a level with the Resurrection of Christ, such an attempt seems to me not wise, even if sincere. For who can read the fifteenth chapter of 1 Cor. and say that the evidence of a community, summed up by St. Paul within thirty-five years of the event, leaves no stronger assurance on the mind than we possess as to the addition of fifteen years to Hezekiah's life, specified in 2 Kings xx., we know neither when, nor by whom, and transcribed in this appendix [to the first Isaiah] some years, we know, after the hymn of Hezekiah had existed as a separate fragment. That Christ rose bodily from the grave on the third day rests historically on the belief of the hundred and twenty men who met in the upper chamber (Acts i. 15—22). The most natural account of their belief is that it had a correspondent fact; this is enough to strengthen the hope of believers in Christ. . . . To those who receive Christ as the Son of God, his death seems far more miraculous than his resurrection. Those who acknowledge him but as the Son of Man must feel his teaching to be an element of credibility in the subsequent story. The worthiness of the occasion, the dignity of the person, the nearness of the attestation, the importance to mankind of the immortality involved in the event, and the ever-recurrent necessity of belief in this or some kindred pledge of our destiny, remove Christ's resurrection out of the category to which the specification of Hezekiah's fifteen years and the return of the shadow belong . . . . at any rate the event best attested in the New Testament [?], the most sacredly associated with our hope, and most important, if we hold it, in all history, deserves a nobler use than polemical employment to bias interpretation elsewhere."—pp. 426, 427.

Of the cogency of the positive evidence to the fact of a bodily Resurrection of Jesus as above set forth, we must leave our readers to judge; if the ecclesiastical persons before whom the passage is flung are not satisfied with that statement of the proof, it behoves them not to denounce Dr. Williams, but to display it in a more convincing manner. We will only observe that Dr. Williams appears, as far as mere external evidence goes, to lean partly upon 1 Cor. xv., and partly upon Acts i. 22, with a preference for the latter testimony. Each of these lines of proof, though containing an element of what would be cogent evidence if it were completed, comes to nothing for want of a missing link. In 1 Cor. xv. we have a good personal testimony to the existence of a floating tradition; in Acts i. 13—22, we have what, if genuine, would be ocular evidence transmitted in an anonymous and often legendary writing; but we cannot attach Paul's testimony in 1 Cor. xv. to any evidence of an eye-witness, and we cannot authenticate Peter's speech in Acts i. by the declaration of St. Paul, which does not touch it.

Ewald puts forth a second edition of the first half of the first part of his "Poets of the Old Covenant," after an interval of twenty-six years.[4] He does not profess to have been altogether stationary himself during that period, and undoubtedly Oriental literature and Biblical criticism have made great advances. The present part consists of two portions. The first comprises General Observations upon the poetry of the Hebrews—its origin and history, with its different kinds, the song, the didactic poetry, the dramatic, the epic: the structure of the Hebrew poetry is then treated at length. The second portion consists of general observations upon the origin and composition of the Book of Psalms, inquiries into the approximate date of the Psalms, and as to the light which they may derive from or throw upon historical circumstances; wherein incidentally are treated of the critical worth of the inscriptions, and an analysis is given of the Jehovistic and Elohistic Psalms.

Proudhon left behind him a Bible (Vulgate) on the margin of which he had accumulated from time to time a variety of notes.[5] The Gospels are now published, the text being given in the French of Le Maitre de Sacy. The notes are without pretence of learning, but generally to the point: sometimes, it is true,

[4] "Die Dichter des Alten Bundes erklärt von Heinrich Ewald." Ersten theiles erste hälfte. Allgemeines über die Hebraische Dichtkunst und über das Psalmenbuch. 2te Auflage. Göttingen. 1866.

[5] "Les Évangiles annotés." Par P. J. Proudhon. Paris. 1866.

paradoxical. It need not be said that Proudhon spares no opinion which he thinks delusive. But his own theories render him an untrustworthy guide across the dubious paths of an historical inquiry into the Life of Jesus. As an example of his style and manner of looking at the Gospel histories, we take a passage introductory to the fourth Gospel:—

"Pour moi, je vois dans l'Évangile de Jean l'idée mère de Jésus, à savoir que le messianisme véritable n'est autre chose que l'émancipation des pauvres et la fraternité élevée jusqu'à la divinisation. Cette idée, vraiment audacieuse, pleinement réformatrice et révolutionnaire, qui rompait en visière aux préjugés judaïques, qui niait leur idée de Messie, qui se moquait de la lettre et des détails du culte; cette idée, vraiment démocratique et prolétaire, aussi radicalement hostile à la royauté qu'au sacerdoce, est la seule qui explique rationellement la mission du *charpentier*, et qui rende compte de l histoire et de la légende. L'Église primitive tout en prenant au pied de la lettre que Jésus était le Messie prédit par les prophètes, et se rapprochant sur ce point de la tradition des juifs, ne se trompa point sur le sens pratique du rôle de Jésus; et il est étonnant que Strauss l'ait si peu senti! Jésus était ce qu'on appelle aujourd'hui (1848–1852) un *révolutionnaire social* qui ne voyait dans l'idée messianique qu'un mythe, et qui le résolvait en l'interprétant d'une réforme morale, sociale, politique même, s'il pouvait." —pp. 315, 316.

A translation of M. de Pressensé's work,[6] noticed in our last number, will be acceptable to very many who, though they may read French, read English more rapidly, and retain what is written in it more completely. The original work, though not composed in reference to M. Renan's first volume, aimed likewise at presenting a historical Christ. Many who on various grounds were dissatisfied with the portraiture drawn by M. Renan, were awakened by him to a sense of something wanting in their conception of the earthly life of the Redeemer, and M. de Pressensé's "Life" appeared opportunely to supply a counteracting description on the orthodox side. A considerable number of people in England have lately been reading a book which from its title they surmised might be heterodox, but which is only fanciful—they have had the excitement of tasting a forbidden fruit with no poison in it. If they will read the translation of M. de Pressensé, they will find a much fairer statement of the question at issue concerning the "historical Christ;" though the author is by no means to be relied on for a statement of the whole truth. A capital instance is the way in which he speaks of Justin, in reference to the "Gospel question." M. de Pressensé says, "he cites our Gospels with some freedom." No one unacquainted with the facts would suppose from such expressions that Justin never "cites our Gospels" at all, nor refers to any of them by name, or specifies their number. Again—"It is enough to give weight to these quotations of Justin to recognise that they contain all the substance of the Gospel history." No one would imagine from that statement that there is no trace in Justin of the miracles and other events peculiar to the fourth Gospel. Once more—"It is impossible to imagine other books than our Gospels having obtained by the second century this public honour and this consecration"—that is, of being read in time of public worship; but the question is, whether our Gospels, and especially the fourth Gospel, had this honour, not whether others had it also. These are instances, occurring in less than the compass of a page, of a looseness, to use the mildest expression, which is characteristic of M. de Pressensé, and which really renders such a work as the present nearly valueless to an inquirer who is not furnished with some further apparatus with which he may check and correct his author's conclusions.

The Prayer-Book interleaved will be found very interesting, no doubt, by some clergymen.[7] It is intended to show the actual mode of formation of the book, by placing in face of each alternate page the portions of older rituals out of which it has grown, or which were rejected in its composition. The principal points in the Preface of the Bishop of Ely consist in the reminder that anciently it was a liturgical maxim to "do nothing without the bishop," and that the One Order of Service established for the whole realm, as we have always thought, by Act of Parliament, was due to the "bishops" yielding up their original liberty of putting forth different liturgies and *uses* in their several dioceses. He concludes with the usual glorification of the Prayer-Book, as it is summed up in a somewhat profane phrase, as it strikes us, borrowed from the Acts 2 and 3 Edw. VI. c. 1. "It may well be believed," says the bishop, "that it was drawn up 'by the aid of the Holy Ghost.'" If so, for what purpose this antiquarian research into that which preceded it, carried out with a certain flourishing of trumpets? It is like a man who should insist to his friends and neighbours that he had rebuilt his old house in the best possible way, and should then set himself to rake amidst the builder's *débris*—the shavings and brickbats—to find something which might have been used in the construction, if he had been minded to make his house other than it is.

The "Ecclesiastical Year-Book," which it is proposed to continue in an annual series, will no doubt prove a serviceable record of Church of England proceedings.[8] It is not to be supposed that the editor of any such work should be without his own personal leanings on ecclesiastical and doctrinal questions, but he should

[6] "Jesus Christ: his Times, Life, and Work." By E. de Pressensé. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1866.

[7] "The Prayer Book, interleaved, with Historical Illustrations and Explanatory Notes, arranged parallel to the Text." By the Rev. W. M. Campion, B.D., Fellow and Tutor of Queen's College and Rector of St. Botolph's, and the Rev. W. J. Beaumont, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College and Incumbent of St. Michael's, Cambridge. With a Preface by the Lord Bishop of Ely. Rivingtons: London, Oxford, and Cambridge. 1866.

[8] "Rivington's Ecclesiastical Year-Book for 1865." Rivingtons: London, Oxford, and Cambridge. 1866.

endeavour to put them aside, so far at least as not to throw suspicion upon the thorough impartiality of his record. We hardly think the editor cultivates sufficiently this judicial frame of mind.

The very limited and distorted sense in which the Apostle John, or the author of the first epistle which goes by his name, can be called the Apostle of love, may be seen in the readiness with which that epistle lends itself to the exposition of a thorough and narrow Calvinistic theologian.[9] "God is love," "We are of God," and "The whole world lieth in wickedness." All blessings are comprised in the Divine love—life, peace, joy; but there are regions where it does not penetrate—the world lying in wickedness. And who are comprised in this "wicked world?" All but a few in the few congregations of the communion to which Dr. Candlish belongs—all but the "converted." And—"The world hateth;" and to hate is to murder. The unconverted "hate" the children of God as Cain hated Abel. All this is very shocking doctrine, and the more so because of the soothing aspect of it towards the favourites who "know" that they are of God.

Mr. Muehleisen-Arnold's "Koran and the Bible" is a reissue of a work which appeared originally under another title in 1859.[10] Its object is to diffuse information as to the relations between Mohammedanism and Christianity. The non-Christian population of the globe may be divided into Jews, Pagans, and Mohammedans. The Jews amount, it is said, to about five millions, and for their conversion seven large societies, with a staff of 200 missionaries, are employed. The Pagans number from 300 to 500 millions, and engage the zeal of thirty-six Protestant societies. The Mohammedans cannot be reckoned as fewer than 200 millions, with only one society apparently occupied in their conversion. We are inclined to think that although Mohammedanism may be becoming liberalized in some quarters, it is still gaining somewhat on Christianity, and that it will never yield to a missionary teaching of the doctrines of the Evangelical school.

We are glad to see a new edition of the work of Dr. Southwood Smith on "The Divine Government,"[11] originally published fifty years ago, since which time it has been frequently reprinted both in this country and America, and has done good service as against those harsh views of the attributes of the Deity which would consign the bulk of the human race to an eternity of woe. The method of the author in marshalling his evidence in favour of the doctrine of the ultimate restoration of all mankind, was to commence with arguments from natural religion in its favour; that is to say, from the nature of God, the nature of man, and the nature and design of punishment; next, to consider the Scriptural authorities which are alleged on the other side, and then to treat of the arguments derived from the nature of sin as an infinite evil, from the divine justice and from the divine sovereignty: lastly, to produce those passages of Scripture which appear to imply the doctrine of restoration.

The Rev. Thomas Davis is to be added to the number of conscientious clergymen of the Church of England who have declared themselves unable to preach the doctrine of endless suffering.[12] Mr. Davis adopts rather the opinion of the late Archbishop of Dublin, that the wicked will be finally extinguished. His argument is wholly a Scriptural one, and if there still be left one or two refractory texts, he has shown distinctly enough that the plainer texts and by far the preponderance of texts represent the punishment of the wicked hereafter as an extinction. Mr. Davis has especially shown how little stress can be laid upon the phrase "for ever," because it is applied undoubtedly to judgments and punishments which must have had an end, as in Isaiah xxxiv., "The streams thereof [Idumea] shall be turned into pitch, and the dust thereof into brimstone, and the land thereof shall become burning pitch. *It shall not be quenched* night nor day; *the smoke thereof shall go up for ever.*" He concludes his essay with a few words to parry the imputation of making light of transgression against the will of God, and sums up with words of faith—"Divine truth will promote virtue better, immeasurably, than human error."

Another reprint which we hope will be found opportune is that of the late Professor Powell's excellent little work, "Christianity without Judaism."[13] This reissue seems especially well timed in reference to the increased discussion of the Sabbath question which is taking place in Scotland.

Mr. B. H. Cowper gives a readable translation of "Chrysostom on the Priesthood,"[14] a book which has always been a standard one with High Churchmen. Mr. Cowper says truly enough in his Preface that persons of very different schools may find in it support for their own views, and also notice what they may think defects. Hence, no doubt, the book has a certain historical value. But it is chiefly

[9] "The First Epistle of John Expounded in a Series of Lectures." By R. S. Candlish, D.D., Principal of the New College and Minister of Free St. George's Church. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1866.

[10] "The Koran and the Bible; or, Islam and Christianity." By John Muehleisen-Arnold, B.D., Consular Chaplain at Batavia, late Hon. Sec. of the Moslem Mission Society. Second Edition. London: Longman. 1866.

[11] "The Divine Government." By Southwood Smith, M.D., Physician to the London Fever Hospital, &c. Fifth Edition. London: Trübner and Co. 1866.

[12] "Endless Sufferings not the Doctrine of Scripture." By Thomas Davis, M.A., Incumbent of Roundhay, Yorkshire. London: Longman. 1866.

[13] "Christianity without Judaism: a Second Series of Essays; including the Substance of Sermons Delivered in London and other Places." By the Rev. Baden Powell, M.A., F.R.S., &c. Second Edition, revised. London: Longman. 1866.

[14] "S. John Chrysostom on the Priesthood." In Six Books. Translated from the original Greek by B. Harris Cowper. London: Williams and Norgate. 1866.

known among ourselves as the source from which students for the ministry of the Church of England derive their earliest impressions concerning a sacrificial Christian priesthood, a real Presence in the Eucharist, and the lawfulness of "Economy;" that is, of deception in the matter of religion. Economy teaches that it is as lawful for a teacher or a priest to deceive his pupil, or catechumen, or penitent into that which he believes will be for the good of his soul, as it is for a physician or a nurse to impose for their good upon a madman or a child—*Ut veluti pueris absinthia tetra, &c.* We have no doubt Mr. Cowper's translation will be in request in our theological colleges.

Mr. William Robinson is a Congregational minister of eminence and a person of thoughtful and cultivated mind. His "Biblical Studies" leave the impression that he may be subject to some kind of irritability rendering him too anxious to rectify all sorts of evils.[15] He is angry with the impugners of the Mosaic Creation and the Noachian Deluge, with Scepticism generally and Infidelity, as well as with Ritualism, with Episcopalianism and a State Establishment, with the unchristian practice of war and with the National Debt. The main purpose of his publication is to check the "abounding scepticism," by explaining on a variety of subjects what the Bible really teaches. And it is very curious—and was no doubt little anticipated by the author—that in so doing he should be the first to come to the rescue of Bishop Colenso under the charge of what is alleged against him as a new heresy. It appears that the Bishop of Natal, feeling obliged to provide a small collection of "psalms and hymns" for the temporary use of the congregation which throngs his cathedral,[16] put together a number of about 150, in which it has been discovered the name of Jesus or Christ does not occur, although the description of "Saviour" does. Hence a mighty outburst on the part of those who, if they employ any metrical version of the Psalms, are bound to use that of Tate and Brady, or rather that of Sternhold and Hopkins, in which of course, as representations of the "Psalms of David," the name of Jesus cannot possibly be met with. The introduction of "hymns" into the service of the Church of England is a very recent innovation. The little collection, however, which we note below will probably soon become a rare literary curiosity: of course it proves nothing. But it is stated—and probably with truth—although we are not aware of any authorized declaration on the subject by the Bishop of Natal himself having reached this country, and are altogether unable to say with what limitation the statement is to be received—that the bishop has expressed an opinion to this effect—that Jesus Christ is not set forth in the New Testament as the direct object of prayer: and moreover, that according to the sense of the Church of England, if it may be judged of by the "Collects," with few exceptions, prayer is properly addressed to God, through the Saviour Jesus Christ. If such should prove to be the Bishop's allegation relating to the formularies of the Church, every one will be able to verify it for themselves. As to the scriptural authority, it is worth remarking, in anticipation of a coming controversy, how it is set forth by Mr. Robinson, who when he wrote could have had no intention of taking the same side with Bishop Colenso. He says: "With equal distinctness does the supremacy of the Father appear in that he is usually the object and always the ultimate object of prayer and praise; according to these rules, 'Through Christ Jesus we have access by one spirit unto the Father;' 'To him every knee shall bow, to the glory of God the Father.' There are, however, exceptions to the first of these rules, and they claim careful attention."—p. 122. He then observes that instances of worship paid to Christ while on earth are not to be taken as worship proper—as when the leper said, "Sir (κύριος), if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean;" but after the ascension the disciples paid him divine homage, yet so as to pray to the Father in his name. He then notices the seeming exceptions to this rule. The instances of prayer and praise presented to him were few, and marked with peculiar circumstances. On occasion of appointing a successor to Judas, prayer was made to Christ to show whether of the twain he had chosen—which certainly does not imply that Jesus, though then superhuman and endowed with a power of overlooking his Church, was "equal to the Father," or an object of prayer in the highest sense. At his death, Stephen offered a two-fold invocation, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit;" "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." The former phrase, as it seems to us, by no means implies in its object more than a ministerial office, nor does the latter amount to more than an address to a recording Mediator. Paul, Mr. Robinson observes, thrice besought the Lord that his "thorn in the flesh" might depart from him—probably addressing himself directly to the Lord Jesus—but he uses a word, παρακαλέω —a word nowhere employed to designate prayer offered to God; and when the same Apostle "thanks Christ Jesus our Lord, he uses not εὐχαριστέω but ἔχω χάριν (I am grateful), in accordance with the rule of giving thanks always for all things, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to God, even the Father." Not indeed that we should shelter the Bishop of Natal behind Mr. Robinson, for we are inclined to think the Bishop may prove orthodox where Mr. Robinson acknowledges himself heretical. Mr. Robinson appears to think that the "Word" took the place of a human soul in the person of Jesus, which was, we believe, the heresy of Apollinaris; we have no reason to think that the "Word," whatever that may mean, is held, in the scheme of Bishop Colenso, to supersede a human soul in Jesus Christ. This heresy is rather to be fairly imputed to those who denied, in opposition to the Bishop, that it could in any sense be said

[15] "Biblical Studies." By William Robinson. London: Longman. 1866.

[16] "Psalms and Hymns for Use in the Cathedral Church of St. Peter's, Maritzburg." Pietermaritzburg. 1866.

of Jesus Christ that he was ignorant, or that he could possibly be uninformed or mistaken as to the age and authorship of the Pentateuch.

A minister of the Dutch Reformed Church in the Cape Colony, Mr. Burgers,[17] who belongs apparently to a party to be found at the present day in most churches desirous of promoting at least a freedom of scriptural exposition, was accused some time since of contravening the dogmatical standards of his Church, and after lengthened and somewhat complicated proceedings, was sentenced by a body called the Synodical Commission to be suspended from his ministry on two grounds—for having denied the personality of Satan and the sinlessness of Christ's human nature. The Dutch Church at the Cape is not an established church properly so called, but it is founded upon a certain State Ordinance, giving it a visible existence and reciting the laws by which it is to be governed. Mr. Burgers appealed to the Supreme Civil Court of the colony, both on the merits, that his words did not in fact contradict the standards; moreover, that they were not proved, and also that the Synod had proceeded against him irregularly according to the laws of the Church itself. The court unanimously decided in his favour on this latter ground, without expressing any opinion whether it is lawful or not in that Church (which yet it probably may be) to deny the personality of Satan, and the sinlessness of Christ's human nature, to the extent to which Mr. Burgers may have done so. The intolerant ecclesiastical party have appealed to the Privy Council, and according to the "Case of the Rev. T. F. Burgers," noted below, intend to maintain what they call the inherent spiritual rights of a Christian Church, which they press to this extent, that no civil court can take cognizance of any irregularity, or injustice, or breach of their own rules by any church authority, even in cases where the contract is express, and where the aggrieved party has not divested himself of his right to apply to the courts for redress. The] persistence of the Dutch ecclesiastics in this claim has led them to defy the sentence of the Civil Court nullifying that of the Synod; and it appears by the Report of a Judgment of the Supreme Court just received, that it has by an interdict sustained Mr. Burgers in his right against these ecclesiastical pretensions. On the other side, the Synod appeals for sympathy to those religious communions which advance the like spiritual claims, and the interest of the approaching proceedings before the Privy Council will turn principally on the struggle for supremacy between the ecclesiastical and civil powers.[18] The Dutch Church in which these questions have arisen does not number more, we believe, than 100,000 persons; a proof of the wide-spread shaking of religious conviction which is taking place.

An extremely interesting volume of "Dissertations," by Zeller,[19] discusses various questions touching philosophy and religion, in connexion with well-known historical names of ancient and modern times. The names of Pythagoras, Socrates, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, Wolff, J. G. Fichte, Frederick Schleiermacher, F. C. Baur, Strauss, and Renan, will indicate the sort of entertainment which is here provided. The Essays have already appeared in different periodicals, and some of them have been suggested by particular occasions, as that on Schleiermacher, by the recurrence of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his death. Zeller's object has been to popularize, to a certain extent, without vulgarizing, the results of philosophical and theological research, as carried on by himself and friends. The last Essay in the volume is of especial importance as giving judgment on behalf of the Tübingers upon questions in issue between Strauss and Renan. And we are exceedingly glad to see that a translation has been published in this country.[20]

The Introduction, by the translator, will perhaps assist in clearing away from some minds prevalent misunderstandings concerning the Straussian myth.

A translation of Kuno Fischer's "Commentary on the Critick of the Pure Reason," will render a great service to those who desire to appreciate the merits of the great founder of modern philosophy.[21] There are few for whom the "Critick" itself is a readable book, either in the original or in any English version. M. Mahaffy is both competent as a translator, and in his knowledge of modern philosophy, for the work which he has undertaken. He has added an Introduction, in which he discusses some of the points in which he thinks Fischer has insufficiently dealt with difficulties in the Kantian system, and criticises parts of the systems of various philosophers, as Schopenhauer, Mill, and Mansel.

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[17] "In the Suit between Rev. Thomas François Burgers, Plaintiff (now Respondent), and Rev. Andrew Murray, Junr., Moderator of the Synod of the Dutch Reformed Church of South Africa, in Appeal to H. M. in H. P. C. from Judgments of the Supreme Court of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, &c." Cape Town. 1866.

"Judgment in the Case between the Rev. Thomas François Burgers, Minister of the Reformed Church at Hanover, and Petrus Joubert and others, delivered on the 12th April, 1866, in the Supreme Court of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope." Cape Town. 1866.

"The Case of the Rev. T. F. Burgers, Minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, at Hanover, Cape of Good Hope, suspended for Heresy." London: Trübner. 1866.

[18] It may be mentioned as showing the earnestness with which this battle is to be fought, that the counsel retained on the side of the Synod, are Sir Hugh Cairns and Mr. Wickens; on the side of Mr. Burgers, Mr. Coleridge, Q.C., Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, and Mr. John Westlake.

[19] "Vorträge und Abhandlungen geschichtlichen Inhalts." Von Eduard Zeller. Leipzig. 1865.

[20] "Strauss and Renan:" an Essay. By E. Zeller. Translated from the German; with Introductory Remarks by the Translator. London: Trübner and Co. 1866.

[21] "A Commentary on Kant's Critick of the Pure Reason." Translated from the History of Professor Kuno Fischer, of Jena; with an Introduction, Explanatory Notes, and Appendices. By John Pentland Mahaffy, A.M., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Dublin. London: Longman. 1866.

The relations between Stoicism and Christianity have of late received much attention. Mr. Bryant's "Hulsean Essay" is a well-written and pleasing contribution to the illustration of the subject.[22] The result which he especially desires to bring out is, that Christianity exercised an influence upon Stoicism, so that Stoicism appears, as, for instance, in Seneca and Epictetus, better than its own nature.

A very good little manual resuming the principal arguments in opposition to the materialist system is supplied in M. Janet's "Critique of Dr. Büchner."[23] M. Janet says that the French naturalism has not yet boldly hoisted the standard of Materialism. His critique is, therefore, applicable in this first instance to such writers as Büchner and Moleschott, but is capable of application wherever Positivism takes a materialist form. In this little work, reprinted from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and translated into English by Mr. Masson, we have first a sketch of the movement of German philosophy since Hegel; next an exposition of Dr. Büchner's system, of which the fundamental principle is "no matter without force, no force without matter;" the defects of the system are then pointed out, all flowing, as M. Janet says, from an insufficiency in its fundamental principle, for neither is any definition given of matter or of force, nor is it shown how they are connected together. And if Materialism does not explain matter itself, much less does it account for life and thought. The result of observation, indeed, may be stated on the materialist side, in respect of life, "that a very large number of vital phenomena can even now be explained by the laws of natural philosophy and of chemistry; and as for those which still resist, have we no reason to believe that one day we shall likewise account for them in the same manner?" To which M. Janet replies—"that the phenomena of life are subjected, in a degree, to the natural laws, from which it does not follow that life itself is a mechanical, physical, or chemical phenomenon." For the essential distinction between matter and thought, M. Janet seems principally to rely on the testimony which memory gives to the existence of a continuous link between the *ego* of the past and the *ego* of the present, and on the argument from the sense of responsibility. There is added a critique of the Darwinian theory of the origin of species, wherein M. Janet contests not so much the soundness of Mr. Darwin's principles as the extent of their application.

POLITICS, SOCIOLOGY, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

It is not surprising that so fervent and able a disciple as Dr. Bridges[1] should endeavour to refute those views of the nature and tendencies of Comte's sociological theories and speculations which were maintained by Mr. Mill in the pages of this *Review* with so much power, and we must insist, in spite of Dr. Bridges, with such a judicial definiteness and decision. It can hardly any longer be said that English philosophers have striven *in vain* to confine Positivism to its intellectual office. The assumption that it can ever have any other office is the only cause of that refusal to accept many of the views of Positivists which is, in England at least, gaining with every day fresh strength and determination. The cardinal doctrines of the subjection of the intellect to the heart, the necessity of an organized spiritual power, and the validity of the dogma of Altruism, are with every advance in true psychology retreating into the vague distance of discredited Utopias. These doctrines may appear attractive to a moral enthusiasm that is too impatient to have faith in anything but itself, but they cannot be dignified with the name of scientific or positive results; they are aspirations and consolatory aims to many men, but can in no sense be called a light unto the path of all. It is somewhat surprising that the disciples of a school *qui a mis le bon Dieu en equation, et n'a trouré que des racines imaginaires*—who have silently set aside the first great commandment, and found the second, which is like unto it, inadequate to their moral needs—should feel so much annoyed at any irreverence in the handling of their own doctrines. Dr. Bridges reproaches Mr. Mill for the smiles which few can repress when they think of some of Comte's later theories, with all the austerity of a parochial authority who has caught a little boy laughing in church. It is a pity that so many excellent jokes which are also good arguments can be denounced as blasphemous by those who wish to avoid the arguments they contain; but it hardly becomes those who have swept away the old bases of our moral faith to assume an air of such sacerdotal dignity if any of the unconverted smile at the dogmas with which they would replace them. The whole question between the Positivists, in so far as there is any dispute, and ourselves, is indicated in the semi-oracular motto on the face of Dr. Bridges' pamphlet: *Induire pour déduire, afin de construire.* Induction and deduction we know, but what is construction? If this is not passing over into the subjective camp we know not how it could be better signalized. Why should we not be at liberty to choose the architect when we have to live in the house? The useless equivocation by which

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[22] "The Mutual Influence of Christianity and the Stoic School." By James Henry Bryant, B.D., St. John's College, Cambridge, Incumbent of Atley, Warwickshire. London: Macmillan and Co. 1866.

[23] "The Materialism of the Present Day. A Critique of Dr. Büchner's System." By Paul Janet, Member of the Institute of France, Professor of Philosophy at the Paris Faculté des Lettres. Translated from the French by Gustave Masson, B.A., Univ. Gallic., Assistant Master of Harrow School. London. Baillière. 1866.

[1] "The Unity of Comte's Life and Doctrine. A Reply to Strictures on Comte's later Writings, addressed to J. S. Mill, Esq., M. P." By J. H. Bridges, Translator of Comte's general view of Positivism. London: Trübner & Co. 1866.

"organize" is constantly taking the place of "construct" in Comte's writings ought to deceive no one. And the confusion which arises from this abuse points to nothing less than an entire misconception of the proper meaning of the first of these two terms, and a complete ignoring of the fact that however we may construct we must leave organization to the forces of nature. This is the true moral *Scheidepunct* between ourselves and the thorough-going Comtists. In our view, truth will make us free, and freedom is the only basis of individual nobility. The opposite view, that nobleness of character can alone make us free, and that truth is to be cooked for us like a maintenon cutlet, and served up in an envelope ticketed "*De par du pouvoir spirituel*," is one which must for ever keep asunder the votaries of experimental science and the advocates of any shorter cuts, whether Comtean or otherwise. At the basis of all these constructive theories lies a profound distrust in the laws of nature, and a somewhat presumptuous assumption that at least in the sociological sphere we can evade them. When Littré, Mill, and Lewes charge Comte with a change of method in his later works, it is but a very poor answer to show that even while he was with St. Simon he contemplated a re-organization of society, and had not despaired of qualifying himself for the task while writing his "Philosophie Positive." Such an answer may be consolatory to fellow-disciples, but the vague and grandiose terms in which that re-organization is announced do but confirm, as indeed, in our opinion, they all but confess, the truth of the indictment. Many special points are taken up by Dr. Bridges, and isolated expressions of Mr. Mill's are criticised as inconsistent with the spirit of history. There may, for aught we know, be such a spirit, but we confess we think that history has none but that which is brought to its study, and have only to appeal to the marvels of hero worship and historical whitewashing which we have seen of late years, adequately to support our opinion. Every generation reconstructs the past to its own uses, and furnishes itself with versions *in usum Delphini*, as becomes its sovereignty. Not the least remarkable of these reconstructions is Comte's own attempted rehabilitation of that mediæval period which would have made such short work with him and his views. But when he speaks of the twelfth century he longs for the power and influence of St. Bernard, regardless of the ignorance and superstition on which they were founded. For our part we should prefer the fate of his great adversary, with all its suffering and misery, and apparent frustration of his intellectual life. It is of course impossible to touch upon any merely personal question debated in a pamphlet of seventy pages, when we have but one, or at most two, at our disposal. We do not, however, fear that Dr. Bridges' performance will be more than consolatory to his fellow believers. The dogmatism which attempts to found a new system of morals seems to us the very reverse of all that is admirable in Positivism, which, to our thinking, is bound to await the system before its dogmas can be defined and formulated.

Mr. Alexander's "Mill and Carlyle,"[1] consists of a serious controversy with the former, and a jocose parody but sensible criticism of the latter. In discussing Mr. Mill's differences with Sir W. Hamilton on the question of Liberty and Necessity, he appeals to the "common consciousness of mankind," and rigorously excludes anything that philosophers may say of theirs as quite inapplicable to the solution of such questions, for there never was a philosopher, in his opinion, whose consciousness would not supply him with any psychological facts required by his theories. This, of itself, will prepare any one for the lengthened display of arguments at cross purposes which his book contains. The whole question revolves round the analysis of consciousness, and never would have been a question at all had not habitual conviction become in the minds of the majority of mankind identical with immediate consciousness. Mr. Alexander himself is obliged to admit that in the intimate moment of action we have no consciousness of freedom, but only in those which precede and follow it. It is quite surprising that this admission can be made by any one who disputes Mr. Mill's doctrine, that human conduct is as much subject to the law of causation as any other sequence of events on the surface of the earth. The discussion branches off into a similar attack upon utilitarian morality, and, of course, on identical principles. The secondary sentiments of blame and approval which attach themselves to the varying estimates which have been and are formed of what is hurtful or beneficial, are assumed to be direct judgments on something in man worthy of praise or blame, apart from the character of the acts by which they earn either the one or the other. There is no novelty in this mode of criticising utilitarian morality. We cannot say as much for the flippant tone with which Mr. Alexander treats his great antagonist. In his preface he seems to have had a momentary consciousness that it was hardly suitable to the occasion, and assures his readers that he has greatly modified it sfirst vivacity. It is a pity that he has not reformed it altogether. The parody on the first two volumes of Mr. Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," is much more satisfactory. As a mere imitation of style it is not equal to Mr. Lowell's in the "Biglow Papers," but there is much good sense, as well as fun, in his protest against the author's extravagant "cooking" of the materials for his hero, and not a little justice in his ultimate conclusion that in spite of all he may say to the contrary, "there is a great deal of the morose Werther about Mr. Carlyle himself."

If any one wishes to get a proper amount of enjoyment out of Mr. Ruskin's works, he must

[1] "Mill and Carlyle: an Examination of Mr. John Stuart Mill's Doctrine of Causation in Relation to Moral Freedom. With an occasional Discourse on Sauerteig, by Smelfungus." By P. Alexander, M.A. Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo. 1866.

be content to adopt the same procedure that he would with one of the later pictures of the author's favourite artist—with one of those studies which used to be christened with a name from the "Fallacies of Hope," because, we suppose, no name could elsewhere be found for them. It is in the first place necessary that you see it at a proper distance, and in the second that you resolutely suppress all tendencies to criticism. You must sit still and look: soon it will begin to work upon you; its delicate observation and tender suggestiveness arouse in you a lyrical frame of mind akin to that which produced it, and the limits to your enjoyment become identical with those of your own imagination. We cannot here discuss the question whether the plastic arts do not forsake their legitimate sphere and means when they rely upon mere suggestiveness. We once heard a little boy ten years old, at the South Kensington Museum, pressed for his opinion on the Turners there, give the answer that many an adult would give if he dared, "Well, they's messes!" As with Turner so with Ruskin: if you give yourself up to his eloquent declamation—if you allow yourself to be passively acted upon by him—you may enjoy a rare pleasure from the perusal of the "Crown of Wild Olive;"[1] but beware of asking for results, of criticising statements, of seeking for coherence, or you will be forced with the little boy to say of his views of Work, Traffic, and War, that "they's messes." That the best and greatest work done in the world is, at the time of its doing, always the least appreciated and worst paid, is only another way of saying that the world at large is not on a level with its greatest men; but to draw from such a way of putting a truism that no work is good which is not done for its own sake first, and for its reward only in a secondary sense, is to adopt a tone of hyperbolical exaggeration. It is impossible, in a state of society in which the division of labour has been carried to the extent it must be to make it as productive as possible, that every labourer should feel an artistic interest in the performance of his infinitesimal task, which in the majority of instances has no suggestiveness of its own to connect it with the purpose it is ultimately to serve. A man works for independence and moral freedom—for the means of living according to his own best insight. We are sure that many who heard the second lecture on Traffic, in which the Bradford manufacturers are roundly taken to task for longing to get rich that they may become richer still, must have longed to ask the eloquent lecturer, "Who are you that judgeth another man's servant?" and have smiled at the grandiloquence with which the great announcement was made, that the science of the Production of Wealth was no science, because it has omitted "the study of exactly the most important part of the business, the study of spending." Many of his hearers might have asked, "Shall we discharge our gardeners because they do not know in how many ways Soyer could cook the cabbages they cultivate?" The art of spending is the art of living, and cannot be called a science in any intelligible sense, and political economy has never claimed to be coextensive with morals. There is a singular absurdity in an artist invited to give an opinion on the style in which a new building should be erected, declining to do so until those who have invited him for that sole purpose are in a condition to show that they have kept all the commandments of the Decalogue from their youth up. The third lecture, on War, expatiates on our need of government, and expresses the author's scorn of liberty. The tendency of war to bring out the "full personal power of the human creature" is in his opinion to be taken advantage of, that the developed power may be used in governing the fellow-creatures of him who has acquired it. "The warrior is the only ruler:" so might a housemaid say, "The soldier is the only lover." There is a singular discretion in such words as these addressed to an audience of military cadets at Woolwich:—

"Gentlemen, I tell you solemnly, that the day is coming when the soldiers of England must be her tutors; and the captains of her army the captains also of her mind.—If it is a noble and wholesome England, whose bidding you are bound to do, it is well; but if you are yourselves the best of her heart, and the England be but a half-hearted England, how say you of your obedience? You were too proud to become shopkeepers: are you satisfied then to become the servants of shopkeepers? You were too proud to become merchants or farmers yourselves: will you have merchants or farmers for your field-marshals? You had no gifts of special grace for Exeter Hall: will you have some gifted person thereat for your commander-in-chief, to judge of your work and reward it? You imagine yourselves to be the army of England: how if you should find yourselves at last only the police of her manufacturing towns, and the beadles of her Little Bethels?

If this thought is edifying, what shall be said of the truthfulness or candour of such a comparison as the following? After quoting from Müller's "Dorians" a description of the Spartan battle array, he continues:—

"Such was the war of the greatest soldiers who prayed to heathen gods. What Christian war is, preached by Christian ministers, let any one tell you who saw the sacred crowning, and heard the sacred flute-playing, and was inspired and sanctified by the divinely measured and musical language of any North American regiment preparing for its charge. And what is the relative cost of life in pagan and Christian war, let this one fact tell you: the Spartans won the decisive battle of Corinth with the loss of eight men; the victors at indecisive Gettysburgh confess to the loss of 30,000!"

Does Mr. Ruskin mean to convey to a lot of immature boys, that the Spartans fought for a nobler cause at Corinth than the North Americans did at Gettysburgh? Is the defence of the system of law under which we live less noble than the desire of domination? And as for the comparative carnage, the illustration is simply falsified; for if but eight Spartans died at Corinth on the day referred to, it was fatal to at least 4000 other Greeks—a greater per-

[1] "The Crown of Wild Olive. Three Lectures on Work, Traffic, and War." By John Ruskin. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1866.

centage of all engaged than fell at Gettysburgh, if we are not mistaken; and what did the battle of Corinth decide that can be compared to the effects which flowed from the decisive repulse at Gettysburgh, the turning point of a conflict waged, by its victors at least, in a cause higher and nobler, because willingly and of set purpose entered on for other than immediately selfish ends, than Marathon itself, unless it be more heroic to defend yourself from slavery than to expose your life to deliver others from it. But judgment, discretion, moderation, modesty, are not the qualities to be looked for in the recent works of Mr. Ruskin; they are full of vague purposes, illuminated by the golden exhalations of imagination and sentiment, but of practical ends and immediately attainable means to them, no word. Isolated passages of the greatest verbal beauty abound, but they do not gain from their context, and are often spoilt by fanciful etymologies, and by a play of words that is more like music than rational discourse, charming, if only you can read without thinking, but utterly misleading if you resign yourself to do so.

It is a curious and somewhat significant fact that almost all the writers who have recently treated the question of an extension of the elective franchise give in their adherence, with more or less decision, to Mr. Hare's plan for collecting the votes of those who are to possess it. Whatever may be the qualification they suggest, they implicitly or expressly accept the principle of personal representation. Though far from clear in the ultimate outcome of his book, the Rev. J. D. Maurice,[4] in his "Representation and Education of the People," thinks that this plan would be found easy and simple in its operation. There is a provoking tone of I might, could, would, or should think such a thing under vague and indefinite conditions, which runs through the whole of his treatise, and makes it anything but pleasant reading. We long for a word of definite purpose, and for the fulfilment of constantly deferred promises through a tolerably thick volume of homiletic moralizing. The prevailing idea, which is made to pass for much more than it is worth, is found in his endeavour to show, by a singularly allusional way of describing the growth of the influence of the Lower House, that the "people" and "commons" of England have always been, and in a sense, always should be, two very different things; and that it is only by *organizing* themselves that successive classes of the people can elevate themselves out of their "fragmentary" condition into that of a really political power. Although his whole book proceeds upon the acknowledgment of the urgent need of a wider spread of education, and of the desirableness that those who have the franchise should be at least able to understand the questions which are in the upshot settled by its exercise, he is driven to confess, "that the exercise in question might itself perhaps be a better discipline, morally and intellectually, than the knowledge which some demand as the condition precedent to its acquisition, *provided the sense of its being a trust could once be awakened.*" This is much the same thing as if he said it would be an excellent thing that boys were trusted in the water, provided always they first knew how to swim. If anything has tended more than another to confuse the idea of duty attached to the exercise of the franchise, it is, that it has been the privilege of a few, who have thus been exposed to the influence of a still smaller number, whose personal interests have led them, and whose position has enabled them, to put extraneous difficulties in the way of its discharge.

A much more manly and emphatic adherence is given to Mr. Hare's scheme by Lord Hobart,[5] in a volume of "Essays," which he has just collected from the pages of Macmillan's Magazine, who qualifies it as "a machinery so admirably adapted to make representation, once for all, that which it proposes to be, that it may be said to be the natural and proper instrument for the purpose." Though Lord Hobart fears too low a franchise, on the ground that it would give a preponderating influence to the working classes, he exposes in the most complete manner the anomalies of the existing distribution of parliamentary seats. But it may very reasonably be pleaded that no possible local distribution can be without its anomalies, while the very basis of population on which the distribution must be founded might of itself suggest, what it seems hardly ever really to do, that there is something radically wrong in the whole system which so absolutely localizes every member. The petty local interests and provincial prejudices of every borough are encouraged and fostered, to the hindrance of the growth of national feeling and enlightened patriotism. In the upshot it has come to this: that towns which once grumbled at sending a representative to tax them, now growl at the prospect of losing the bribes by which they are induced to send members to Parliament to tax themselves and others.

Another very excellent essay on "Principles of Reform in the Suffrage," by Mr. Shadworth H. Hodgson,[6] equally disregards the interminable discussions which any conceivable scheme of distribution brings with it. Although encumbered with a scientific and somewhat Coleridgian phraseology of ideas, forces, functions, powers, and spontaneous and voluntary actions, this essay offers a very clear and intelligible theory of a possible system of representation, but one which, we think, is not likely to find many converts. Its error, like that of so many other schemes which attempt to reconcile existing rights with present aspirations, is that it runs too much in the direction of fortifying the strong man. To us it seems quite superfluous to give an extra political power either to wealth or education; if anything is capable of self-de-

[4] "Chapters from English History on the Representation and Education of the People." By J. D. Maurice, M.A. London: A. Strahan. 1866.

[5] "Political Essays." By Lord Hobart. London: Macmillan and Co. 1866.

[6] "Principles of Reform in the Suffrage" By Shadworth H. Hodgson. London: Longmans and Co. 1866.

fence, these are. The notion of a cumulative franchise is applied by Mr. Hodgson in a novel and interesting manner. He would divide the whole country into three constituencies, which should represent land, capital, and labour, or, in the terms he prefers to use, into interest capitalists, profit capitalists, and labourers. "The last of these three constituencies, which should comprise every self-supporting male adult, should return one-third of the members; the second, which should comprehend every one who occupies a house in town or country of £15 a year value, should return another third; and the first constituency, limited to those who had an income of £1000 a year in land, rent charges, money on mortgage, or in the funds, should return the remaining third. The first class would then enjoy three franchises, but would be supreme only in the last; the second would enjoy two, but would be supreme only in the second; the third class would enjoy but one, but in that one would in their turn be supreme." From Mr. Hodgson we have again renewed testimony to the "excellence of Mr. Hare's scheme of taking the votes." This essay is full of systematic and coherent thought, and will reward every reader who can appreciate originality and definiteness of purpose. It is not a little remarkable that not one of these gentlemen who have seriously studied the question seem to think it necessary to touch upon anything but a reform of the suffrage; the contrast between thinking out the best system, and talking about the best that can be got, cannot be better displayed than by a comparison between these books and the late debate. The essential point to the House has been one they did not think worthy of notice; indeed they seem to have felt, what every one out of the House feels, that there is a kind of dishonesty in an attempt to tie the hands of a new constituency, by determining beforehand, through chaffering compromises in the local distribution of the new political power, how it should be exercised when once it comes into operation. The House has itself exhibited all the faults of the pettiest constituency which sends a member to a seat in it. The animating thought has been, not how the nation would be affected by an extended suffrage, but how the House itself would appreciate its hypothetical results. Little Pedlington acts on the same principles.

Mr. Baxter's "Analysis of the Franchise Returns,"[7] which gained honourable mention from Mr. Lowe, is a laborious and useful summary of the effects of the reduced borough franchise on the character of the constituencies, but it does not seem to us to convey the terrible warning it intended. The worst that can be said is that they may possibly be more easily misled, but it is fully as certain that they cannot be so easily bought.

A very fair notion of the operation, if not a full one of the origin, of Irish Tenant Right, may be gained from a pamphlet published by Lord Dufferin,[8] which contains his speech in the House of Lords on Lord Grey's motion, an address at a tenants' dinner, and his examination before the Committee of the House of Commons on the Tenure and Improvement of Land (Ireland) Bill. The simple facts of the case may be summed up in the old proverb, "Our fathers have eaten sour grapes, and their children's teeth are set on edge." The difficulties with which a well meaning landlord has to contend, are the growth of generations of neglect, which have resulted in producing a state of society and a tone of opinion which place almost insurmountable difficulties in the way of a landlord who wishes to stand on a just and simple commercial footing with his tenants. The exceptional peculiarity of Ireland, is that for many generations it has been the tenant who has done everything for the land; not only raising every necessary farm building, including the house he lives in, but often reclaiming from a marsh or from a stony waste the space which he ultimately turns into remunerative land. This is one way in which the tenant right custom originated, and when we consider that agricultural pursuits were the only resource of an almost starving population, it is no wonder that the amounts paid for an opportunity of keeping the wolf from the door were out of all proportion to its commercial value where the pressure of the population on the means of subsistence was less general and severe. The common sentiment which such a state of society produces among its members is no doubt often taken advantage of by persons who have no fair claim to the consideration it looks for and demands. But may not something also be said of the sentiment with which the owners of landed property look upon their legal rights? These have grown up in England amid a very different state of things, and have resulted from very different relations between landlord and tenant. After reading the instructive materials which Lord Dufferin has here brought together, few, we think, can refuse to acknowledge that legal rights may be pushed to an extreme equally exaggerated. The complete neglect of all proprietary duties by Irish landlords in times gone by has brought the whole question of property in land into a shape extremely unfavourable to the interests of their descendants. That Lord Dufferin is on the right road to the only possible solution of these difficulties, must, we think, be allowed, but that he should find it rough and thorny need surprise no one. A very able statement of the tenants' case will be found in a correspondence between him and the executors of one of his tenants; and in his appendix a number of statistical tables illustrating the condition of Ireland are brought together in a way that gives additional force and interest to this otherwise valuable pamphlet.

Sir W. Fraser's attack on parochial vestries[9]

[7] "The Franchise Returns Critically Examined, &c." By R. D. Baxter, M.A. 2nd Edition. London: E. Stanford. 1866.

[8] "Contributions to an Inquiry into the State of Ireland." By the Right Hon. Lord Dufferin, M.P. London: J. Murray. 1866.

[9] "London Self-Governed." By Sir W. Fraser, Bart., M.A., F.S.A. London: Thos. Bosworth. 1866.

is not only very well worth reading for the sake of the unequivocal justice of his angry remarks, but is highly amusing from the tone he maintains throughout, which would be the height of extravagance if such a thing were possible as exaggeration when London nuisances are to be described. Some of his praises of the metropolis are worthy of Dick Whittington himself. There was, some months since, a talk of a Bill to be brought before the House by one of the most competent of its members, which would have handled the whole subject in a manner that would have gone far to meet his most romantic wishes, but we believe that some vested interest, considered, at least for the time, insurmountable, has indefinitely postponed it. That we should have drinkable water, gas that gives light without filling our rooms with poison, streets that are safe and clean, fordable in winter, and tolerably free from dust in the spring and summer, with some kind of order in the traffic which rather chokes than uses them, are indeed things so easily attainable, that there seems to be no reason why we do not possess them except that if we once enjoyed them, they would be ever after looked upon as necessaries of life. Sir W. Fraser speaks to an already converted audience, but in spite of the obviousness of everything he says, there is so much liveliness and vigour in his attack, that few will regret the minutes they may devote to his little book.

M. Auguste Laugel has just published, both in French and English, those admirable letters on the United States during the War which he originally sent to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in the autumn of 1864 and the spring of 1865.[10] We know not of a more reliable account. The varied accomplishments, acute political discrimination, and sympathetic insight into the various tendencies, not only of the two great parties into which the United States may at present be said to be divided, but also into all the cross divisions between east and west, make this volume in the highest degree valuable. It is greatly to be regretted that the best books on America should be written by Frenchmen; that it should be so, is very natural, but it is not the less to be deplored both by Americans and Englishmen. We on each side of the Atlantic are too much alike, and our feelings partake of the character of family jealousies. We dwell upon our differences, and take but little notice of what we have in common: like members of the same household, who do not see their family likeness, but take notice only of the marks which distinguish them from one another. The sharp sayings and mutual *boutades* which pass between us would be intolerable were it not for the fund of unexpressed esteem which they disguise and cover. One of the most important effects of the war, a result that was continually thrusting itself on M. Laugel's observation, is the manner in which it has, as it were, pulled the United States together, and given them a strong national feeling and determined union, founded in common suffering and combined exertion for a noble and national aim, that will henceforth hold in adequate subjection the otherwise desirable local patriotism of the particular states. The Union is well worth the enormous price that has been paid for it, and now the price itself has become an external testimony to those whose prejudices blind them to its value. M. Laugel might very justifiably have given a more comprehensive title to his work, for his review of the condition of parties before the outbreak of the war, and his history of the movements connected with it, is so complete, and at the same time so disengaged from transitory and unimportant particulars, that it affords the clearest and most intelligible account extant of the whole struggle. His chapter on the populations of the West is deserving of the fullest attention; their character and tendencies have never been so well described, and their importance on the future of the great republic cannot be over-estimated.

"The true America," says M. Laugel, "only begins for the western farmer on his own slope of the Alleghany chain; the national pride that burns in his heart is not fed by democratic passion alone; it is also inspired by the sight of those boundless plains open to his ambition, by those giant rivers, some running to the polar regions, others to the tropic seas. The old states have remained in many respects dependent on Europe. They borrow from it, not only goods and machines, but ideas. The West entirely escapes the European influence. By I cannot tell what inexplicable charm, what powerful fascination, those who go towards the Rocky Mountains never look back to the Atlantic. The emigrant from New England never regrets on the prairies the hills where he was born, the Irishman never dreams of going back to his damp island; the German himself, faithful still to his native language, becomes unfaithful to his country. From these varied sources springs a new race, strong as the generous soil that rears it, proud and independent. The love of liberty and the feeling of equality become like congenital passions for it; its political convictions are not, as with the European, arms against a tyranny; it is not obliged to wrap them in formulas; its faith is a living faith. It is of the American of the West, above all, that it can be said that he not only believes himself to be, but that he is, the equal of all around him. The democratic spirit of the West is the virgin material that nothing has as yet tarnished."

This is the society which produced Abraham Lincoln; and there surely was something of a profound national instinct in the feeling which prompted the people of the various states to seek within its limits a President who should be before all things, and in the fullest sense, American. To us it often seems that the late President's life was a kind of symbol of the life to come of the nation which he led through its renovating crisis; and that the unity and simplicity which an increased knowledge reveals in him, will more and more display itself in our estimate of his countrymen with the growth of our insight into American character. M. Laugel's chapter on Mr. Lincoln is admirably judicious and discriminating. All the cavils of party and insinuations of opponents fall down before the simple evidence of a constantly present sense of duty, and of the most complete and

[10] "The United States during the War." By Auguste Laugel. London: H. Baillière. 1866.

thorough devotion to it. Of such men only is Schiller's saying fully true, that they increase with their increasing sphere. Another account[11] of that important life has been published here by Mr. J. M. Ludlow, at first in the pages of "Good Words," and consequently encumbered by many words that are merely goody. The plan, however, on which it is put together is a well conceived one. The President is made to draw his own portrait; his numerous speeches are more or less fully reported, and connected with one another by narrative or comment. The evidence of a purpose settled from the first, but controlled by a respect for the legal rights of those who opposed its execution, the patience with which the opportunity was waited for, and the noble assumption of the entire responsibility when at last he felt that he could act as president in the sense of his speeches as a senator, shines forth from a continuous perusal of these records in a manner that puts to shame the shallow and ignorant judgments which have been passed upon each stage of his progress towards the Emancipation Proclamation. His oration at the consecration of the burial-ground at Gettysburgh has but one equal, in that pronounced upon those who fell during the first year of the Peloponnesian war, and in one respect it is superior to that great speech. It is not only more natural, fuller of feeling, more touching and pathetic, but we know with absolute certainty that it was really delivered. Nature here fairly takes precedence of Art, even though it be the Art of Thucydides.

But if any remain who are still blind to the moral and political grandeur that is represented by America, they may perhaps become converted by the pleadings of Sir Morton Peto, who shows after a very American and exhaustive fashion, in a volume[12] bristling with statistics, what is the future which its physical resources promise to its inhabitants with a certainty that does not admit of dispute. Based on those census returns for which Americans have so strong a taste and aptitude, his views of the condition of the population, of the state of agriculture, manufactures, mineral industry and commerce, must make this volume highly popular among all who have commercial relations with the great republic. As might be expected, he is full of information on the railway system and general financial prospects, and equally full of confidence in the prosperity which they promise. Of the South he thinks that after five years' peace they will export double the value of their late cotton production. This opinion, it is true, was expressed before the very decided difference of opinion between the President and the Republican party had displayed itself. But that very difference has assumed such an exaggerated expression on both sides, that the conditions of a compromise cannot fail to suggest themselves to a practical race, famed, like their ancestors, for that method of settling their political dissensions. That the South should return to the House of Representatives more powerful by thirty members than it was before the war is a result the North cannot accept. It may be equally inexpedient that the North should be allowed to politically expatriate their southern fellow-countrymen until 1870. But when a simple amendment, "that the Basis of Representation should henceforth be sought in the number of qualified voters, instead of the population of each state," promises a settlement which would meet the views of the temperate North, and be at the same time probably accepted by the South, we need not expect that the dead-lock of legislative and executive opposition will long be allowed to last.

If there are difficulties, and few will deny that they are almost insurmountable, in writing a fresh and original book about Venice, it must be confessed that M. Howells deserves all the reputation which can flow from overcoming them.[13] His book does not revel in new descriptions of thrice-described Palaces, and is not inordinately stuffed out with scraps of half-digested Venetian history. The picturesque streets, the balmy and caressing atmosphere, are constantly felt, and afford an ever-present local tone to all he writes of the place he had lived in long enough to love with the love of knowledge. And not the place only, but the people as they live at the present day. Indeed, it is the people, and Venetian society, that offered themselves to him as the supremely interesting things. This point of view is one which is always present in the minds of cultivated Americans, and gives to their remarks a freshness and apparent originality which we seldom find, except in the very highest class of European travellers. There is hardly a feature of Venetian life that escapes his sympathetic observation, and his familiarity with both place and people often suggests to him little domestic dramas attached to the merest trifles that fall in his way, which he treats with a certain delicate humour that is very engaging. We suppose he was consul to the United States in Venice, and should like nothing better, if we were going there, and he still held his post, than an introduction to him from some friend he wished to oblige.

M. Feydeau, whose method of inculcating virtue has mainly consisted in drawing elaborate pictures of vice, has been greatly scandalized by the speech which M. Dupin made against female extravagance and general luxury;[14] some side shafts, which he directed against a certain class of modern French novels, have brought the righteous indignation of M. Feydeau in torrents on his head. It is not to be expected that the general scope of M. Dupin's remarks should meet with fair treatment at such hands. The position that civilization and luxury are convertible terms, however it may be supported by epigrams and witty retorts, is too plainly

[11] "President Lincoln Self-Pourtrayed." By J. M. Ludlow. London: A. W. Bennett. 1866.

[12] "The Resources and Prospects of America." By Sir M. Peto, Bart. London: A. Strahan. 1866.

[13] "Venetian Life." By W. D. Howells. London: Trübner and Co. 1866.

[14] "Du Luxe, des Femmes, des Mœurs, de la Litterature, et de la Vertu." Par E. Feydeau. Paris: M. Levy Frères. 1866.

inadequate for the purpose to which M. Feydeau puts it. But as a *tour de force*, especially in its early chapters, this little volume is amusing, and not a little plucky in the self-elected champion of rouge, crinoline, and false hair. We hope he will meet with an appropriate reward from every woman he meets of the character of his own Fanny.

The second volume of Messrs. Fullarton's "Imperial Gazetteer"[14a] has appeared, and maintains all those qualities of amplitude and completeness which we admired in the first.

"Two Months on the Tobique"[15] is a selection from the papers of an emigrant to New Brunswick, who, after trying his fortune in Australia, resolved to make experiment of the very different life which is offered by North American woods. The special reasons for the enterprise, and, indeed, any biographical details, have been withheld by the editor of these posthumous papers. They seemed to him, and we think with justice, to possess literary and, as far as feeling is concerned, poetical merit sufficient to justify their publication on that ground alone. Their author, by way of determining whether the frost-bound regions of the north of New Brunswick offered insurmountable difficulties to a farming settlement, determined to pass a winter alone in the woods, though why his solitary experience would be more conclusive than those he could have gained with a company of lumberers, we are at a loss to understand; at any rate, he found that the depths of a North American forest in these latitudes were intolerable in winter without society. The loneliness of his situation forced him to put down the feelings of the moment in his journal, and we think that a frosty wilderness in winter has never been better described. The absence of every other object of sympathy forces him into a kind of communion and fellowship with the wild creatures around him, which often finds vent in poetical reveries of great delicacy and pathos. When he could no longer endure his isolation, he returned over the frozen river to his fellows, who were not more than twenty miles' distance, but yet separated from him by no trifling obstacles of ice and snow. On his arrival at the nearest camp of lumberers or woodcutters, he found that he had all along been a subject of amused curiosity, while he thought himself cut off from all human sympathy; and we must confess that seems to us the most natural sentiment they could have entertained concerning him.

We greatly doubt whether Mr. Farley[16] will produce in the minds of his readers the confidence he expresses in the resources and prospects of Turkey. His volume, however, is not the less valuable on that account. He displays an intimate knowledge of his subject, and his book contains a mass of information that will be of the greatest service to all who have relations with any part of the Sultan's dominions. His admiration of the integrity and energy of the present Turkish ministry makes him hope all things from men so devoted to the improvement of their country. But even when he has described the magnitude of the task they have undertaken, and displayed in the fullest manner the unimproved and almost inaccessible provinces of the empire, he does not seem to appreciate that there is something as necessary to success as an intelligence thoroughly European, or that without capital and the means it alone affords of realizing the resources on which he is so eloquent, the procedures of the Turkish Government are much too far advanced for the population which are to be affected by them. The work of a hundred years cannot be done in one generation. European principles of revenue and taxation cannot be made prevalent in such an empire by mere proclamation. The difficulties are overwhelming, and, in our opinion, Mr. Farley keeps too much out of sight the enormous and almost insurmountable ones that are involved in the Turkish religion and social system. The arguments on which he relies are almost exclusively commercial ones, which are very powerful with those for whom the book is written, but singularly otherwise with those of whom it treats. A very good account will be found of Fuad Pacha's recent consolidation of the interior debt, coloured no doubt by personal regard for the Grand Vizier, but still complete and valuable. The same may be said of the remarks on the difficulties which the "Capitulations" throw in the way of any effective settlement of western Europeans in the country. The abuses of our consular jurisdictions are spoken of as they deserve, but without exaggeration or bitterness, though it would have been very easy to have fallen into an excess of either. In the Appendix are given the chief edicts of the Porte, and such commercial treaties as are at present the basis of trade between resident Europeans and the Government.

There is something inexpressibly provoking about all the explorers of the Nile sources. The incredulity with which this journal received Captain Speke's announcement is well known; and now Mr. Baker gives us a more coherent account,[17] indeed, but with the strange fatality which attends all travellers in these regions, he allows the proof of his views to be an argumentative one, depending upon reports and his own judgment of them, rather than on a positive investigation. We are far from feeling inclined to insinuate that he ought to have pursued the route open to him by the northern outlet of the Lute Nzige of Speke, which he has determined to be a much more important body of water than the Victoria Nyanza. The reasons he gives for not adopting this course are a full personal justification, but at the same time they are but a renewed instance of that fatality

[14a] "The Imperial Gazetteer of England and Wales." A. Fullarton and Co., Edinburgh. 1866.

[15] "Two Months on the Tobique, New Brunswick. An Emigrant's Journal, 1851." London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1866.

[16] "Turkey." By J. L. Farley, Author of "Two Years in Syria," &c. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co. 1866.

[17] "The Albert Nyanza, Great Basin of the Nile, and Exploration of Nile Sources." By S. W. Baker, M.A., F.R.G.S. 2 vols. London: Macmillan and Co. 1866.

which attends all expeditions into this wretched country. Simply as a book of travel and adventure, as an intelligible account of the native races and their politics, his book is greatly superior to those of Speke and Grant. The friendly manner in which he declines to rob the former of his laurels can hide from very few the fact of his persuasion that there is positively no connexion between the two lakes, the Victoria and the Albert Nyanza. The Somerset of Speke does indeed run into the latter of these lakes at Magungo, but that it also flows from the former is not proved by Speke, and is inconsistent with the levels established by the two travellers. The total result of all this courageous endurance of every kind of physical want and of the most tormenting diseases, amounts to little more than that in our future maps of Africa we can exchange the old notice of "here there be elephants," for the equally true but equally vague one of "here there be lakes." The notion of possible trade and of ultimate civilization in its traces, is inconsistent with any sober estimate, either of the resources of the country, or of the difficulties of transport from them. The ethnographical gain seems to us to be but very small. The character of savages is identical wherever they are found: the small differences which they display flow directly from the greater or less difficulty with which they supply their physical needs. In a general sense it may be said that, within certain limits, the less the difficulty the greater the savagery. The whole country south of Gondoroko is utterly demoralized by the slave-trade. Without much care for the future in any shape, how can a savage African guide himself by such ideas as he can form of it while subject to a scourge that makes any future but sudden death or slavery a thing hardly to be hoped for? Of course they live for the present day, and have no character at all, except such as may be attributed to those who are under the uncontrolled influence of the desires of the moment. The native African is not attractive any more than his descendants, wherever found. Mr. Baker does not love him, and has very good reasons for his aversion; that many of the natives he has left behind him entertain a more affectionate remembrance of himself, we can hardly imagine; that he acquired an extraordinary influence among them, and made himself respected and feared in every personal conflict, is abundantly evident, but on the whole he must have appeared a mysterious phenomenon to them. One of the Latooka chiefs asked him very simply, "Well, when you have found this lake, what will you do with it?" and we are afraid the Geographical Society itself would be as much puzzled as Mr. Baker to give him a satisfactory answer. Through all the danger, suffering, and frightful risks of such a journey as this, Mr. Baker was accompanied by his young wife, who more than once saved his life in open conflict and nursed him in disease:—services, indeed, which he had fully to return, for she very nearly fell a sacrifice to the hardships they had to endure. At one time she was struck down by a sun-stroke and then prostrated by brain fever, long after they had exhausted their whole stock of medicines. Of course it is a personal question, and within the abitrement of individual liberty, but we must confess we do not see the propriety of taking European women into situations in which they must hold themselves ready for such a resolution as was indeed, at one time, agreed upon by Mr. and Mrs. Baker, that if he succumbed first to the exhaustion they were both suffering under, she should commit suicide to escape from the tender amatory proposals of the chief of the country in which death was staring them in the face.

The "History of the War in New Zealand"[18] by Mr. Fox is the most clear and connected account to be met with of that long series of unfortunate mistakes which was the inevitable consequence of the attempt to govern a country at the antipodes from the serene and quiet regions of Downing-street. Mr. Fox has strong convictions, and is prepared to hear them called prejudices. His views are colonial views, and we do not see how any just ones can be formed if not in the colony. If any one should feel inclined to denounce him as unnecessarily hostile to the natives, we would request him first to ask himself, how he would feel if we had them among ourselves, say in the West Riding of Yorkshire. We are afraid that the first time they ate a parson, our feelings would be quite beyond the control of any Aborigines Protection Society. But putting all feeling aside, the colonist view ought to have a fair hearing, and it could not be better advocated than by Mr. Fox.

SCIENCE.

We believe there is a large class of persons who consider passing examinations as the ultimate end of scientific study. To them a short manual by J. C. Buckmaster[1] will be very acceptable. All the information which it contains bears more or less directly on the South Kensington science examinations. The examination papers of past years are inserted in the appendix, and alluded to in the preface. The book is professedly designed as a class book, and has evidently been prepared after a careful study of Dr. Hoffman's lectures. But its nomenclature is simply chaotic—especially that of the portion devoted to inorganic chemistry. This is perhaps no great disadvantage, as it is most probable that any six chemists, if requested to write the name and rational formulæ of half a dozen organic compounds, would produce as many different results. The work is illustrated by a large number of woodcuts, very rough, but for the most part suggestive. Considering low price and general accuracy it may prove useful in

[18] "The War in New Zealand." By W. Fox, M.A., late Colonial Secretary and Native Minister in the Colony. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1866.

[1] "Elements of Chemistry, Inorganic and Organic." By J. C. Buckmaster. London: Longman and Co.; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1866.

cases where cheapness is a necessity and where its faults may be corrected by the teacher.

Mr. Spencer's "Elements of Qualitative Chemical Analysis"[2] is one of the most carefully prepared manuals which it has ever been our good fortune to meet with. The whole of the matter is tabulated, and, with the exception of the introduction, there are not ten pages of plain type. The author states in the preface that he has expressly avoided combining the practical manual for the laboratory with the descriptive treatise on elementary chemistry, conceiving, as he does, that such a combination is an error. In this we think he is perfectly right, for unless a manual be rendered very complete it cannot contain analytical details. This is well illustrated by the work before us, which, though in the tabular form, and dealing only with qualitative analysis, extends to over ninety pages. Of works of this kind one can only say either that they are accurate or inaccurate. As far as we have examined Professor Spencer's reactions, we find them to come under the former head, and we think that students will find them very valuable.

Professor Odling's[3] little work consists for the most part of a treatise on organic chemistry in general. Lecture I. refers to the fact that some common nitrogenous compounds derived from the metamorphosis of animal tissues are of very simple nature, being amides of certain well-known radicles. The three Gerhardt-types, viz., hydrochloric acid, water, and ammonia, are treated of at some length. Then follows a short sketch of the metallic compounds, which is not satisfactory, being consistent neither with itself nor with many chemical facts. Thus we are told that the chlorides of the metals may be divided into *three* classes, corresponding to the chlorides of the non-metals; but on the opposite page there is a table of metallic chlorides in which *four* classes are given, whilst in point of fact there are at the very least five classes of metallic chlorides. In reality we know mono, di, tri, tetra, and hexachlorides, the last class being exemplified by the very common perchlorides of iron and chromium, and by chloride of aluminium. Afterwards we find marsh gas treated as a typical hydro-carbon presenting replaceable hydrogen, but it is not brought out with proper distinctness how general typical hydrocarbons are. Altogether this portion of the book is some years behind the day. In Lecture II. we meet with a passage on "residues" (a word almost equivalent to radicles), with a graphical representation of residues in the act of coalescence, which, we think, will afford assistance to some minds. A large portion of Lectures III. and IV. is taken up with an account of the artificial building up of organic compounds from inorganic materials. The arrangement by which an exposition of the doctrine of correlation of forces is here interpolated, does not conduce to clearness. In this account of the organic synthesis there occurs a quotation from a paper of Kolbe's in Liebig's "*Annalen*" of 1845. The same quotation occurs in a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution in the spring of 1864, and there is a remarkable similarity between this portion of Professor Odling's book and the lecture from which this unacknowledged translation is taken. Lecture V. treats of the origin and sources of muscular force; and Lecture VI. winds up with a few considerations on the character of alterative medicines.

In a former number[4] we had occasion to comment upon the vagaries of modern chemical nomenclature. Changes in nomenclature are of necessity an evil, which is bad enough even when great uniformity and symmetry follow as its fruit. In the work before us, however, we have novelties of nomenclature pure and simple. The changes follow no rule, being dictated, as it appears to us, by absolute caprice. Thus, for example, the alcohol $C_6H_{14}O$, usually called caproic alcohol or hexylic alcohol by chemical writers, figures in Professor Odling's book as caprylic alcohol, a name never before bestowed upon it by any author, and already appropriated by a neighbouring alcohol which most chemists would rather not confound with it.

It appears to be a fixed notion with some people that Geometry can be best taught by means of angular patches of bright colours. This, at least, is evidently the impression on Mr. Oliver Byrne's mind, as he has already published a coloured Euclid, and now sends us another book glowing with blue and red. The title of this book is the "Young Geometrician,"[5] and its object is to show how by means of two triangular rulers and a slip of brass with holes in it (contained in a pocket of the cover), a great many geometrical figures may be described, in some cases with greater facility than by the use of compasses. Many of the problems thus worked out are very ingenious, but the directions for performing some of them are so complicated that we fancy young geometricians in general would prefer working steadily at Euclid. The author claims to have solved two very knotty problems—namely, the trisection of angles and the determination of the side of a cube of double the solid contents of the cube of a given line. These problems may be of some practical value, but of course as their solution, like that of nearly all the rest in the book, depends upon sliding one of the rules upon the other, they can make no pretence to be mathematical.

Dr. Lardner's "Handbook of Natural Philosophy" has long been regarded as a good introduction to the study of physics and mechanics, both for the general reader and for scholastic purposes. A new edition of the volume, treating of electricity, galvanism, and acoustics, has just been prepared by Professor Foster,[6] of

[2] "Elements of Qualitative Chemical Analysis." By W. H. Spencer, B.A. London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

[3] "Lectures on Animal Chemistry, delivered at the Royal College of Physicians." By W. Odling, M.B., F.R.S., &c.

[4] April, 1866.

[5] "The Young Geometrician; or, Practical Geometry without Compasses." By Oliver Byrne. 8vo. London: Chapman and Hall. 1865.

[6] "Handbook of Natural Philosophy." By Dio-

University College, and contains a considerable amount of new matter, especially with relation to some of the practical applications of electricity and magnetism which have come into notice chiefly since the death of Dr. Lardner. Great alterations and improvements have also been made by Professor Foster in other departments of the work, more particularly in the chapters relating to the general phenomena of galvanism. We may notice that the editor, no doubt from a desire to retain as much as possible of the author's work, has continued to make use of the expression "electric fluid," although admitting (p. 3) that the notion of such a fluid is untenable. Professor Foster seems to think that the use of the expression facilitates the description of some electrical phenomena, but it is very questionable whether the convenience of employing it is at all commensurate with the inconvenience of conveying an erroneous impression to the student at his very outset.

After ten years passed in investigations, Dr. Sestier left behind him an immense mass of documents relating to the nature and effects of lightning, which have been carefully worked up by Dr. C. Méhu, and published in two octavo volumes.[7] Of these the first commences with a description of the clouds from which lightning may be produced, and proceeds to describe the general phenomena of lightning and thunder. In succeeding chapters different forms under which lightning has presented itself are described, illustrated with a great number of details of observations. This completes the first part of the work; the second, third, and fourth treat of the effects produced by lightning upon the surface of the earth and objects resting upon it, whether animate or inanimate, and include an elaborate discussion of the effects of a stroke of lightning upon man and animals, which will be of great service to medical men. The fifth and concluding part is devoted to the consideration of the nature, arrangement, advantages, and disadvantages of lightning-conductors, and of the precautions to be taken for the sake of personal security during a thunder-storm. This section of the work is also most valuable and interesting.

If Dr. Sestier, or his editor, warns us that the fires caused by lightning "are generally remarkable for their rapidity and violence," Mr. Young will tell us of the best methods of constructing engines and organizing brigades of firemen to put them out; and it will astonish many of our readers to find how much interesting matter can be brought together on such a subject.[8] Mr. Young commences with an inquiry into the cause of fires, which seems to be generally carelessness, although he attributes some to spontaneous combustion. The list of great conflagrations which follows this, and especially the historical account of fire brigades, will be read with much interest, as will also Mr. Young's detailed description of the gradual advance of the fire engine from the rude contrivances of some ancient engineers to the powerful steam engines which may now be seen only too frequently rattling through the streets of London. In fact, the principle of our modern hand-engine, as is pointed out by Mr. Young, was applied by Hero of Alexandria about two thousand years ago, and it seems to have been pretty nearly stationary ever since. Mr. Young strongly maintains the necessity of greatly increased fire-subduing force in this country, and especially in our larger towns and cities, and expresses himself in favour of the volunteer principle in forming brigades.

One of the conditions of existence of popular scientific writers seems to be, that they should from time to time hash up their materials as it were, and furnish them to the public under a new form. Some of them perform this operation in so satisfactory a manner as really to produce books adapted for different circles of readers, and amongst these we must reckon Mr. Page, whose geological writings, although of course very similar in the general nature of their contents, certainly exhibit considerable originality of treatment. In a new elementary treatise, entitled "Geology for General Readers,"[9] he has brought the leading facts and theories of geology into a very compact and readable form, indicating first the general principles of physical geology, and then proceeding to give a sketch of the different systems of rocks in the ascending order of their superposition. These chapters, although very brief, are generally well suited for the comprehension of the general reader,—the descriptions of the tertiary and recent formations, and of the effects of the glacial epoch (the latter preceded by a good sketch of the action of ice as at present witnessed), are rather fuller than the rest, and place these difficult matters in a very clear light. We are glad to see that in a work intended for general perusal, Mr. Page unhesitatingly adopts the view of the high antiquity of man, whose origin, he says, is clearly "very far beyond the limits of the ordinarily received chronology of the human race." Recognising the law of progression in organized nature, he is not satisfied with Darwin's hypothesis, maintaining that there must be "other factors over and above all those which have yet been brought forward, to account for the plan of vital development;" but at the same time he speaks out boldly in favour of the hypothesis of evolution, and justly stigmatizes the outcry that has been raised against it as "utterly senseless and unworthy."

nysius Lardner. Electricity, Magnetism, and Acoustics. Seventh Thousand. Revised and edited by George C. Foster. 12mo. London: Walton and Maberly. 1866.

[7] "De la Foudre, de ses formes et de ses effets, &c." Par M. le Dr. Sestier. Rédigé et completé par le Dr. C. Méhu. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Baillière. 1866.

[8] "Fires, Fire Engines, and Fire Brigades: with a History of Manual and Steam Fire Engines, &c." By C. F. T. Young. 8vo. London: Lockwood and Co. 1866.

[9] "Geology for General Readers: a Series of Popular Sketches in Geology and Palæontology." By David Page. 12mo. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1866.

Dr. Hartwig is another example of the *réchauffeur*. Having commenced with the "Sea and its Living Wonders," and proceeded to describe the "Tropical World," he now gives, under the title of "Harmonies of Nature,"[10] a series of sketches of what he regards as peculiarly forcible examples of the reciprocally beneficial relations of different parts of the great system of nature. It must be confessed, however, that he has introduced some new elements into his present work, the first of these chapters being devoted respectively to the consideration of "The Starry Heavens," "Heat and Light," and the "Atmospheric Ocean." But these occupy only a small space; the great bulk of the work consists of a teleological examination of animals and plants, diluted with a very considerable amount of details which are not teleological. The structures of animals and plants, as adapted to their mode of life and to the conditions under which they live, are regarded as wonderful harmonies by writers on Natural Theology; but it never seems to strike them that there is another view of such matters under which it would be still more surprising if an organism could be found with its structure and mode of life in antagonism to the conditions surrounding it in nature. What are we to say to such curious teleological arguments as the following? Speaking of the Elateridæ (the beetles, commonly known to boys under the name of skipjacks), Dr. Hartwig tells us that "their legs are so short that they are unable to right themselves again when placed on their back; but Providence, which leaves none of its creatures unprotected, has given them another means to extricate themselves from this unpleasant situation," and this he proceeds to explain; but it does not seem to occur to him to inquire why "Providence" should in the first place have shortened the legs of these beetles so as to necessitate the curious and somewhat convulsive jumping by which they regain their natural position. However, notwithstanding the natural-theological trammels in which he has worked, and which (if we may judge from the mode in which Providence and the Creator are occasionally introduced) did not sit very easily upon him, Dr. Hartwig has certainly brought together in his "Harmonies of Nature" a great amount of entertaining Natural History, which seems to be generally given correctly and in a readable form, although the style is too frequently disfigured by a straining after fine writing.

The second volume of Professor Owen's great work on the anatomy of vertebrate animals[11] has made its appearance, and is devoted to the purely anatomical consideration of the Hæmatotherma, or warm-blooded animals, including the two classes of birds and mammals. This work, when completed, will undoubtedly form the best English text-book of the comparative anatomy of the vertebrata, although there are some points, especially of a zoological nature, in which we could wish to see it improved.

Professor Rymer Jones's popular account of the Animal Creation,[12] published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, contains, as might be expected, a tolerable outline of the general facts of Zoology, but it hardly appears to possess any advantages over other works of a similar scope. Indeed, the system adopted is in many parts antiquated, being founded chiefly upon Cuvier's "Règne Animal." This is especially the case with the vertebrate classes. There is a good deal of very loose zoology in some places, as for instance where the encrinites are compared to polypes strengthened with calcareous pieces; and in the whole arrangement of the anthozoa, which is a mere mass of confusion. A good deal of ignorance of details is also shown in the adoption of erroneous names, which is especially manifested in the case of the leaf insects; these are said to belong to the genus *Mantis*, and their description includes a most original combination of the characteristics of the two totally dissimilar groups. Again, the grasshoppers are said to be *Gryllus campestris*, and the locusts, *Gryllus locusta*, whilst the house cricket is *Gryllus domesticus*, and the mole cricket simply *Gryllotalpa*—a system of nomenclature which it would puzzle Professor Jones to explain; and the llama has for its scientific appellation, *Auchenia llaoma*, the vicunia being by some singular process converted into *Camelus Vicunna*. There are many other instances of this carelessness in the employment of names intended to fulfil the purpose of a zoological nomenclature, the selection of which seems to be regarded by many popular writers as a matter of no consequence, the presence of such names being indeed indispensable to give the book a scientific appearance: but their meaning, in many cases, is probably as much a mystery to the writer as to the reader. Whether Professor Jones is in this position we cannot say, but most certainly his present book will not add to his reputation.

MM. Sauvage and Hamy have contributed to the literature of primæval man in the north of France a pamphlet on the Quaternary beds of the Boulonnais[13] and the remains of human industry which they contain. They describe in some detail the various beds of the Quaternary age, from the drift of Sangatte up to the *Loess*, and compare them with their analogues in other districts, and discuss the question of the mode and period of the formation of the Straits of Dover. Worked flints were first found in the neighbourhood of Boulogne by M. Bouchard-Chantéreaux, and the authors have since found numerous specimens in beds

[10] "The Harmonies of Nature; or Unity of Creation." By Dr. G. Hartwig. 8vo. London: Longmans. 1866.

[11] "On the Anatomy of Vertebrates." Vol. II. "Birds and Mammals." By Richard Owen. 8vo. London: Longmans. 1866.

[12] "The Animal Creation: a Popular Introduction to Zoology." By Thomas Rymer Jones. 12mo. London. 1865.

[13] "Etude sur les Terrrains Quaternaires du Boulonnais, et sur les débris d'Industrie humaine qu'ils renferment." Par MM. E. Sauvage et E. T. Hamy. 8vo. Paris: Lacroix. 1866.

which they refer to the *loess*. They are of various forms, but generally small.

It can admit of no question that an account of the natural history of disease, of the pathology of disease, and of the best known means of preventing and treating it, such as it is the aim of Dr. Reynolds's "System of Medicine" to supply, was much wanted at the present time.[14] And we think that the principle upon which the editor has proceeded in meeting this want is the correct one, as, indeed, it is the only one likely to fulfil adequately the design of the publication. So greatly have the observations of medical science increased that no one man can now write a complete system of medicine. It is therefore imperative, in order to secure the production of a good treatise where the field of research is so vast, to entrust the description of different diseases to those who have made them their special study. This is the plan adopted by Dr. Reynolds, and we think that the result so far justifies the wisdom of the course pursued. It is obviously, however, very necessary, when men are thus writing on their favourite subjects, that they should be sternly kept within due bounds, and should not be allowed to enter into disquisitions upon theories which, though they may be ingenious, are not sufficiently established. What might be very good in a monograph may be very bad in a "System of Medicine" aspiring to become a standard work. A great and difficult responsibility rests, therefore, upon the editor, who must not only exercise good judgment, but—what is perhaps more hard—must be capable of hardening his heart and sternly cutting out anything in a particular article which interferes with the completeness of the work as a whole. The expression of this caution has been provoked by an article on Typhoid Fever in the present volume, which occupies the disproportionate space of seventy-eight pages, which is devoted to the setting forth of particular views, not yet, at any rate, generally received, and which not only contains a great deal of theoretical speculation, but several accounts of cases entailing much repetition. Without saying a word of the actual merits or demerits of the article as an independent effusion, we may justly say that, standing where it does stand, it contains much that it should not contain, and might not improperly have been curtailed.

The introduction, by the editor, treating of disease generally in regard to its natural history, causes, pathology, and classification, is a well-written composition, conceived in a philosophical spirit. Another article, which may be mentioned for the correct style in which it is written, though it perhaps treats some matters a little summarily, is the one on Typhus Fever, by Dr. Buchanan. Without requiring of all the writers that they should write as correctly as the editor does, some few of them certainly ought to have given more attention to style than they appear to have done, and in no case ought to have let pass ungrammatical sentences. The elaborate articles on Croup and Diphtheria, by Mr. Squire, evince the conscientious industry of their author, and are marked by sound sense and a thoroughly practical spirit. An important and highly suggestive essay on Constitutional Syphilis, by Mr. Hutchinson, contains the author's views on the subject, and cannot fail to be interesting and instructive. The carefully written article on Scurvy, by Dr. Buzzard, will be valuable because of the author's mature reflections founded on his own observations and on a candid consideration of those of others. Cholera is treated of by Dr. Goodeve, whose great experience is sufficient guarantee of the value of his article, and Dr. Garrod occupies more than a hundred pages with articles on Gout and Rheumatism. A carefully compiled index will add much to the value of this first volume of what promises to be an excellent work. Two more volumes will complete it; and we hope to see them appear soon, both because it is desirable that the medical profession should be in possession of a complete System of Medicine brought up to the present level of science, and because it is desirable that the sale of a work which well deserves support should not be injured by a protracted publication.

An article on Epidemics, which appeared in the *British Quarterly Review*, has been enlarged by the addition of some new matter, and published as a small volume for the use of the public.[15] The author sets forth clearly and forcibly much practical information which the public ought to be in possession of, and in particular points out the preventibility of certain epidemic diseases by the energetic adoption in practice of established scientific principles. The plan adopted is to treat, first, of the fevers arising from destitution and overcrowding; secondly, of epidemic diseases dependent on the neglect of sanitary conditions; and, thirdly, of those epidemic diseases which are comparatively independent of defective sanitary arrangements. Certain statements are, perhaps, made more positively than the present uncertain state of knowledge justifies; but this may be thought an excusable exaggeration in writing for the public, whose attention to these most important considerations it is difficult to obtain unless they are made somewhat sensational. If the principles which Dr. Anstie so earnestly inculcates were really taken to heart by the proper authorities and effectually applied, there can be no question that a vast amount of disease would be prevented, and that we should have no more of those painful exhibitions of sudden panic and frantic energy which now and then break in upon the usual ignorant apathy.

Books on Cholera are becoming so many as to defy the industry of the most patient reader.

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[14] "A System of Medicine." Edited by J. Russell Reynolds, M.D. Vol. I. Containing General Disease. Macmillan and Co. 1866.

[15] "Notes on Epidemics, for the Use of the Public." By Francis E. Anstie, M.D. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1866.

A small volume by Dr. Macpherson is not intended to give a complete account of the disease, but contains some interesting observations made with regard to cholera in India, and much practical information, founded on a personal experience of more than twenty-four years.[16] The author writes as one who has something to say, and who desires to say it as simply and plainly as possible, and his practical remarks cannot fail to be instructive to those who are interested in investigating the origin, nature, and mode of diffusion of the terrible pest. His remarks on the present much discussed theory, or rather bundle of theories, with regard to an assumed blood poison, an assumed spasm of the branches of the pulmonary artery, and assumed attempts by vomiting and purging to get rid of the poison, with other assumptions too numerous to mention, are calm and impartial; and he points out that the so-called evacuant treatment has had a fair trial in India long since and has failed. The more the observed facts are candidly weighed, the more difficult, he thinks, it is to reconcile them with any theory.

The chapter on epidemic cerebro-spinal meningitis, which appeared in Dr. Hirsch's "Handbook of Pathology,"[17] has been corrected and enlarged by the light of further observations made during the late epidemic in the eastern provinces of Prussia, and is now published separately by its author. It is really an excellent monograph on the disease. From a learned historical inquiry into which the author enters, there seems great reason to think that the disease has repeatedly prevailed epidemically in times past, and that its description as a new disease has arisen from the exact investigations of late years. The manner of its appearance and the usual mode of its existence in different epidemics are patiently traced, and from elaborate discussion of its nature, causation, and pathology the distinct conclusion is come to, that it is a specific epidemic disease of an infectious nature, which owes its origin to a hitherto unknown specific morbid poison, and which may perhaps under favourable circumstances be propagated by contagion. Its symptoms are indicative of inflammation of the *pia mater* of the brain and spinal cord, and of different secondary constitutional diseases.

Pflüger, whose name is so well known in this country for physiological researches, has published the results of his investigation into the mode in which nerves end in glands.[18] The researches of Bilharz and Kühne have proved that the substance of the nerves which go to the electric organs of certain fishes passes continuously into the protoplasm of the electric plates, and that in like manner the actual contents of motor nerves pass by continuity of substance into the protoplasm of the muscular fibres. Pflüger has now shown, or at any rate believes that he has shown, that the nerves which go to the glands actually penetrate the walls of their cells and terminate in the nuclei —that the nuclei of the epithelial cells do in fact constitute the peripheric ending of the nerve fibres. A second mode of ending which he has discovered is in certain multipolar ganglionic cells that are connected with the glandular cells by short, finely granular processes. Numerous drawings of what he has seen under the microscope render his account of the matter very clear, and, if they are faithful representations of the realities, may be held to establish his views.

Dissenting from the common opinion that the medicine of the West is of Oriental origin, and convinced that it really took its rise in Greece, M. Daremberg, already known for historical medical research, has devoted himself to the investigation of the condition of medicine in Greece at the time when the Homeric poems were written.[19] "These poems are," he holds, "the most ancient echo of the most distant traditions, and represent the primitive medicine of the Greeks." He searches out the different passages in Homer which make mention of physicians, and shows what a high regard was entertained for them; he enumerates the anatomical terms used and expounds the meaning attached to them; he discusses the sort of physiology which the Greeks were in possession of, and describes the different kinds of wounds that were inflicted on the warriors in the many fights before Troy, and the manner of surgical treatment, as far as ascertainable. On the whole he discovers evidence of a far better knowledge of medicine at the time of Homer than is generally supposed to have existed.

Certain men of more or less eminence in France have thought well to deliver a series of extra-academical historical lectures on medicine and surgery, taking as texts the lives of certain great physicians and surgeons.[20] Each lecture in the volume now published is by a different author, and is, therefore, completely independent in regard to doctrines adopted and views propounded. Some of the lecturers have endeavoured, without aiming at being very erudite, to treat in a popular manner the great historical facts of medical science; while others have entered into the discussion of abstruse scientific questions, without thinking much of popular success. The lectures are accordingly very unlike in plan, and, we may add, very unequal in treatment. It is impossible to criticise in the space which we have at our disposal so many different writers on so many different subjects; and we regret this necessity the less as we are of opinion that the time has not yet

[16] "Cholera in its Home; with a Sketch of the Pathology and Treatment of the Disease." By John Macpherson, M.D. Churchill and Sons. 1866.

[17] "Die Meningitis Cerebro-spinalis Epidemica vom historisch-geographischen und pathologisch-therapeutischen Standpunkte." Bearbeitet von Dr. August Hirsch. Berlin. 1866.

[18] "Die Endigungen der Absonderungsnerven in den Speicheldrüsen." Von Dr. A. F. W. Pflüger. Bonn. 1866.

[19] "La Médecine dans Homère." Par Ch. Daremberg. Paris: Didier & C^ie^. 1865.

[20] "Conférences Historiques de Médecine et de Chirurgie." Paris: Baillière. 1866.

come for criticising and appraising the different medical theories which have been enunciated at various times: the theories of the day are far too shifting and uncertain to afford a firm standing ground, and no real law of development can be educed from a consideration of the past until the development in progress has been declared more distinctly.

It is no small reproach to the scientific men of this country that, with means for training and taking care of idiots superior to those in any other country, nothing whatever should have been done in the investigation of the causes and varieties of idiocy, and the thousand interesting and important questions that arise out of this painful arrest of human development. The authors of the little work now before us[21] do not aim to write a treatise on idiocy, or to give any scientific information concerning idiots; they appear to have published the rules for the training, education, and nursing of idiots that are in force at the Eastern Counties Asylum for Idiots. No doubt the book contains suitable directions and valuable hints, such as will be found useful by those who have occasion to apply them; but we cannot recommend it to any but those who have such painful necessity imposed upon them.

Dr. Beigel has published a book on the "Inhalation of Atomized Fluids,"[22] in which he strives to point out that it constitutes an addition to therapeutics which should by no means be neglected. In the first part he treats of the inhalation of atomized fluids in general, and describes the different instruments invented and used for the purpose; and in the second part he treats of inhalation applied to special diseases, and records several cases of disease of the respiratory organs that were much benefited by its use. He does not seem to be disposed to exaggerate unfairly the value of the means which he recommends.

Dr. Dobell has reprinted certain papers which have appeared in medical journals, in which he has maintained that tuberculosis is due to a defect in the action of the pancreas on the fat taken in the food.[23] He supposes that the blood is not duly supplied with the elements of fat, and that the albuminoid tissues of the body are therefore disintegrated, and he advocates the administration of an emulsion of fat and pancreatic juice. The theory and practice appear to be alike ill-founded and suspicious.

The author of a Hunterian address on Medicine and Psychology would not have done amiss if he had been at the pains to arrange his ideas, and to settle clearly in his own mind what it was he wished to say.[24] As matters are at present, he wanders aimlessly and restlessly from subject to subject the most unlike, producing an inflated medley, in which scraps of irrelevant poetry, commonplace quotations, and obscure references to Hunter, thrust forward in the most incoherent manner, painfully display the author's defective mental training and confound the reader.

Mr. John Muter conceives that the alkaline permanganates[25] have not received sufficient attention from the medical world. He therefore gives us a list of all the uses to which he thinks they could be applied. That they are disinfectants of great power and without odour has long been known; they have been to some extent employed as such, but hitherto they have not been as extensively used in medicine as they evidently might be with advantage.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE second volume of a History of Julius Cæsar bears on the last page of the narrative the name of Napoléon.[1] Cæsar has often been ill-used, but never more so than in the conversion of his wonderful story into a sort of prediction of the career of the Corsican Adventurer and his enigmatical successor. It is impossible to deny the greatness of Cæsar, or to refuse to acknowledge that the enslaver of Rome was a man of comprehensive and enlightened views, which had, at any rate for their collateral object, the increased well-being of a large portion of the human race. There was more of humanity in Cæsar, who fought against the senate, than in Brutus, with his narrow political views and fanatical adherence to superannuated institutions. Splendid in action and powerful in intellect, a great captain, an able statesman, a legislator, an orator, a poet and historian, Cæsar overawes and fascinates the world even now. For Cæsar's violent assumption of power, something may be said by way of extenuation, but Cæsar's subversion of the constituted government of his country can only recommend him to a second-rate imitator. When we see so magnificent an individuality as Cæsar degraded into a precedent for nineteenth century despotism, we see also to what base uses a noble memory may be put. The moral of Hamlet receives a practical exemplification, and of the hero's dust it may be said with a little metaphorical accommodation, that we find it stopping a bunghole. In the second volume of the history of this pre-eminent man, we have a narrative of those immortal campaigns, which he

[21] "A Manual for the Classification, Training, and Education of the Feeble-minded, Imbecile, and Idiotic." By P. Martin Duncan, M.B., and William Millard. Longmans, Green, and Co. 1866.

[22] "On Inhalation as a Means of Local Treatment of the Organs of Respiration by Atomized Fluids and Gases." By Hermann Beigel, M.D. Hardwicke. 1866.

[23] "On the Nature, Cause, and Treatment of Tuberculosis." By Horace Dobell, M.D. Churchill and Sons. 1866.

[24] "Medicine and Psychology: the Annual Address to the Hunterian Society for 1866." By Dennis De Berdt Hovell. Bell and Daldy. 1866.

[25] "The Alkaline Permanganates and their Medicinal Uses." By John Muter. London: John Churchill.

[1] "Histoire de Jules César. Tome deuxième. Guerre des Gaules." Paris: Henri Plon. 1866.

reported in great part with his own pen; and on the whole, a tolerably fair and generally correct version. The author has read and paraphrased the Commentaries; his descriptions are clear and intelligible, though scarcely vivid or even vigorous. There is no masterly reflection in the volume; the treatment of the subject never excites admiration; but usually we find an unobjectionable level of literary accomplishment, praiseworthy fidelity to authority, and perfectly respectable composition. We have, in short, a third-rate Cæsar's third-rate commentary on the Commentaries of a fancied prototype. The new Commentary is divided into two books. The first book contains eight chapters and unfolds the story of the Gallic war, indicating its political causes, and describing the state of Gaul in Cæsar's time. The Helvetian campaign and that against Ariovistus; the war against the Belgians, the Veneti, the Morini, Menapii, and the first invasion of Britain, furnish matters for several chapters. The sieges of Avaricum and Gergovia, the operations of Labienus, and investment of Alesia are narrated in the tenth chapter, and the eleventh ends with the capture of Uxellodunum and the complete submission of Gaul. The second book, comprised in ten chapters, resumes the account of the Gallic war, carries us to Rome and to Egypt, explains the policy of Pompey and Crassus, relates the expedition of the latter against the Parthians with its disastrous issue, the murder of Clodius, the insurrection of Gaul, and the two invasions of Britain. It was towards the close of this epoch that the Republic was declared in danger, that the question of right arose between Cæsar and the Senate, till the stringent measures employed against him impelled, and, in the opinion of his most recent biographer, justified, the resort to arms. With this crisis in the fortunes of Cæsar and the Commonwealth, the second volume of the new version of their common history is brought to a conclusion. The narrative presented in this volume, is in the main correct. In one instance, indeed, we have found a military movement accurately reported by "Napoleon," where an inaccurate account appears in Mr. Merivale, from whom we should least have expected it. Cæsar's words are: "Cum hostium acies a sinistro cornu pulsa atque in fugam conversa esset, a dextro cornu vehementer multitudine suorum nostram aciem premebant," which Mr. Merivale misinterprets, "The right wing of the Germans was at last broken and scattered in flight, but the left resisted, and, swaying slowly this way and that, overpowered the forces confronted with it;" while "Napoleon" correctly renders the passage, "La gauche d'Arioviste ne résista pas longtemps; mais tandis qu'elle était repoussée et mise en fuite, la droite, formée des masses profondes, pressait vivement les Romains." Equally or still more creditable is it to the French biographer that he stigmatizes Cæsar's treatment of the Veneti as a cruel punishment, though it is true he weakens the force of the admission by the apology which he subjoins. In another instance, the defeat before Gergovia, he not only acknowledges the ill-success of his hero, but he asserts that Cæsar, in his version of the transaction, has had recourse to an ingenious disguise, nor does he make the least attempt in depicting the invasion of Britain to exhibit the natives as prostrate at the feet of a conqueror. Even the second invasion he allows did not terminate in the complete submission of the island, and after quoting conflicting authorities, he seems to leave it to the reader to decide, whether the invader even secured any plunder; though he might have intimated that Cicero's language implies that he did not. To confer value on this narrative, much labour has been expended on the endeavour to identify the battle-fields and other localities to which the name of Cæsar has lent distinction, but with what success we must leave the archæologist to pronounce. We cannot, however, refrain from expressing a sense of the disappointment we experienced when we turned to the pages in which the question of the place of Cæsar's embarkation, prior to the invasion of Britain, is discussed. We had fancied, as Mr. Merivale appears to have fancied, that imperial investigation would have thrown light on the subject, instead of which, we find little more than a reiteration of the old arguments in favour of Boulogne, and properly speaking no discussion at all. For ourselves, we don't believe in Boulogne. Cæsar sailed from Portus Itius, he tells us, on the second invasion, and a comparison of the passage, in which he relates the preparations for the first attack with that in which he describes the preparations for the second, shows that Portus Itius was the starting place on the former occasion as well. Now Boulogne was not called Portus Itius, but Gesoriacum, or Portus Morinorum Britannicus, as in Pliny; and Strabo's words, rightly understood (and "Napoleon" does not rightly understand them) are decisive as to the non-identity of the two:—"To those sailing from the neighbourhood of the Rhine, the passage is not from the mouths of that river, but from the Morini, who border on the Menapii, among whom also is situated Itium, which the deified Cæsar used as his naval station when about to pass over to the island." Ptolemy, too, distinguishes between Gesoriacum and Itium, Itium being the promontory now called Cap Grinez, and Portus Itius, Wissant, or Witsand being a few miles to the east of the promontory. Reckoning about twenty-two miles from Portus Itius to the English cliffs, we get Cæsar's distance of about thirty miles. We also recognise in Sangatte the ulterior portus, and in Ambleteuse the southern small landing place of the Commentaries. The name Itius still exists in Wissant, and though Wissant had not a sufficiently capacious port to hold all Cæsar's ships, it had a wide sheltered sandy bay, where they might very well be hauled up. Moreover it is said that in fragments of old buildings found at Wissant, and in pieces of oak dug out of the dunes on each side of the stream, we have evidence that confirms the old tradition that Wissant since the Roman occupation has been sanded up. Wissant then, or some spot near it, fairly fulfils the conditions of the Commentaries, while, though Boulogne too has some points of

resemblance, it is not Itius but Gesoriacum. That Napoleon I., when he was preparing to invade Britain selected Boulogne for his port of embarkation, is considered by Napoleon III. as a strong presumption that it was chosen for the same purpose by Cæsar. We know that Mr. Lewin is of this opinion, but still it is difficult to avoid the suspicion that the author of Cæsar's history is influenced by motives derived from Napoleonic speculations on the eternal fitness of things. The typical man *must* have done what the antitype did. If, therefore, Napoleon embarked or proposed to embark from Boulogne, Cæsar, of course, must have done so before him. The logic is irresistible. But for the exposition of the "great argument," as well as for the data determining the exact chronology, according to the distinguished critic, we must refer our readers to the sacred volume itself.

Crossing at once the Channel and the stream of time, we find ourselves in a country and in a period not particularly favourable to Cæsarism. In 1262 the death of the Earl of Gloucester left Simon de Montfort without a rival in the ranks of the Baronial party. Mr. Shirley, the editor of royal and other historical letters illustrative of the reign of Henry III., is of opinion that a light is thrown on the hitherto unintelligible position of this party in the interval from the spring of 1261 to July, 1262, by papers contained in the volume before us.[2] This position he examines in an interesting preface. He shows that the barons were divided into two parties—a moderate and an advanced party, the former taking Gloucester for their leader, and seemingly resting contented when the king's half-brothers and the other aliens were expelled from the kingdom; the latter inclining to the constitutional changes advocated by the older and more statesmanlike Montfort. With intestine divisions and inherent difficulties the popularity of the barons began to wane, and the king to act on the aggressive. Montfort withdrew discouraged to the Continent, and it was not till the death of Gloucester that "the hopeless series of arbitrations" which complicate the history of the previous fifteen months terminated. Mr. Shirley considers that the same collection of letters serves to illustrate the origin of the representative system in England. He traces the origin of the House of Commons, which first appears in a true constitutional sense as a recognised estate of the realm in 1290, the eighteenth of Edward I., to the English County Court, though without denying the influence of other kindred institutions, to the election and assembling of knights as representatives of their county, and the consequent development of a connexion between self-taxation and political privilege, between a grant of money and the confirmation of a charter. The letters range over the period 1226—1270, and according to the editor give real insight into the practical working of the government; showing the action of officials, the defiance or evasion of law by the rich and powerful, the every-day relations between the Church and State, and offering us glimpses of the life of men, whether of high or low degree, in the thirteenth century. The volume has its index, glossary, and appendices.

Mr. Riley's miscellaneous volume begins with the same period as that just noticed, that is, with the dissensions of Henry III. and the Barons; but it does not close till more than a century later.[3] It contains the *Opus Chronicorum*, attributed erroneously (the editor thinks) by Bale to William Rishanger, monk of St. Albans; the *Annales* of John de Trokelowe, Henry of Blaneford's Chronicles, Annals of Richard II. and Henry IV., with appendix, glossary, and index.

Admirers of paternal despotisms may find a realized ideal of that noble form of government in China, where the family supplies the type of society, and the Emperor has the same power over his subjects that the father has over his children. The result of this political system is perpetual revolution, stationary science, traditionary routine, and stereotyped pedantry. "Ten Studies on Contemporary China," by Mr Maurice Irisson will not only assist us in appreciating the advantages of this delightful tyranny, where Mr. Carlyle's beneficent whip is adequately represented (for le code pénal est très-sévère et il ménace de peines corporelles à tous les degrés du châtiment) but in forming an estimate of the character, pursuits, and idiosyncrasies of the heaven-born people of China;[4] M. Irisson, secretary and interpreter to the General Commanding-in-Chief M. C. de Montauban, Count of Palikao, during the campaign of 1860, signalizes the wonderful industry as well as the wonderful patience of this curious race. Singularly shrewd men of business, Chinamen possess, it appears, extraordinary financial aptitudes, and have always an eye to the main chance. Their constructive and imitative talents, too, are admirable; but they have no imagination, no ideality. Their music, like their painting, has, to use the author's metaphor, no perspective. As to their science, they have none, though they have certain fancies which they offer as explanations of natural phenomena. The popular explanation of an earthquake is, that it is a motion of the earth

[2] "Royal and other Historical Letters illustrative of the Reign of Henry III., from the originals in the Public Record Office." Selected and edited by the Rev. Walter Waddington Shirley, D.D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, &c. Vol. II. London: Longmans. 1866.

[3] "Chronica Monasterii S. Albani. Johannis de Trokelowe et Henrici de Blaneford, monachorum S. Albani, necnon quorundam anonymorum, Chronica et Annales, regnantibus Henrico Tertio, Edwardo Primo, Edwardo Secundo, Ricardo Secundo, et Henrico Quarto." Edited by Henry Thomas Riley, M.A., of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, &c. A.D. 1259—1296; 1307—1324; 1392—1406. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners, &c. London: Longmans. 1864.

[4] "Etudes sur la Chine Contemporaine." Par Maurice Irisson. Paris. 1866.

occasioned by the motion of one of the enormous fishes that support it. The better-informed account for it by supposing that the earth is fatigued of remaining in one position, and finds a change of place necessary. The theologian attributes the earthquake to the Father of gods and men, who, exasperated by the sins of the priests, signifies his displeasure by giving the earth a thorough good shaking; exactly reversing the theology of the Indian catechism:—"What is it that supports the earth? Strong pillars. And what supports the pillars? The prayers of the priests and the virtue of sacrifices!" Of the ten studies into which M. Irisson has divided his subject, we have referred to about half a dozen. The introductory studies are on the race and language of China. M. Irisson has lived with the Chinese and learned their tongue. He is entitled, therefore, to speak with authority. Perhaps, however, his anthropological or philosophical speculations may excite hostile prepossessions, and there is one passage in his book on causality, as a sort of faculty independent of experience, presenting the character of necessity, and remounting from effects to cause till it arrives at the Absolute, which in our opinion is false, and diminishes any confidence we might be disposed to place in his conclusions. Though not admitting the classification of Gall, the author is a phrenologist, and is loud in his praises of comparative phrenology. There is a singular unity and homogeneousness about his book which is a consequence of his scientific or quasi-scientific treatment. He places the Chinese as a branch of the Mongol variety of mankind, between the Caucasians and the Ethiopians. He then describes their physiognomical peculiarities—broad jaws, flat noses, oblique eyes, triangular faces, conical heads, and so on; and then applying one of his cranioscopical canons, he constructs the general character of the people, ascertains their propensities, sentiments, &c., in a kind of deductive fashion, and insists that the actual character of the nation, as exemplified in its government, religion, commerce, art, &c., exactly corresponds with his *à priori* determination. The Chinese worship of Ancestors, for instance, is traced to cerebral organization; and the paternal despotism—which is so beautifully exhibited in "des coups de bâton, encore des coups de bâton, toujours des coups de bâton"—depends on a "grande énergie de l'amour des enfants," which in its turn depends on "une forte proéminence du cerveau dans sa région postérieure et inférieure immédiatement au-dessus du cervelet." On this worship of ancestors M. Irisson has some curious observations. Laying down that "les attractions sont proportionnelles aux destinées," he thinks it quite possible that at the moment of death, an ethereal or *aromal* organism—a sort of intermediary between the too solid flesh and the unextended energies which constitute the essence of humanity—realizes a continued progress, while preserving its individuality. Thus the departed parent still lives near and with his children, and when the living Chinaman affirms the reality of his spiritual intercourse with the dead, he follows the logic of the heart, a procedure which we ought rather to applaud than condemn. The wholesale infanticide ascribed to these celestial parents before they became aromal organisms, is, we are told, an invention of ignorance. Superfluous babies are not thrown alive into wells, but dead infants are inhumed in the proper receptacles resembling wells. Occasionally children that are not dead, but redundant, are disposed of in a similar way; but the systematic child-murder of which the Chinese are accused is a European fiction, and only a legitimate number of infanticides, corresponding to those of Christian countries, vindicates the law of a common humanity in the Flowery land of Confucius, Fo, and Tao-tse.

The period of the parental government of Elizabeth and her sapient successor was distinguished by a romance or reality which shows not only that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," but that the head that might possibly wear one occupies quite as uncomfortable a position. In the difficulties that beset the succession to the English throne were involved the fates of more than one illustrious lady. It is many years since Mr. I. D'Israeli epitomized the sad fortunes of Arabella Stuart in sedate prose, and Mrs. Hemans shadowed it forth in picturesque resonant, declamatory rhyme. Miss Elizabeth Cooper[*] now comes forward with her carefully painted portrait of Seymour's stricken love. She has read and examined much; she has brought together numerous original and hitherto unpublished documents, and she has written, with quiet taste and sober treatment, this tale of love overborne by State policy or tyrannical suspicion. Miss Cooper's style of composition is unaffected and generally correct. That she spells siren with a y is a pardonable fault: that she twice at least uses the mongrel word *unreliable*, if a crime of deeper deeper dye, has yet the sanction of writers as good perhaps as herself: and that the rather thin moralizing in which she indulges now and then has any attraction for her, is after all but a slight misfortune. She has done her task in a gentle, womanly, efficient way, and if some of her pages are a little tedious, yet those who are interested in Arabella Stuart will find her volumes pleasant and instructive enough. By her affinity with Elizabeth and James I. Arabella was placed fatally near the throne. Her relative, Catherine Grey, the grandmother of her lover, William Seymour, had already felt the deadly influence of this proximity. Her marriage with Hertford had incurred the Queen's displeasure, and she died broken-hearted after long imprisonment. The history of Arabella is very similar. Doubly related to royalty—for she was not only a kinswoman of Elizabeth's but cousin to the Scottish king, by a common descent from Margaret, the daughter of Henry VII.—she was equally obnoxious, it has been observed, to the jealousy of Elizabeth and the timidity of James. When Seymour was but fifteen a ru-

[*] "The Life and Letters of Lady Arabella Stuart, including numerous original and unpublished documents." By Elizabeth Cooper, Author of a "Popular History of America." In 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1866.

mour reached the queen's susceptible ear that Arabella, then twenty-seven years of age, had betrothed herself to that noble youth. On this charge, true or false, she was arrested in the month of February, 1603. Towards the close of the same year Sir Walter Raleigh was accused of plotting to set Arabella Stuart on the throne. Arabella, however, who, if James seven years before had died without issue, would have been the undoubted heir to the British dominions, was neither accused nor suspected. James, who had long ere this deprived her of her father's estates, gave her a "pension and certain Court emoluments." In 1605 we find her in high favour with the king. This favour she appears to have retained till the close of 1609, when she was accused of having entertained a notion of marriage, without the king's privity, though this suspicion was temporarily allayed. A few months after it was discovered that she had made a formal marriage engagement with that very William Seymour on whose account she was imprisoned by Elizabeth just six years before: Seymour was now twenty-three years of age and Arabella thirty-five—a disparity which romance-lovers will regret, but of which Miss Cooper makes light. They were summoned before the Privy Council, but disregarding the censure of councils or displeasure of kings, were secretly married in the summer of the following year. On the discovery of this union they were arrested and separately confined, Arabella in the house of Sir Thomas Parry at Lambeth, and Seymour in the Tower, for his contempt in marrying a lady of the royal family without the king's leave. One spirited remonstrance of the fair captive, printed in Miss Cooper's volumes, deserves to be read. The detection of a secret correspondence with Seymour led to the closer confinement of Arabella Stuart. The escape of the lady from the custody at Highgate, the escape of her lover from the Tower, the incident of the preconcerted flight (which D'Israeli says was as bold in its plot and as beautifully wild as any record in romantic story), the failure of the enterprise, the four years' imprisonment of the ill-starred wife, and the close of her sorrows with her life, are all fully set forth in Miss Cooper's pages. Arabella Stuart was an accomplished and even learned lady, writing and speaking Latin, studying Greek, French, Italian, and Spanish, playing on the lute and virginals, and versed in leechcraft. The daughter of Elizabeth Cavendish, she was brought up by that indomitable grandmother, Bess of Hardwick, an inveterate matchmaker, a strong-minded, able-handed, four-times-wedded woman (a sort of Queen Elizabeth in private life, barring the matrimony), whose picture is well drawn in these agreeable volumes. The mode of education at Hardwick or Chatworth, the peeps into courtly life, and illustrations of the manners of the age, which we find in these pages, are often interesting. Born in 1575, Arabella died on the 28th September, 1615. She was buried without pomp, and has never been honoured with a monument. Seymour, who succeeded in effecting his escape, was afterwards permitted to return. He was married a second time; and in the selection of a name for his daughter, the new Arabella Stuart, he showed that he had not wholly forgotten the romantic love of his earlier days.

Next to the Life and Letters of Lady Arabella Stuart we will notice the Letters of Beethoven, collected by Dr. L. Nohl and Dr. L. R. von Köchel, and translated into idiomatic English by Lady Wallace.[6] These letters, we confess, have disappointed us; but the musical details which we cannot appreciate, may have an attraction for those who are better qualified to judge of their value. Their general or human interest is slight. A remarkable circumstance in the case of Beethoven is the genius for creation of harmonious sound, in contrast to the deafness which seemingly disqualifies for its perception. In one of the letters the afflicted musician says—"My ears, alas! are a partition wall through which I can with difficulty hold any intercourse with my fellow creatures." In another he pathetically exclaims—"What humiliation when any one beside me heard a flute in the far distance, while I heard *nothing*; or when others heard a shepherd singing, I still heard *nothing!*" This privation, which at one time completely isolated him, was, it should be added, not congenital, but superinduced by the state of his digestive organs, or at least was supposed to be thus superinduced. The principal episode in Beethoven's life, as related in these volumes, has to do with the relation in which he stood to his nephew Carl, whom he thought it his duty to protect against the injurious influences of the youth's mother, who, in his opinion, was unfit to be the boy's sole guardian, and on whom he confers the disparaging title of the Queen of the Night. Born Dec. 17, 1770, Beethoven was the most illustrious scion of a musical family. His grandfather was Kapellmeister to the Elector of Cologne; his father was Court tenor singer at the electoral chapel at Bonn, and was his son's first instructor in music; his mother, twice married, but born Maria Magdalena Kewerich, had also some musical preferment. The great musician died on the evening of March 26, 1827, during a violent spring storm of thunder and lightning, after a prolonged and frightful death struggle.

Rather more than twenty years before Beethoven saw the light, William Windham, a statesman, a scholar, and a refined and high-bred English gentleman, was born in Golden Square, London.[7] His public life commenced in the year 1783, when he accepted the office of Principal Secretary to Lord Northington, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Mr. Windham's first speech, on the subject of the Westminster scrutiny, received the commendations of Fox, in whose interest it was delivered. When Warren Hastings was impeached, Mr. Windham was appointed one of the managers of the

[6] "Beethoven's Letters" (1790—1826). From the collection of Dr. Ludwig Nohl. Also, his Letters to the Archduke Rudolph, &c. Translated by Lady Wallace; with a Portrait and Facsimile. In 2 volumes. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1866.

[7] "The Diary of the Right Honourable William Windham, 1784 to 1810." Edited by Mrs. Henry Baring. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1866.

impeachment. On the Regency Question he supported the hereditary right of the Prince of Wales to the regency, and opposed any restriction on his power. In 1794, he joined Pitt's cabinet, in which he held the appointment of secretary-at-war. On the king's refusal to sanction the measures for the relief of the Roman Catholics in Ireland, Windham resigned, with Pitt, Dundas, and other members of the Cabinet. In 1798, Mr. Windham married Miss Cecilia Forrest, the daughter of Admiral Forrest. Three years after this event we find him opposing the Peace of Amiens—a procedure which cost him the loss of his re-election for Norwich. On the death of Pitt in 1806, Windham filled the office of secretary for the war and colonial departments, and to his exertions the army was indebted for reforms that rendered the profession more attractive, and the soldier for the improvement of his condition. His period of office ended in March, 1807. Though he sat in parliament, he never again resumed his official life. Perhaps ill-health disinclined and disqualified him for its resumption. About two years after the dissolution of the Grenville administration, while rescuing the valuable library of his friend Mr. Worth from the destruction which threatened it from a burning house, he fell and injured his hip. In May of the following year, a surgical operation was pronounced necessary. The operation was succeeded by symptomatic fever, and on the 3rd June, 1810, Wyndham ceased to exist. Admired by Canning for his commanding and insinuating eloquence, by Johnson for his literary abilities and conversational power, a mathematician, a scholar, and a statesman, Windham left behind him a considerable reputation. His Diary, now first published, with the exception of a previously extracted passage or two relating to Dr. Johnson, shows us what manner of man he was. It possesses, however, no great interest as a whole; many of its pages, indeed, are utterly barren, and it is only occasionally that we light on a paragraph that rewards us for our exploration of a dreary desert of memoranda. The Diary, however, has one merit which the reader, from a preliminary announcement by the writer, would hardly anticipate. It threatens here and there to be dreadfully scrutinizing and dyspeptic, but it deals for the most part with external matter-of-fact life, and not exclusively with states of mind. Diary-keeping, except of this outward, common-place character, is an unwholesome occupation. Windham assuredly did wisely not to record more of his sensations than he has done. What would have come of such listening to the *ticking of one's own watch* in the case of a man who could write of himself—

"This habit of indecision, if some means are not found to stop its progress and abate its malignity, will corrupt and eat away my understanding to the very core; it wastes my time, consumes my strength, converts comfort into vexation and distress, deprives me of various pleasures, and involves me in innumerable difficulties."

Occasionally we find literary judgments interspersed in this record of facts, or description of feelings. One of these, on a book of world-wide celebrity, is amusing. Having finished reading "The Vicar of Wakefield," Windham makes this comment:—

"A most absurd book, with hardly anything to carry it through but the name of the author, or to reconcile the reader to it but the catastrophe giving such full measure of happiness to the good and such proper punishment to the wicked and worthless. Tiresome disputations, false opinions, uninteresting digressions, improbable incidents, nothing perfectly right, even where it cannot be said to be violently wrong; the very humour being little more than a good attempt, and never being quite successful."

With all his liberal tendencies, Windham was the opponent of democracy. The plain English Whig would have been perplexed, perhaps revolted, by the Prometheus of Italy; for if any one deserve that name, it is Mazzini. In the new volume of his works,[8] where there is much that is vague, diffuse, rhapsodical, there is also much that is noble, true, and simple. Partly autobiographical, partly political, with a literary element pervading it, the new instalment of his works exhibits something of his life in Switzerland and London, and discloses portions of his social or political philosophy. Some of his ideas or definitions may serve to exemplify that philosophy. Humanity he defines as the association of nationalities, the collective and continuous Being that sums up and comprehends the ascending series of organic creations. Blaming the Carbonari for their idolatrous worship of individualism and the doctrine of rights, Mazzini contends that the individual has no rights, except as a consequence of duties fulfilled, and that the law of the individual can only be deduced from the law of the species. For (as he resumes) the starting point is country—the object or aim is collective humanity. His politico-theological conception, though perhaps mystical, is lucidly expressed. "The school," he says, "which it was my object to found, and of which Young Europe was the germ, by the very first words of its general instructions, 'One sole God;' one sole ruler—his law: one sole interpreter of his law—Humanity: rejected every doctrine of external, immediate, and final revelation. It substituted for these the doctrine of the slow, continuous, indefinite revelation of the providential design through the collective life of humanity." Of the founder of Christianity he writes, "He came. The soul the most full of love, the most sacredly virtuous, the most deeply inspired by God and the future that men have yet seen on earth;—Jesus. He bent over the corpse of a dead world and whispered a word of faith: he uttered words till then unknown—love, sacrifice, a heavenly origin. A new life circulated through the clay which philosophy had tried in vain to reanimate. From that corpse arose the Christian world, the world of liberty and equality." Passive in

[8] "Life and Writings of Joseph Mazzini." Vol. iii. Autobiographical and Political. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1866.

its early development, Christianity (he contends) became active and despotic in the reform of Gregory VII. Protestantism was not a mere negation, but a positive Christian production—a solemn manifestation of the individual man—sole object and aim of Christianity. The biographical form of the volume, again, is often interesting. The "Exile-hunt" in Switzerland, the sojourn in England, the struggle with poverty, the literary career, the editing of Dante, the opening of letters, the record of the brothers Bandiera, are passages which may be referred to in proof of this assertion. It was not generally known—we doubt if it is generally known even now—that from 1806 to 1844 all the ministers of the day, including Lords Palmerston, Russell, and Normanby, obtained, or at least sought, the information they required, by opening such letters as appeared likely to afford it, "while in Mazzini's case, the letters of many Englishmen and Members of Parliament had been violated; the crime, to use our author's expression, being invariably concealed by artifices punishable by the criminal law, falsification of seal, imitation of stamps, &c., which to the non-official mind seems rather shabby, and which innocent ignorance would denounce as *un-English* practices. It is pleasanter to turn to the page in which the illustrious exile speaks of England as the second country wherein he found the lasting consolation of affection, and won the friendship of some of the best minds of the island, mentioning with special honour the name of "the dear good sacred family of Ashurst," who surrounded him with loving care. We point in conclusion to the last few pages of the volume, in which Mazzini describes what he calls the "White Slave Trade"—the exploitation of the poor Italian organ players—the lads with squirrels and white mice, whose evening meal is contingent on their success, and whose failure is punished by privation of food and blows. To alleviate the sufferings of these poor boys, Mazzini founded a protective association and a gratuitous school. But the school, he avers, had to struggle against the most determined opposition from the employers, from the priests of the Sardinian chapel, and from the agents of the various Italian governments. During the seven years (1841 to 1848) of its existence, moral and intellectual instruction was given to several hundred youths and children who were in a state of semi-barbarism, but were gradually tamed and civilized by the gentleness and kindness of the masters. Filippo Pistrucci, once well known in Italy as an improvisatore, then the director of the school, instructed them in various duties of morality, and Mazzini lectured nearly every Sunday evening for two years on Italian history or elementary astronomy. The example in time bore fruit, first in London, where the priests of the Sardinian chapel, unable to put down the school established by Mazzini, opened one themselves in the same street, and afterwards, in America, at New York and Boston. This school had another result: it brought the founder into contact with the Italian workmen in London, the best of whom were enrolled in an association more directly national in its purpose. Mazzini's "Duties of Man" appeared in a journal published by the association, called the *Apostolato Popolare*. The volume ends with a glance at the international labours carried on in three years, but the details of which the author considers it unnecessary to chronicle.

Mazzini has never been a popular man. Among Italian patriots he has censurers and opponents. Signor della Gattina, in particular, is severe in his condemnation of the revolutionary chief.* Not Mazzini, however, but Pio Nono, is the favourite aversion of the sweeping sarcastic author of the biographical pamphlet, in which he sketches the rise and progress of the present Prince of the Church. The founder of the family to which Pio Nono belongs was the artisan Albert Mastai, who, in the sixteenth century, quitted Brescia and settled at Sinigaglia. Encouraged by his success the emigrant's descendants made unremitting efforts to rise in the world, and finally took their place among the *petite noblesse* of the province. Girolamo Mastai-Ferretti (one of the Mastai having married a Ferretti of Ancona, with a dowry and a title) became the husband of the good and beautiful Catharine, of the noble house of Sollazzi, and the father, in 1791, of Gian-Maria Mastai-Ferretti, afterwards Pius IX. Our pamphleteer describes the young Mastai during his college career, during his archiepiscopal, during his papal career. Is the portrait a true one? At college he paints him gay, accomplished, coxcombical in appearance, half-soldier half bourgeois, with a flower in his buttonhole and a pipe in his mouth. Love and adventure followed. First there was Lena; then came Helena. Play succeeded; devotion followed. Mastai was ordained, and became a popular preacher. No acrobat or prima donna was ever so successful at the famous fair of Sinigaglia—the Vanity Fair of the clerical aspirant. The women were enthusiastic. Madame Simonelli had a tropical passion for the young Mastai. La Ferretti, a St. Thérèse, *less* the mysticism, predicted for him, among other good things, the papacy. As Archbishop of Spoleto Mastai was less successful. His biographer says that he was violent, intolerant, and cruel. He pleased no one, and when the revolution of 1831 broke out he fled. Gregory XVI., in the sequel, finding that the young archbishop did not share in the liberal aspirations of his family, conceived a friendship for him, and made him cardinal and Bishop of Imola. The character of the reforming Pope is not portrayed with a forbearing hand. He is, we are told, naturally avaricious, but generous from vanity and ostentation; has a certain admiration for the army because he likes a picturesque uniform, and soldiers always fascinate women. Indeed, the Vicar of Christ himself has in him a feminine fibre, with much of the woman about him. Woman has always been a sort of gravitating centre to him. Hence his love to Lena, to the

* "Pie IX. sa Vie, son Règne—L'Homme, le Prince, le Pape." Par F. Petruccelli Della Gattina, auteur de l'Histoire Diplomatique des Conclaves. Bruxelles: Lacroix. 1866.

intriguing Countess of Spaur, to the noble Colonna, to the Queen of Naples, who made him nurse her babies and conspire with her husband and the Virgin Mary, the spotless Montespan of the old Pacha of the Vatican, who, in his feeble old age, gave himself up to the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. In his public capacity Pius IX. has been a mystification and a mischief. As a prince he will be enrolled among men who have been traitors to their country. He is the Agnes Sorel of the papacy—a courtesan with a mission—the salvation of a great principle.

The brochure of Signor Della Gattina is written, great part of it, much in this bitter, sloe-juice sort of spirit. We have no means of testing the accuracy of the statements contained in it, but the writer, if indiscriminating, has at any rate a turn for satire which prevents him from being stupid.

Very different is the estimate which Madame Swetchine appears to have formed of the political promise of Pio Nono.[10] In her view the Italians were much to blame for not having quietly accepted the programme of the reforming pope, and waited patiently for the dawn of a better day. Such at least was her conviction in 1848. With her speculations on the permanency of the papacy and its perpetual domiciliation at Rome, even in an independent Italy, we have nothing in common. In the collection of letters now given to the world by the Comte de Falloux, are passages far better worth attention than those which relate to Pius IX. In the preface to the volume the editor rapidly describes the character of the lady and of the correspondence, as they present themselves chiefly in the particular period to which we are referred. Under the Restoration Madame Swetchine was occupied with the problems of religious liberty; in 1847 she read and studied Proudhon; after the revolution of 1848 she believed in the return of authority; after the event of 1852 she predicted the awakening of liberty. With Mdlle. de Virieu, with General de la Bourdonnaye, and Madame de Pastoret, she sympathizes in the efforts of the parliamentary Legitimists; with Mdlle. de Germiny, daughter of M. Humann, she does homage to the probity and independence of the Conservative party; with Dom Guéranger, the Abbé of Solesmes, she welomes the revival of the religious orders under the régime of common law, while with M. de Tocqueville she combats the noble sorrows of the statesman and the man of letters.

The letters of many other correspondents appear in this volume,—some anonymous effusions among them. Turning to those which Madame de Swetchine and De Tocqueville interchanged in 1855–1857, we meet with many touching and striking paragraphs. There is a deep pathos in the words in which the great thinker himself compares his intellectual isolation to the solitude of the traveller in the heart of an American forest, and in those that express the desire for a generous sympathy which was almost a necessity of his being. In one place we find the correspondents discussing important social questions in instructive and impressive language. M. de Tocqueville, admiring Madame de Swetchine's indignation at every form of slavery, continues:—"I am quite of your opinion, that the more equal partition of the advantages and rights in this world is the highest object which those who conduct human affairs can propose to themselves. Only I wish political equality to consist in all being equally free, and not as one so often hears now-a-days, in all being equally subject to one master." Madame de Swetchine, who had just been reading his book on the Ancien Régime could not accept what he said of the clergy of that period. De Tocqueville, deferring to a happier hour the full exposition of his view, when he hoped, in a personal interview, to investigate the truth in the contact of an intellect as sincere and more enlightened than his own on this particular point, proceeds to describe the sentiment which had presided over what he had written. There are, he says, two aspects of morality, to one of which but little attention is given by the ministers of religion in our time. One relates to private life and the relative duties. The other concerns public life, civic and social duties. With this aspect of morality he thinks the clergy occupy themselves but little. He imagines that he sees a proof of this in the way in which women—we suppose because they are particularly under clerical influence,—usually think and feel. Excellent in private life, as wives, as mothers, as daughters, just and indulgent to domestics, and charitable to the poor, they recognise no social or public morality, and indeed, form no idea of any such morality. They neither practise it themselves nor inculcate it on those submitted to their influence. This he maintains was not the case under the old régime which, while attended with many vices, included in its circle energetic and masculine virtues, and then he cites the practice of his pious grandmother, who, after teaching her young son the ordinary duties of private life, bade him remember also the obligations that he was under to his country, the sacrifices he ought to make for it, the consecration that would be required in the fitting season of his time, his fortune, and his life to the service of the State and of the King. In closing our brief notice of this volume we ought to say that the letters which it contains, and which are now for the first time published, will hereafter be included in a complete edition of Madame de Swetchine's writings, and that in the meanwhile, from considerations for purchasers of previous volumes, this final instalment of correspondence is, like its predecessors, issued in a separate and independent form.

In the "Sketch of the Life and Achievements of Baron Humboldt," we are reminded of the loss of another powerful mind, though in quite a different department of intellectual endeavour. The noble family of the Humboldts, we are told, came originally from the interior of Pomerania, where they possessed landed estates. During the Seven Years War the father of the distinguished savant was the

[10] "Lettres Inédites de Madame Swetchine," publiées par le Comte de Falloux, de l'Académie Française. Paris. 1866.

adjutant of the Duke of Brunswick, who frequently sent him with verbal reports to Frederick the Great. Castle Tegel, situated between Berlin and Spandau, was the place which Major von Humboldt selected for his abode after his retirement from public life. His wife was the widow of a Baron von Holwede, and a niece of the Princess Blücher. The elder of the two sons of the occupants of Castle Tegel was Carl Wilhelm, born at Potsdam, June 22, 1767; the younger was Friedrich Heinrich Alexander, born at Berlin, September 14, 1769. Both brothers early manifested their peculiar inclinations, mental philosophy attracting the elder, physical science the younger. The question which the biographer of Alexander Humboldt undertakes to answer, in his agreeable little work, is what are the great labours which immortalize the name of his hero. This question he resolves fairly enough, though perhaps his phraseology is not always sufficiently guarded. To us Humboldt seems to have been a prodigious accumulator of scientific facts, and rather the founder of branches of knowledge than the creator of separate sciences. Thus, following his biographer, we should enumerate as his special achievements, the comparative description of the earth, of hydrography, or the waters of the earth, valuable contributions to geognosy, or the science of the composition and formation of the solid crust of the earth, the development of a science of the distribution of plants and their laws, and of comparative climatology,—the distribution of heat in isothermal lines. Practically, Humboldt was a scientific Columbus — the geographical discoverer, the scientific explorer of America. A recital of his travels, and travelling experience, forms a constituent portion of Schwarzenberg's volume, and will no doubt attract many readers. The sketch of his habits in later life is also interesting. Humboldt was a man of enormous acquirements, prodigious memory, and inexhaustible fertility. About thirty years ago he rose regularly at four o'clock in the morning during the summer months. About twelve since, his daylight occupations were so engrossing that he was compelled to pursue his scientific labours at a time when most people were asleep. At an advanced age nature demanded her rights; but, though he rose at a later hour, eight o'clock, he appears to have consumed the midnight oil till within a comparatively recent period of life. Humboldt's physical portrait is thus painted for us,—"Humboldt was a man of middle stature, his feet and hands were small; his massive forehead adorned by snow-white hair; his blue eyes lively, expressive; his lips, around which played a peculiar smile half benevolent and half sarcastic, were the involuntary expressions of his superiority of mind." He walked with a tolerably quick pace. While conversing he looked habitually to the ground, though frequently raising his eyes in expectation of a reply. His conversation was witty and humorous. His opinions were always expressed with a delicate consideration. He was master of many languages. "The Englishman praised his pure English, the Frenchman his Parisian accent." Humboldt was never married. In April, 1859, he wrote the last page of his now completed "Cosmos." In the following month a cold compelled him to keep his bed. His physical strength ebbed, his speech grew fainter, but his mind remained unclouded to the end. He spoke last to his faithful servant Sieffert. "Soon afterwards he became silent, and died calmly in the afternoon on May 6th, 1859, at the age of 89 years 7 months and a few days." The biographical sketch from which we have borrowed these statements is based, we should add, on Professor Klenke's "Denkmal." The author is a German, whose correct English does not need the apology which he tenders for his supposed shortcomings. We were surprised, however, to read in one page of the investigations of *Von Bear*, till casting our eyes to the bottom of the page we found that it occurred in an extract from Mr. Spencer's Essay on "The Law of Evolution." Possibly, however, it is a misprint.

The first book of a translation of "Thucydides"[11] by Mr. Richard Crawley is a specimen of a somewhat ambitious undertaking. The translator wishes, he tells us, to add a new book to the library and to save the labours of the historical student. The division of the book into chapters, the summary of events, the adoption of a proper type and paper, are contrivances for giving the book as much as possible the appearance of a modern history. The summary of events is serviceable, and we have no objection to good type and good paper, but this part external, part internal attempt to modernize an ancient writer, is at least questionable, in our opinion. On the principle of translations generally, we entirely agree with Mr. Crawley. Servile fidelity to idiom is not translation; it runs the risk of being mistranslation. Whether Mr. Crawley is giving us a really satisfactory version of the great typical historian of all time is another question. His style, so far as we have examined it, appears to us rather loaded, nor have we met with any felicitous rendering. If we turn to the tenth section, for instance, we find this rather mouthy version of the original Greek: "We have no right therefore to be sceptical nor to content ourselves with an inspection of a town to the exclusion of a consideration of its power." Here Thucydides is speaking of the appearance of a city to the eye, and he says with an economical simplicity, we ought not to consider the look of a city so much as its power. Again, in the same sentence, Mr. Crawley somewhat awkwardly translates the words in which Thucydides alludes to the poetical embellishments of the Homeric poetry: "If we can here also accept the testimony of Homer's poems, where without allowing for the exaggeration which a poet would feel himself licensed to employ, we can see," &c. Again, in the twenty-first section, for the simple words of Thucydides, who is describing events that through length of time

[11] "The History of the Peloponnesian War, by Thucydides." Book I. Done into English by Richard Crawley, of University College, Oxford. Oxford and London: James Parker and Co. 1866.

have won their way to the fabulous, we are told by the translator that time has robbed most of them of historical value by enthroning them in the region of legend, while the immortal words in which the Greek author pronounces his history a possession for all time and not an ephemeral prize essay, are diluted into,—"In fine, I would write to instruct posterity, not to amuse my contemporaries." We have no wish, however, to disparage Mr. Crawley's attempt, which if not entirely successful, is yet not entirely without merit.

Clear type and clean paper are also commendable characteristics of Mr. O'Gorman's "Chronological Record."[12] From the middle of the seventeenth century of the Christian era a closely-packed summary of events, discoveries, &c. accompanies the marginal dates, which will be useful for daily reference. The earlier portion of the work is far less valuable. The easy credulity of the chronologist, however, is sometimes very amusing, and his sweeping wholesale statements quite delightful. In A.M. 2019, Cres, it seems, reigned in Crete, and about this time (1900) Noa founded the Chinese monarchy; for "Fohi," the supposed founder of it, was Noah, who, owing to the depravity of his descendants, has retired to this part of the world (what a snug little retreat) to end his days in peace!" In page 23 we find the pleasing intelligence that the Parion marbles, containing the chronology of ancient history, were discovered in the island of Parios. From the same page we learn that Moses wrote the Pentateuch during his sojourn in Media, where he kept the flocks of Jethro for forty years—that is, he described the Exodus, and the adventures in the wilderness, a considerable number of years before they happened. We give a few more chronological gems from Mr. O'Gorman's casket of dates; the comprehensiveness and wholesome decisiveness of some of the statements are quite refreshing in these days of scepticism, dyspepsia, and general bankruptcy of the beautiful. In page 31 we are informed that "Procles was one of the greatest tyrants that ever lived; he made men of all proportions fit the length of his bed by cutting off him who was too long and pulling him longer who was too short." In page 36 we are told that "Bezaleel and Aholiab were the first architects and sculptors of any note; Pliny speaks of them as the first who sculptured marble and polished it." In the year of the world, 1656, it seems that the deluge having ceased and the waters being dried up, the ark rested on the mountain of Ararat, in Armenia, on Wednesday, the 6th of May; but Noa did not leave it until Friday, the 18th of December. Adam and Eve were created on Friday, October 28th, and placed in the Garden of Eden. The chronological precision is enviable, but we always thought Eve was created after Adam. Finally, we are instructed that the learned Abbé Dionysius made a close calculation, which showed the existence of an error in the chronology universally adopted by the Christian world for upwards of six hundred years. Who is the learned Abbé Dionysius? Is he our old friend the monk Dionysius Exiguus, whose historical researches in the first half of the sixth century of our era assigned the birth of Christ to the 25th day of December, in the 754th year from the foundation of Rome?

[12] "A Chronological Record, &c." By D. O'Gorman, author of "Intuitive Calculations," &c. &c. Third Edition. London: Lockwood & Co. 1865.

BELLES LETTRES.

No nobler subject for an historical romance exists than that of Hereward.[1] The brief account that is given of him in The Chronicle, Florence of Worcester, and Domesday—the only reliable authorities,—so touching in its pathos, so sublime in its very vagueness, leaves the outlines to be filled up by the reader's imagination. The subject must, if treated at all, be treated ideally. And in filling up such a story as it ought to be filled up, we should not think of asking for mere historical accuracy. The anachronisms of Dante do not weaken the majesty of his thoughts nor lame the melody of his verse. The sea-shore of Bohemia is forgotten in the beauty of the "Winter's Tale." Genius is above the accidents of dress, and time, and race. Hereward has indeed been well described by Ellis as "the mirror of knighthood in the Saxon period." But this would not satisfy Professor Kingsley. Nothing would apparently suit him in his blood-and-thunder mood but the pseudo Ingulph's realistic picture,—"fortissimum robure adolescentem, procero quidem corpore, pulcherrimum ephebum, sed nimium bellicosum, animoque ferocem supra modum; juvenilibus etiam ludis et luctis tam severum, ut manus ejus contra omnes et manus omnium contra eum multoties moverentur."[2] Here is evidently the man after Professor Kingsley's own heart, described too, by a quotation from Genesis, which serves to remind us how old muscular Christianity really is. Here was indeed a chance for Professor Kingsley to spread his Gospel. So he has ransacked Ingulph, and Gaimar, and the "De Gestis Herwardi Saxonis," and we know not whom else, swallowing down every fact with the digestion of an historical ostrich. Instead of the picture of a patriot, we have a daub of a sensational ruffian. Instead of being gladdened with a tale of honour and high bearing, we are drenched with blood and sickened with villany. Just fifty per cent. of the labours of Hercules were to kill somebody or destroy something. But Hereward exceeds even this proportion. We have Hereward hurling lances through felons' chests, Hereward driving a sword into a giant's body, Hereward

[1] "Hereward the Wake: Last of the English." By the Rev. C. Kingsley. London: Macmillan and Co. 1866.

[2] Ingulph, in Gale's "Rerum Anglicarum Scriptores," p. 67.

sending a javelin through the heart of a man called Hannibal Grylls, Hereward riding at another man "like a mad bull," Hereward shouting out, "I am Hereward, the Berserker, the brain-hewer, the land-thief, the sea-thief, the feeder of wolf and raven—Aoi!" (Vol. i. p. 229.) After reading this we are not surprised to learn that a bear was frightened by the mere sound of Hereward's voice. Then we are treated to a wonderful ride of Hereward's on his famous mare Swallow. Here, however, Professor Kingsley shows his good judgment. Dick Turpin has always been more popular than Jack Sheppard. But the Professor rolls them both into one. For in the story of the ride Hereward "breaks out of a house, over garden walls and palings," killing a groom and half killing a groom-boy. Though an old-fashioned plan, still there is nothing like a murder for making a hero. After the assassination of Lincoln, the photograph of Booth sold for a shilling, whilst that of the President only fetched sixpence. Last of all comes the great sensation scene. It is not exactly bigamy, though very near to it. "A handsome fiend" looms in the background. A letter goes wrong, just as in a modern sensation novel. Suicide is talked about. And then Torfrida runs half-naked into the forest, followed by a maniac—"the owls hooted to each other under the staring moon, but she heard them not. Wolves glared at her from the brakes, and shrunk off appalled at the white ghostly figure, but she saw them not. The deer stood at gaze in the glades till she was close upon them, and then bounded into the wood. She ran right at them, past them, heedless." (Vol ii. p. 301.) She not only runs at the deer, but her voice becomes nearly as terrible as Hereward's, and makes "the watch-dogs in Bourne bark and howl." Then Hereward thinks such terrible things that Professor Kingsley says he can't possibly describe them, but thinks Shakespeare, perhaps, might, especially if he did not know he was Shakespeare. Then comes some blustering, which Professor Kingsley does describe, regretting that Hereward had no tobacco. Then Hereward thinks of getting drunk, but does not like. And in this style the story proceeds. To our thinking there is nothing worse than this mere love of strength and lust of ferocity such as are depicted in "Hereward." No amount of quotations from the Bible, no amount of sermons and fine talk about "God's creatures," can reconcile us to pictures of brutality. Once Christians were put into the skins of wild beasts, but now Professor Kingsley puts wild beasts into the skins of Christians. The one redeeming point in the book is the descriptions of the "open wolds," "the broad meres," and "the grass fens."

There is no accounting for tastes, blubber for the Esquimaux, half-hatched eggs for the Chinese, and Sensational novels for the English. Everything must now be sensational. Professor Kingsley sensationalizes History, and Mr. Wilkie Collins[3] daily life. One set of writers wear the sensational buskin, another the sensational sock. Just as in the Middle Ages people were afflicted with the Dancing Mania and Lycanthropy, sometimes barking like dogs, and sometimes mewing like cats, so now we have a Sensational Mania. Just, too, as those diseases always occurred in seasons of dearth and poverty, and attacked only the poor, so does the Sensational Mania in Literature burst out only in times of mental poverty, and afflict only the most poverty-stricken minds. From an epidemic, however, it has lately changed into an endemic. Its virus is spreading in all directions, from the penny journal to the shilling magazine, and from the shilling magazine to the thirty shillings volume. Bigamy is just now its typical form. Miss Braddon first brought the type into fashion. No novel can now possibly succeed without it. In real life money is sometimes obtained by marriage, but in literature only by bigamy. When Richardson, the showman, went about with his menagerie he had a big black baboon, whose habits were so filthy, and whose behaviour was so disgusting, that respectable people constantly remonstrated with him for exhibiting such an animal. Richardson's answer invariably was, "Bless you, if it wasn't for that big black baboon I should be ruined; it attracts all the young girls in the country." Now bigamy has been Miss Braddon's big black baboon, with which she has attracted all the young girls in the country. And now Mr. Wilkie Collins has set up a big black baboon on his own account. His big black baboon is Miss Gwilt, a bigamist, thief, gaol-bird, forgeress, murderess, and suicide. This beats all Miss Braddon's big black baboons put together. And the interesting creature is brought forward under the plea of religion. She is heralded in with a fine preface about "Christian morality." But we must assure Mr. Wilkie Collins that this and his other moral reflections no more make his book religious than a Hindu drama is made religious because it begins with a prayer, or an Oxford prize poem because it ends with a "Salem." Mr. Wilkie Collins once nearly succeeded in making a mad woman popular, but he has now perfectly succeeded in making religion ridiculous. But besides the big black baboon there are a number of small baboons and monkeys, for by no stretch of language can they be called human creatures. The most prominent are a hag, who paints and enamels women's faces, and a doctor, whose services, when we are first introduced to him, are apparently principally required by painted women. Lying, cheating, intriguing, and dreaming strange dreams are the characteristics of these animals. Some of them keep diaries, and some of them yachts.

The way in which the story is put together is certainly ingenious, but to admire the plot and to forget the characters is like admiring the frame instead of enjoying the picture. The story has all the interest, and also the literary power of a police report. It appeals to our curiosity, not to our imagination, or our feel-

[3] "Armadale." By Wilkie Collins. Illustrated by George H. Thomas. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1866.

ing, or reason. And let us not do Mr. Wilkie Collins injustice. He tells us, and doubtless truly, that he has taken great pains, especially with certain descriptions of scenery and locality. This, however, only makes him rather like a cat, an animal which cares more for places than for persons. Character alone should be the central object of interest for a novelist. And Mr. Wilkie Collins cannot draw character. To slightly alter Pope's words,—

"Nothing so true, as what you once let fall,
His novels have no characters at all;
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguished by black, brown, or fair."

So accordingly we have already had from him "The Woman in White," and in the present novel we have Armadale the Fair and Armadale the Dark. Pedgift junior, who feels "in his native element in Hyde Park," who reads "Pagan writers assisted by a crib," and who is fond of gathering metaphorical rosebuds, is the nearest approach to a character. But Pedgift junior is after all a mere sketch, modelled after one of Mr. Dickens' comic young men. Again, too, Mr. Wilkie Collins informs us that he has very properly spared no pains in ensuring accuracy on all questions of Law, Medicine, and Chemistry. But we must add it is not artistic to tell this to the reader. The process of watching our dinner being cooked takes away our appetite.

Of the general tone of the tale we have already spoken. Further reprobation is useless. For to attempt to put down Sensationalism by words, is like trying to remove the hump off a camel's back with a poultice. Once there was a play called "The Spanish Tragedy," very dull, imbecile to the verge of insanity. All the Elizabethan dramatists denounced it. Johnson satirized, and Shakespeare laughed at its folly. In vain. The play was more popular than any of Shakespeare's. The mob rushed to see its performance, for each act was full of horrors. Hanging, stabbing, shooting followed each other in every scene. Nine people were murdered in nearly as many ways. What Shakespeare could not do, we certainly cannot. Sensationalism must be left to be dealt with by time, and the improvement of the public taste. But it is worth while stopping to note, amidst all the boasted improvement of the nineteenth century, that whilst Miss Braddon's and Mr. Wilkie Collins' productions sell by thousands of copies, "Romola" with difficulty reaches a second edition.

Mr. Henry Kingsley's new novel[4] has, we think, in certain quarters been rather unfairly treated. It is not certainly of the highest order, but it is quite equal to his former stories. He makes no pretensions like his brother, and we can therefore forgive him much. He has an eye for colour and character, and a certain quaint style of humour. But he never does himself justice. With a little more pains, he might have made his descriptions of Devonshire more worthy of the country, and with a little more thought he might have fairly interested us with his characters. The book, however, in spite of a certain stable taint, possesses a healthy out-of-door tone. For ourselves, we think that Mr. Henry Kingsley indulges his heroes and heroines in far too much slang, is a little bit too fond of the cutting and slashing business (vol. ii. 118, 119), and shows a little too much contempt for poor people who cannot afford venison (vol. i. 106). His novel, however, is decidedly better than ninety out of a hundred.

"Cerise"[5] is like its name, full of colour. But it possesses, like all Major Whyte Melville's books, more than that—dash, humour, knowledge of the world, everything, indeed, except thought. No one tells a tale, simply as a tale, better than he does. Spirits that never flag, descriptions that are always bright, incidents that are always amusing, mark its course. But then there is no depth of passion, no thought. "The Gladiators" showed unexpected versatility of power, and "Cerise" gives fresh proofs. Here we are amongst "les Mousquetaires du roi Louis," hunting stags in the woods of Fontainebleau, looking at the gardens of Versailles as they were a century ago, when "the rain of Marly did not wet." It is not a book to be criticised by critics, but to be read and enjoyed by thorough-going novel readers.

Those who like "Cerise" will, we fear, not care much for the "Son of the Soil."[6] But, tot homines tot modi. It is just the reverse of Major Melville's story. Inferior in the more showy qualities, it stands long before it in the higher qualities of feeling and poetry. It is, too, essentially a woman's book as opposed to a man's. There is a want of knowledge of the world, for which mere idealism and vague outbursts of poetry can never atone. Passages of real beauty constantly occur, but they are marred by the setting. A promise there is of excellence of a rare order, but at present it is merely promise. We shall look forward with interest for the authoress's next book.

"Clemency Franklyn"[7] also betrays a female hand. Here also there is the same want of knowledge of the world, the same vague idealism, and also, we may add, the same true poetical feeling. The great aim in a novel should be to blend idealism with realism, to make, as has been so often said, the ideal real, and the real ideal. The character of Miss Arnays is beautifully conceived, but it fails to produce any effect from a want of reality. Of the other personages, Sydney Serle impresses us most. But one character no more makes a novel than one swallow a summer.

"A Life's Love"[8] is a story of which the scene

[4] "Leighton Court. A Country House Story." By Henry Kingsley. London: Macmillan and Co. 1866.

[5] "Cerise. A Tale of the Last Century." By G. J. Whyte Melville. London: Chapman and Hall. 1866.

[6] "A Son of the Soil." London: Macmillan and Co. 1866.

[7] "Clemency Franklyn." By the Author of "Janet's Home." London: Macmillan and Co. 1866.

[8] "A Life's Love." By the Author of the "Heiress of the Blackburnfoot." London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1866.

is Glasgow as it was a century ago. Great pains have evidently been taken to give us a true picture of the period. And the book may therefore be recommended to others besides mere novel-readers. Here is a joke, essentially Scotch in its tone, which the author tells us really occurred—

"Presently a young woman entered the shop, and demanded to see prints, which John showed. 'The Lord preserve us!' she ejaculated, on hearing the price; 'how dear it is! what a price!' The master of the shop coming behind, touched her arm, and looking her in the face, said, 'It's very right to pray always, my girl.' 'Pray!' echoed the girl; 'was I praying?' 'Indeed you were; but you might do so, I think, more reverently.'"

We wish the author had more frequently brightened her story with such jokes.

"The True History of a Little Ragamuffin"[9] tells its own tale. The Palaces of London throw strange shadows. It is the richest and the poorest city in the world. Charles-street, Drury-lane, with its courts, is as interesting as Grosvenor-square with its drawing-rooms. All depends on the skill of the artist. Thackeray was fond of touching upon the precociousness of small female ragamuffins, and Dickens sketches the external characteristics of the London Arab; but the present writer has boldly adopted the ragamuffin proper as his own. He paints him with a force and a humour which reminds us of Defoe. One of the best chapters is that in which Mouldy explains the difference between "thieving" and "taking." The irony is well sustained. The number of euphemisms which the "dangerous classes" have for stealing is worthy of notice. Amongst some tribes of savages we believe that the same word expresses both "wishing," and "taking." To those who care to understand the habits of a young London thief, we can recommend this story, the details of which are worked out with the minuteness of a Dutch painting.

No one needs to be told of the rapid strides that both painting and music are making in England. Never were painters so well paid. The public has become their patron. The manufacturer cannot rival his neighbour the earl with pomp of heraldry, so he eclipses him with his picture-galleries. Books upon art, too, are multiplying in every direction. We cannot, however, say much for Mr. Ottley's "Supplement to Bryan's Dictionary of Painters."[10] The criticism is, to say the least, weak, and the taste often very doubtful. As an example of the first we are told that Mr. Frith's "Life at the Seaside" is "painted with consummate ability," and that Mr. Noel Paton is "imginative and original;" and, as an instance of the second, we may refer to the notice of Sir Francis Grant. Good criticism and good taste are rare qualities, but carelessness is inexcusable. We think that, instead of detailing Sir Francis Grant's private concerns, the compiler might have been at the pains to discover whether De Wint was born in Lincolnshire or not. The book, however, will be useful for reference, and possesses the merit of noticing many artists who are not nearly so well known as they should be, as in the case of the late Mr. Thomas Crane, whose portraits are remarkable for delicacy and poetical treatment.

"Thoughts on Great Painters"[11] is a misnomer. There are no thoughts, and only some of the world's great painters. For instance, Mr. Davis gives us Vandyke, but no Velasquez, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, but no Turner. The style, too, is in keeping with the title, pretentious and empty. Thus the writer describes the Moses of Michael Angelo:—"The statue, it is said, was hewn from the solid block, without a preparatory model, and looks, indeed, like something exploded, rather than carved, with a chisel of flame." (p. 13.) A man who writes in this style simply proclaims himself incompetent to judge of art. We are not therefore surprised to find him further on calling Pre-Raphaelitism "a goblin," and "a phantom, shaking its grisly locks, causing more or less affright throughout all the Schools of Europe." (p. 149.)

The plan of "A Century of Painters of the English School"[12] is good, and the execution excellent. The narrative is, for the most part, sober, the facts accurate, and the criticism discerning and just. After all Mr. Ruskin's hazy sentiment, vague thoughts, and spun-out metaphors, it is refreshing to read a little plain writing. A little Ruskinism goes a long way, but a little common-sense goes further; and common-sense is the characteristic of these two volumes. There are, as a rule, no flights of rhetoric, and no tawdry ornament. The aim is to give a simple history of English Art, with short notices of each artist and their principal works. Of course, so wide a field presents many subjects in the treatment of which opinions will ever differ. The authors have, however, endeavoured to take a middle course. Thus, in their treatment of Blake, though recognising his eccentricity, they do full justice to the beauty and nobleness of his life and thoughts. The chief faults we have to find are with a little fine writing—the curse of modern literature—in the descriptions of some of Turner's pictures, a rather too depreciatory tone with regard to Pre-Raphaelitism, and decidedly too great a laudation of Mr. Henry Cole.

Mr. Palgrave, as we have many times had occasion to state, is one of the few original art-critics whom we possess. And the feeling we have in taking up his little volume of essays[13] is that of disappointment that he does not de-

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[9] "The True History of a Little Ragamuffin." By the Author of "A Night in a Workhouse." London: S. O. Beeton. 1866.

[10] "A Biographical and Critical Dictionary of Recent and Living Portrait-Painters and Engravers; forming a Supplement to Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers, as edited by George Stanley." By Henry Ottley. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1866.

[11] "Thoughts on Great Painters." By J. P. Davis, Painter. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1866.

[12] "A Century of Painters of the English School. With Critical Notices of their works; and an Account of the Progress of Art in England." By Richard Redgrave, R.A., and Samuel Redgrave. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1866.

[13] "Essays on Art." By Francis Turner Palgrave. London: Macmillan and Co. 1866.

vote himself to some task worthier of his great powers. However, we are glad to receive even this. His chief merit is his thorough tone of independence, to which he adds the weight of thought and scholarship, and the graces of a clear style and cultivated taste. From many obvious causes, criticism of this order is most rare. Of late years, however, a decided improvement has taken place in journalism. Still the laudations that are poured forth by journals of such high standing as the *Times* upon second-rate sensation novels and second-rate sensation pictures, teach us how much the ordinary newspaper critic has yet to learn. Mr. Palgrave's book will, we trust, do something towards the correction of the false taste which that journal has done its utmost to promote. His essay upon Sensational Art is perfect. He deals with it in pictures, in novels, in sculpture, and on the stage, and is in each case equally effective. We would willingly, if we had the space, quote from it passages to strengthen our own remarks upon Professor Kingsley's and Mr. Wilkie Collins' novels. We would, too, gladly quote from some of his other essays his criticisms upon Mr. Frith (pp. 9, 99, 100) and Mr. Noel Paton (pp. 101, 102), as embodying our objections to Mr. Ottley's terms of praise, but must for the same reason abstain. In conclusion, we would earnestly recommend this little book to students in every art.

Volumes of poetry still continue to increase, to the advantage of paper-makers and printers, but of no one else. There is a family likeness between all these little thin green octavos. The same criticism might apply to each and all—they are never poetry, and often not sense. Here, for example, is Mr. Jones,[14] who begins a poem "To Spring" with "Exhilarating time!" and who talks of "the honeysuckle's piebald ringlets." (p. 110.) And yet Mr. Jones' book shows in many places good feeling, and a sympathy with all that is noble. He has, however, unfortunately confounded the wish to be a poet with the gift of poetry.

Very nearly the same words are applicable to Mr. Somerville's little volume.[15] Something must certainly be wrong with the ear of a man who talks about the thunder shrieking—

> "I cannot love the lofty peak,
> That rises to the misty skies;
> Around its breast a vapour lies,
> And there the thunder learns to shriek." (p. 7.)

Either Mr. Somerville does not know the meaning of language, or else he has a great difficulty in finding a rhyme to "peak." Various passages in his book make us incline to the latter theory.

Mr. Stigand showed so much promise in his "Vision of Barbarossa," that we expected something better than "Athenäis."[16] It is simply so much rhymed dulness, enlivened every now and then with—

> "The war-cries—'Saint Sepulcre!' 'Montjoie!' and 'Diex lo veut!'"

which are about as poetical as "water-crëëses."

Exceptions, however, occur. Mrs. Webster[17] shows not only originality, but what is nearly as rare, trained intellect and self-command. She possesses, too, what is the first requisite of a poet—earnestness. This quality is stamped upon all that she writes. The opening lines to the poem of "A Painter" prove that she thoroughly realizes what Art means, and at once give an earnest of the power which the conclusion fulfils. We much fear, however, that the form into which Mrs. Webster has thrown her thoughts will interfere with her immediate popularity. She, however, is the best judge of her own powers.

Miss Rossetti's poems are becoming every day better known. Her new volume[18] will certainly increase her reputation. A wider octave has been spanned, a deeper passion been touched, a higher tone reached. No living poet, with the exception of Tennyson, has such an eye for colour and picturesqueness. Take, for instance, this stanza:—

> "At the death of night and birth of the day,
> When the owl left off his sober play,
> And the bat hung himself out of the way,
> Woke the song of mavis and merle,
> And heaven put off its hodden grey
> For mother-o'-pearl." (p. 6.)

All those who have watched the flight of an owl know the truth of the words "sober play;" and all those who have seen bats clinging to the sides of hollow trees, will acknowledge the accuracy of the description. So, too, in the same poem we have—

> "By willow courses he took his path,
> Spied what a nest the kingfisher hath,
> Marked the fields green to aftermath,
> Marked where the red-brown field-mouse ran."
> (p. 17.)

But this love for Præ-Raphaelitism, unless kept under by severe discipline, is apt to lead to mere prose and downright ugliness. Miss Rossetti seldom offends in this way; still she does offend, as when she describes primrose leaves as "crisp," and young chickens breaking from the shell "wet and bare." Rising, however, from mere details, let us show how clear and vivid are her descriptive passages—

> "Our one-street village stood
> A long mile from the town,
> A mile of windy down,
> And bleak one-sided wood,

[14] "A Century of Sonnets. Lines on the Burns' Commemoration of 1859, The Funeral of Canning, and other verses." By Jacob Jones. London: Alfred W. Bennett. 1866.

[15] "Eros. A Series of Connected Poems." By Lorenzo Somerville. London: Trübner and Co. 1866.

[16] "Athenäis; or the First Crusade." By William Stigand. London: Edward Moxon and Co. 1866.

[17] "Dramatic Studies." By Augusta Webster. London: Macmillan and Co. 1866.

[18] "The Prince's Progress, and other Poems." By Christina Rossetti. Macmillan and Co. 1866.

With not a single house.
Our town itself was small,
With just the common shops,
And throve in its small way.
Our neighbouring gentry reared
The good old-fashioned crops,
And made old-fashioned boasts
Of what John Bull would do,
If Frenchman Frog appeared;
And drunk old-fashioned toasts,
And made old-fashioned bows
To my Lady at the Hall." (pp. 165, 166.)

Now here the landscape is touched in with a few firm strokes. There is no vagueness. The epithet "windy," is perhaps, somewhat too Tennysonian, but with this exception the picture is faultless. And lastly, too, the human element is sketched in with a humour and a quaintness which preserves the individuality. But it is not for her descriptions that we chiefly value Miss Rossetti's poetry, but rather for its suggestiveness and imagination. Here her true strength lies. Take, for instance, this little poem—

"Did any bird come flying
After Adam and Eve,
When the door was shut against them,
And they sat down to grieve?
I think not Eve's peacock,
Splendid to see,
And I think not Adam's eagle;
But a dove may be.
Did any beast come pushing
Through the thorny hedge,
Into the thorny, thistly world
Out from Eden's edge?
I think not a lion
Though his strength is such;
But an innocent loving lamb
May have done as much." (pp. 141, 142.)

There is another stanza, but here the real thought tends. We trust these extracts will send readers to Miss Rossetti's new volume.

Amongst reprints of poetry we may briefly notice Mr. Martin's handsome edition of Chatterton,[19] and Mr. Swinburne's equally handsome "Selection from the Works of Byron."[20] The former is noticeable for a well-written life of the unfortunate poet. We cannot, however, say the same for Mr. Swinburne's preface. Poets seem always to use only their left hand for prose. The style is declamatory and uneasy, and the thought often degenerates into mere bombast. Thus he writes about boys and girls "paddling in rhyme and dabbling in sentiment" (p. vi.); and says, "Coleridge and Keats used nature merely as a stimulant or a sedative; Wordsworth, as a vegetable, fit to shred into his pot and pare down like the outer leaves of a lettuce for didactive and culinary purposes" (p. xi.). Similes like this are of frequent occurrence. It is a great mistake to confound alliteration with wit, and violence with strength. These faults of style are singularly conspicuous, too, in the prose of another poet—Mr. Gerald Massey.[21] We have no idea of entering into the lists against him as to who Mr. W. H. was, or what was the meaning of Shakespeare's sonnets. We must, however, call attention to the bad taste with which he invariably speaks of his opponents. The most interesting chapter to us is "The Man Shakespeare. A Retouched Portrait." But even here Mr. Massey's evil genius follows him, and his singularly inflated style does great injustice to the value of his arguments. Much, however, is here mere guess-work. Thus he writes, "So great is my belief in the poet's truth to nature, that I feel he had a rough skin, and was jocose on the subject—stroking his chin in a humorous way, as who should say, looking at my old weather-beaten brown face, 'My glass shows me myself, indeed, beaten and chapped with tanned antiquity!' And if, as an actor, he kept the chin shaved, and the beard grew strong and stubby, it would add to the roughness." (p. 542.) And again: "I cannot help coupling with this (Shakespeare's tendency to moralize on death) the fact that Shakespeare was born in the year of the plague at Stratford; he must, therefore, have sucked in a strange influence with his mother's milk—a kind of mysterious sense of death, and danger, and pestilence." (p. 552.) The physiology of infants is a perplexing subject, and Mr. Massey may possibly have some grounds for his theory, but he apparently does not know, to judge by his remarks on the Stratford bust, that there are some good anatomical reasons for supposing that it was modelled from a cast taken of the poet's face not many hours after his death.

Amongst recent translations of poetry Mrs. Webster's "Prometheus of Æschylus"[22] claims a high rank. Of her volume of original poems we have already spoken. Her translation is marked by many of the same high qualities, but especially by fidelity to the original, without losing its spirit. As a critical test, we will take the first five lines of the famous invocation of Prometheus to the elements. Potter's rendering runs thus:—

"Ethereal air, and ye soft-winged winds,
Ye rivers springing from fresh founts, ye waves,
That o'er the interminable ocean, wreath
Your crisped smiles, thou all-producing earth,
And thou bright sun, I call, whose flaming orb
Views the wide world beneath; see what, a god,
I suffer from the Gods."

And now we will take Mrs. Webster's.

[19] "Poems by Thomas Chatterton. With a Memoir by Frederick Martin." London: Charles Griffin and Co. 1866.

[20] "A Selection from the Works of Lord Byron." Edited and Prefaced by Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Edward Moxon and Co. 1866.

[21] "Shakespeare's Sonnets. Never before Interpreted: His Private Friends Identified: Together with a Recovered Likeness of Himself." By Gerald Massey. Longmans, Green, and Co. 1866.

[22] "The Prometheus Bound of Æschylus. Literally Translated into English Verse." By Augusta Webster. Edited by Thomas Webster, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan and Co. 1866.

"Oh! marvellous sky, and swiftly winging winds,
And streams, and myriad laughter of sea-waves,
And universal mother earth, I call ye
And the all-seeing sun to look on me,
What I a God endure from other Gods."

The first and most striking difference is Mrs. Webster's terseness as opposed to the older translator's diffuseness. The number of her lines correspond with those in the original. There is nothing, we may remark, in the original about Potter's "interminable" ocean, still less about "crisped" and "wreaths," nothing about "viewing the wide world beneath," simply *πάνοπτην*, Mrs. Webster's "all seeing." He has foisted in adjectives, whilst she has compressed even such pleonasms as *ποταμῶν τε πηγαὶ*, and *κύκλον ἡλίου*. The next difference is that of delicacy of translation. Potter's rendering of—

ποντιώμ τε κυμάτων
Ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα

will not bear a moment's comparison with Mrs. Webster's "myriad laughter of sea-waves," nor his "all-producing earth," for *παμμῆτόρ τε γῆ* with her classical "universal mother earth," reminding us of Milton's "universal Pan." And wherever we have compared the two versions, Mrs. Webster maintains the same superiority. We sincerely hope that her translation will introduce many English readers to one of the greatest dramas ever written.

Of the originals of the "Idylls from the Sanscrit"[23] we know nothing. They are not "Idylls" in the mere Theocritean signification of the word, but in its broader Tennysonian sense. We can, however, say that they have real claims upon English readers, as the commencement of a little poem entitled "The Rains" will show:—

"Who is that driveth near,
Heralded by sounds of fear?
Red his flag, the lightning's glare
Flashing through the murky air:
Pealing thunder for his drums,
Royally the monarch comes.
See, he rides, amid the crowd,
On his elephant of cloud,
Marshalling his kingly train,
Welcome, O thou Lord of Rain."

We wish that we had space to continue this very remarkable poem. We can only add that the other translations are marked by the same vigour, grace, and ease.

Bürger's "Lenore"[24] has met with another translator. But here all the local colour, humour, irony, and spirit have evaporated. The well-known stanza commencing "Schön liebchen schürzte," where the horse's gallop is rendered with a force that rivals the famous

"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum,"

becomes mere bald rhyme. Shakespeare, however, has been more fortunate at the hands of Herr Solling.[25] Some of the passages, such as those beginning "My mother had a maid called Barbara," and "I am thy father's spirit," are rendered with all the truth and accuracy of a verbal photograph. Such a translation will be welcome, in spite of those that already exist, in Germany, where poetry, if we may judge by the solitary specimen before us, is now rare. For Herr Lingg's "Völkerwanderung"[26] is nothing but Gibbon's "Rise and Fall" poetised in fluent and commonplace verse. No one will read it for its poetry, and the facts can be better studied elsewhere.

Amongst that large number of books which refuse to be classified comes Miss Howitt's "Twelve Months with Frederika Bremer."[27] She appears to see everything in a rather rose-coloured atmosphere, which, in some cases, may make her a little partial. Everything, however, is pleasantly described, from "lingon" jam to Art. Her notices of the social condition of women are in the highest degree interesting:

"Women come of age in Sweden at twenty-five. In 1846, the following regulations were passed—viz., that a widow, a wife separated from her husband, or a spinster, having Swedish citizenship, possessed the right, whether in town or country, of selling articles made in her own workshop, and assisted by journeymen, apprentices, and other workmen; or of carrying on the business of baker, butcher, or brewer, on condition of her having partaken of the Holy Communion; of her being of age, being a woman of good character, and able to read, to write legibly, and to work the simple rules of arithmetic." (pp. 65, 66).

And again, too, her notices of the clergy, who, we may suppose, had something to do with one of the foregoing enactments, have a special value as explaining the condition of the people.

Mr. Cooley's work[28] on the toilet and cosmetics has probably more interest for Mother Oldenshaw and M. Ernest Feydeau than for anybody else. He has evidently been at great pains to collect all possible information on the subject, but the result is not very satisfactory. His style is in the highest degree stilted and affected. Still his book may have some value to certain people. We would, however, suggest that at the head of his chapter upon rouge and pearl-powder, he should put Juvenal's words, "Facies dicetur an ulcus."

A useful little hand-book[29] for readers at the

[23] "Idylls from the Sanscrit." By Ralph T. H. Griffith, M.A. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1866.

[24] "Lenore: or, Death and the Maiden." By Gottfried August Bürger. With the Original Text. Translated by John Wynniatt Grant. London: Murray and Co. 1866.

[25] "Passages from the Works of Shakespeare." Selected and Translated into German (including the English Text), by Gustav Solling. London: Trübner and Co. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1866.

[26] "Die Völkerwanderung." Epische Dichtung, von Hermann Lingg. Stuttgart. 1866.

[27] "Twelve Months with Frederika Bremer in Sweden." By Margaret Howitt. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1866.

[28] "The Toilet and Cosmetic Arts in Ancient and Modern Times. With a Review of the Different Theories of Beauty, and Copious allied Information, Social, Hygienic, and Medical." By Arnold J. Cooley. London: Robert Hardwicke. 1866.

[29] "A Handbook for Readers at the British Museum." By Thomas Nichols, Assistant in the British

British Museum has lately appeared. It gives the sort of information which is required. Of the arrangements there we can speak in the highest terms of praise. There is, however, one great drawback—the conversation which is permitted to be carried on by the readers. On no account should this be allowed. The assistants should be empowered to turn out all offenders. We trust the attention of the trustees will be called to this great and increasing evil.

"A New Dictionary of Quotations"[30] and Professor Bain's "English Composition and Rhetoric"[31] may be classed together. Those who use the former will probably also require the assistance of the latter. "The style is the man," and no books on quotation or on principles of composition can give any real help. The former seems quite as good as any of its class. An immense number of quotations are brought together, and the Latin examples are translated in much the same style as the mottoes in the "Peerage and Baronetage."

Finally, we have to acknowledge from Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. four volumes of their excellent series of shilling novels.[32]

Museum. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1866.

[30] "A New Dictionary of Quotations from the Greek, Latin, and Modern Languages. Translated into English." By the Author of "Live and Learn." London: John F. Shaw and Co. 1866.

[31] "English Composition and Rhetoric. A Manual." By Alexander Bain, M.A. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1866.

[32] (I.) "Extremes." By E. W. Atkinson. (II.) "Leonora; or, False and Fair." By the Hon. Mrs. Maberly. (III.) "An Old Debt." (IV.) "Counterpart: or the Cross of Love." By the Author of "Charles Auchester." London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1866.

THE

WESTMINSTER REVIEW,

No. CLXX.

FOR OCTOBER, 1866.

Art. I.—The Irish Church.

1. *Essays on the Irish Church.* By Clergymen of the Established Church in Ireland. London: James Parker & Co. 1866.
2. *The Irish Church: A Historical and Statistical Review.* By Herbert S. Skeats. London: Arthur Maill. 1866.
3. *The Abuses of the Irish Church Verified by Historical Records by a Member of the Church of England.* Edited by Sir Charles Shaw. London: William Ridgway. 1866.

There is scarcely a single accredited maxim of sound statesmanship which has not been flagrantly violated in the course of the English administration of Ireland. If it be expedient, in the case of a nation composed of the most incongruous races, to exchange a forcible and mechanical adhesion of one to the other for a friendly or chemical fusion, in Ireland the opposite policy has been throughout notoriously pursued. If, in the exercise of ostensible dominion, it be the only safe and cunning policy to engage in the responsibilities of Government the national leaders as they emerge from the obscure ranks of the subject population, in order to distract their turbulent fancies by active and honorable occupations, and to win their sympathies by a generous confidence; in Ireland every Celtic aspirant to distinction was exceptionally blessed if he escaped being branded as a traitor and hunted as a slave. Again, if it be no more than the most selfish astuteness to conciliate the loyalty of the mass of the population by withdrawing from their sight every memento of obsolete feuds and present bondage, all that might by possibility irritate without assisting to control, and might stimulate the most virulent antipathies without affecting even a plausible show of compensatory good, here, too, the sins of England are writen in letters of blood. Lastly, if, of all other sources of discord and mutual recrimination, discrepancy of religious belief is the most ineradicable, and the special discrepancies between Catholic and Protestant notably the most so of all, and if, consequently, a due recognition and conciliation of the opposing pretensions of those rival communions be the most solemn duty of a sovereign Government, then is it true that, in this respect likewise, the English treatment of Ireland presents one long, unvaried tale of the gravest political errors, no less than of the most cruel, selfish, and, it is to be sorely feared, inexpiable wrongs.

Our immediate purpose, however, is with the present and not with the past. To re-open the pitiable chapter of Ireland's sufferings and England's misgovernment would only serve to complicate the investigation before us, and to alienate those whom we wish to convince. The wave of modern liberal policy and scientific appreciation of the true end and means of government has flowed even up to and over the Emerald Isle. The penal laws—as to which the most temperate and self-restrained of historians, Mr. Hallam, has said, "This series of laws has scarcely a parallel in European history; and to have exterminated the Catholics by the sword, or expelled them like the Moriscoes from Spain, would have been little more repugnant to justice and humanity, but incomparably more politic;" these laws have been all swept away. The Emancipation Act was at length carried grudgingly and tardily by a Tory minister in face of a recalcitrant king. The consequences of that Act have been freely developed, and a succession of wise and liberal measures have opened out to Ireland, equally with the rest of the British Empire, a promising and unrestrained career of independent energy and wealth. It is only now necessary to recur for a moment to the by-gone policy in order to point out that, just so far as that policy has been abandoned, has Ireland begun to be a contented and prosperous nation. The argument inexorably proceeds to the conclusion that the true solution of all the intricacies that still adhere to Irish affairs is to be found solely in the logical consummation of the new policy that has taken the place of the old. It is here contended that, till the coping-stone is put to the modern policy of recognising the righteous

claims and consulting the religious susceptibilities of the overwhelming majority of the nation, by courageously cutting away every plausible basis for mutual antipathies on the ground of religious preferences, Ireland can never be relied upon as an organic and invigorating section of the British community. Till that epoch has arrived the reproach will still be justified that Ireland only feels strong in England's weakness, and weak in England's strength. She will still be restlessly yearning after foreign friends, and feeling an unwholesome sympathy with every foreign revolution. She will still be a blot on England's escutcheon as representing a people whom all our boasted wisdom, science, and policy only serve to render more hopelessly miserable and savagely alienated.

It may be well to notice that the condition of Ireland, in spite of recent events, is such as to afford the greatest encouragement in the task of probing the wounds that still remain. There is sufficient to show that a liberation policy has done and is doing its work, and to set at defiance the indolent conclusion that the state of Ireland is too hopelessly rotten to be reached by constitutional remedies. If there is much to sadden and disappoint, there is far more to foster hope and to stimulate exertion. If there is much to remind us that Ireland's wounds are not yet healed, there is much also to assure us we have at length found the true track, by following which alone the sanative balm will be eventually imparted.

Ireland, till within the last few months, was prosperous as she never was before. Measured by whatever tests are the fairest exponents of a people's condition, the country has of late made a prodigious stride. The value of cattle and live-stock is 2,000,000*l.* more this year than it was last, and 26,000,000*l.* more than in 1841. Of land which last year was noted as waste, 125,000 acres have since been reclaimed for pasture, in addition to 2,000,000 acres of like land reclaimed since 1841. Even making allowance for the drain on the numbers of the people by emigration, the Poor Law Returns, the Police Returns, and the Bank Deposits afford the most encouraging results this year in comparison with 1863 and 1841. The linen spinners of Belfast have been making money at an enormous rate during the few last years, and the exports from that port in 1864 were nearly double those of 1863. Similar accounts are received from Derry, Lisburn, Antrim, and the other seats of Irish manufacture.

Such is one side of the picture. The results are sufficient to point out that recent legislation has not been entirely nugatory, and to urge on the people of England to follow to its natural conclusion a large-minded and statesmanlike policy.

For, in glaring contrast with economic progress deducible from statistics and balance-sheets, the continued suspension of the Habeas Corpus act reminds us that there is still to be found in Ireland a seething mass of dissaffection and disloyalty which may well check the premature complacency of the most sanguine statesman. It is not necessary, even were it practicable, to affiliate the coruscating and mock-heroic phenomena of "Fenianism" directly upon any single abuse or definite system of abuses. When once a spirit of insubordination has filtered down to those classes of the community who are alike without fixed occupation, moral steadiness, and consciousness of political responsibility, the actual cry of the day is no sure guide to the latent and remote seat of the disorder. Now the complaint bandied from lip to lip and county to county is an impotent reverberation of some ancient rallying-note once instinct with life and power. Now it is due to some accidental and momentary outrage bearing not even a distant relation to the actual causes at work. Now it takes the name of one or more real grievances, echoed and re-echoed without intelligence, sincere enthusiasm, or personal belief. The true lesson to be drawn from the manifestation of a spirit of general and irrepressible incendiarism, in a dependency of a great empire, must be sought, not in a precipitate interpretation of every tumultuous outcry, but in a scrutinizing survey of all the causes which may reasonably be held likely to propagate a wide-spread feeling of irritation and discontent. So soon as these causes have severally been explained and evaluated, the sagacious and humane statesman will not let himself repose in security till he has finally removed for ever out of the way, with an unflinching hand, not one of such plague-spots, but all. Because by any single judicious stroke of legislation he cannot hope at once to convert the public temper, soured by ages of opposition, from restlessness to tranquillity, from hatred to love, he will not forbear to make that stroke. Because the problem possesses peculiar complexity, he will not slothfully refrain from grappling with it altogether. Rather will he, in all sobriety, and yet with unresting zeal, first contemplate and then remove every root of bitterness as it most conspicuously in turn presents itself, till he has thoroughly cleansed the land from foes more pestilential than dragons and chimæras, feeding not on the bodies but on the souls of men.

No thoughtful witness of the existing condition of Ireland in all its features, hopeful and saddening, can for a moment hesitate as to the relevancy of the question of the Irish Church. It is not necessary, in order to draw the earnest attention of all fair thinkers to this subject, to exaggerate the real issue, and to pretend that all the present imperfections and shortcomings of the Irish people are due to nothing else than the maintenance of a Protestant Establishment, or that the annihilation of that establishment would be followed by an immediate and total recovery to health and gladness. It is sufficient to allow that, among other causes admitting of remedial legislation, the anomalous or rather preposterous position of the Protestant Church of Ireland is the most obviously related to the acrimonious feelings of the whole native population, the most indefensible upon any ground other than exploded habits of mere intolerance and tyranny, and the most easily provided with a complete cure.

The bare statistics upon which the impugners of the Protestant Establishment take up

an unassailable ground are in everybody's mouth. There is at the present moment in Ireland a population of about six millions and three quarters. Of these one million and a quarter are Protestants, composed one half of Presbyterians and Nonconformists, the other half of members of the Church of England. The rest of the population, that is, four millions and a half, are Catholics. Thus, the proportion of members of the Established Church to Catholics, is somewhere about one to ten. Now if any reasonable man, entirely fresh to the subject of Irish politics, with these statistics before him, were questioned as to which religious body in the country deserved the greatest public consideration, in favour of which body the public revenues (if any) ought to be especially diverted, which body ought to receive the most anxious attention on the part of the government, and, through its leaders, be in closest communication with the administrators of government, it is scarcely likely he would, except by way of a *jeu d'esprit*, name that body which is in a minority of one to ten; that is, the Church of England and Ireland. The most intolerant and tyrannical governments abroad, England herself in the government of her colonial dependencies, commit no such solecism as this. Everywhere, either all Christian forms of faith are equally tolerated and receive assistance from the State, or else the Church of the majority is especially favoured, and the worship of the lesser communities is barely tolerated, or subsidized only to a very small extent. It has remained for England, the native home (as she assumes) of liberty, enlightened policy, and administrative skill, to maintain by force of arms an abortive institution in the midst of a hostile people on a principle of intolerant proselytism and of iniquitous maintenance, denounced as odious and impolitic by every other country in Europe. This institution so cherished, from its very nature touches the national susceptibilities in their keenest part, is invidiously associated with a long tale of persecution almost unparalleled in other lands, and, owing to the accidental lines of demarcation, is an undying reminder of the domination of race over race. This institution is maintained too, not in the midst of a contented nation where the most inveterate abuses are often reasonably overlooked for fear of pulling up the wheat with the tares, but in a country as to which statesmen, philosophers, and divines have in turn exhausted every plausible and ingenious theory to account for its apparently hopeless barbarity and irreconcilable hostility to British rule.

It is nothing more than what might have been expected, that the Irish Church should find vehement and enthusiastic champions among those professing few other points of sympathy or union. It is instinctively understood that the cold, keen gaze of politicians and the leaders of thought is becoming concentrated with ominous intensity on the general nature of the connexion of Church and State. A new style of political reasoning (it is dreaded) may be forged for the purpose of the Irish controversy, which will not be readily laid aside. New axioms may emerge from the conflict, which will be the starting-points of all future discussions. A dismal apprehension is beginning even to prevail that a time may be near at hand when the existence of a Church Establishment in any country whatever can no longer indolently justify itself by an appeal to antique tradition, or to an accidental national sentiment, the fruit of early education, but only by its proved conformity to the ends of all government—the ultimate improvement and happiness of the whole population.

Probably very few of the most ardent supporters of the Irish Church, not members of its body, have in their secret hearts any serious differences of view about the impropriety of the position of that Church in the actual circumstances of Ireland. Probably none of them would think of recommending the establishment of such a Church for the first time now. Possibly not a few of them would, not without sincere gratification, wake up to the discovery that the Church as now constituted had suddenly vanished from the land, and that thus all further controversy was prevented, or set at rest for ever. For with many it is the controversy far more than its possible results that is matter of abhorrence. The High-Churchman reasonably dreads that the historical development, the legal powers, the intrinsic value of the Church, as well in England as in Ireland, will be subjected to a scrutiny at once unsparing and unsympathizing. The Low-Churchman, obstinately yet amiably ignoring the current of modern thought, and living in nervous horror of the chimerical obtrusiveness of Rome, sees in the Irish Church debate the battle-field of Satan and the archangel contending over the body of Moses. Sounder-minded English Churchmen, devotedly attached to the principles of the Reformation, regret that a position should be abandoned which at once furnishes a vantage-ground for missionary effort and exhibits a perpetual protest against the undeniable corruptions around. Dissenters are divided in their sympathies, according as their abomination of all Church Establishments or their aggressive hatred of Romanism happens to prevail. Thus it comes about that an impulse to generalization seems invariably to modify the treatment of the subject before us; and it is impossible to discuss it in a way satisfactory to any one party without clearly investigating the broad principles which will ultimately, however slowly and hesitatingly, commend themselves to all.

Looking back into past times and into the elementary conception of a National church, it would be surprising indeed if the dream of a mixed civil and ecclesiastical polity did not even now seductively captivate the imagination of the generous, the enthusiastic, and the young. Admitting that the welfare of the governed is the true and sole object of government, the loftiest part of that welfare is confessedly concerned with the sentiments and the moral character of men. It is to the cultivation of these last that the Church has at all times specially addressed herself; and, in the performance of her imperial or heavenly function,

she has been, in fact, consistently and loyally seconded by the civil authority, whether as represented by a Jewish Synod, a Roman Emperor, a Russian Czar, or a British Monarch. An admirable concinnity and spontaneous harmony at once suggests and enforces the holy and inevitable alliance. The rulers of the nation are possessed of a "conscience," and are called to legislate for men constituted like themselves. They are called upon for bread, and at their souls' peril they give a stone; they are called to enforce and to propagate the truth of God, and miserably do they abdicate their moral throne if they countenance or fail to stamp out the upstart seedlings of heresy and error. It is in truth no inglorious picture that ever floats suspended before the eyes of these wistful aspirants after a city of God. There is (it is sublimely imagined) a truth on earth tabernacling among men universally known and universally confessed; a truth embracing the most solemn and touching sanctities of human life, declaring the maxims of duty with the authority of a divine and unchallenged casuistry, soothing all the bitterness of controversy with the ever-present balm of spiritual illumination, and superseding all civil or criminal tribunals by sanctions more terribly cogent and everlastingly efficacious than such as can be drawn from the springs of the most unsullied earthly justice.

This were no contemptible ideal were it only possible, were it only good for man. The experiment has, unhappily, been made sufficiently often to make it at least doubtful how far it is possible; and a very simple philosophy will show that, even were such an ideal at once convertible into a reality, that reality were not the best for man. The experiment was made by the Jews, and the dissensions and partisanship thereby engendered made Judæa an easy prey to the determined and single-eyed policy of Rome. The experiment was again made by Constantine and his successors in the later Roman empire. The corruption of religion, the frightful theological feuds, the cruelty, intolerance, bigotry, and unscrupulous ferocity of the ministers of religion, reposing as they did on the support of the civil arm, are sufficient to record the failure as regards the Church. The general prostration of government, the prevalent misconceptions of its sole end and purpose, the alternate rigour and lawlessness everywhere manifest, leave written in no uncertain characters the failure as regards the State. If the success of the Church of Rome be appealed to, and her influence noted as beneficially exercised in the Middle Ages on the side of the weak and the oppressed, this consideration proves too much. It was just because the Church of Rome was not specially associated with the civil power of any one nation that she was recognised as an authority in all. Had the supremacy of the Church rested in the Emperors of Germany and not in the Popes of Rome, the history of Europe would have followed another channel, and the dawning of civilization been indefinitely delayed. Lastly, if the Churches of the Reformation be appealed to, it is notorious that, simultaneously with the assumption on the part of civil rulers of the ecclesiastical supremacy lately exercised by Rome, the value of one single State Religion began to be challenged and called in question. The essential principles of Protestantism involved the multiplication of sects and schisms, while Catholicism vehemently disputed much of the territory already won. In some nations, as in Switzerland and Germany, part of an organically united people held with the old faith, part with the new. In France, Protestantism sufficed to inspire the old creed with the genius of scepticism and division, though compelled formally to resign the field. In Scotland, indeed, the movement commenced with the people, and was carried out with almost unexampled completeness; while in England, the government and the prelates with much feebleness and vacillation succeeded at last in carrying the whole people with them. Thus it came to pass, that in spite of the numerous and powerful sectarian bodies who have separated from the Church in England and in Scotland, these countries present, with the exception of Russia, solitary and unique instances in which a very intimate connexion has long existed between the Church and the State, exempt from the imputation of any notorious scandal or iniquitous abuse.

But were this ideal union, so fascinating and alluring to some, ever so practicable and ever so favourably testified of by the history of the past, it is none the less true that such an union would be in the highest degree detrimental and noxious to the character of the people. What is the true nature and object of government is so recent a discovery, that the habitual confusion of mind always manifested on such subjects is readily pardonable. It cannot be too often repeated, that it is of little consequence what people do to-day or what they refrain from doing—what they enjoy or what they suffer, compared to what they are and what they are becoming. It is on this last that their truest and best happiness ultimately depends, and therefore to this above all else that the constitution of government must be unswervingly directed. Now, it is by personal struggle, by action, by independent energy, by alternate doubt and belief, despondency and reassurance, self-mistrust and self-reliance, that intellectual and moral manhood is alone attained. It is not in rest, but in conflict; not in security, but in aspiration that a people can truly live. It has thus become a recognised axiom of modern politics, that the sphere of government can never be too contracted in all that relates to the moral and spiritual agencies of the nation, and never too enlarged in all that relates to its economical and physical efficiency. It may not be always easy to draw the line between the one class of matters and the other. It is true that some matters, such as education, criminal law, sanitary arrangements, and matrimonial regulations, are not readily enclosed wholly under either class, and have certain aspects entitling them to rank under both. Because, however, it happens; in fact, that an inextricable confusion has perplexed

the objects of government in the history of all known people, or because it demands anxious care and long experience to unravel the web and distinguish finally between what government should meddle with and what it should not, this is no argument whatever against the cogent necessity for such a distinction being drawn. It is assumed, indeed, by writers of the schools of Coleridge and Whewell, that everything that concerns either immediately or remotely the welfare of the people is matter for government interference and administration. This is no doubt the view most familiar and popular hitherto in Europe. It is the view likely to be most agreeable to all despotic or aristocratical states, or those of which the people are of a cringing, unambitious, inert, and irresolute temper. It is not, however, the view which derives support from a discriminate attention to history, modern and ancient, nor is it the view which an accurate investigation of the requisites for the improvement of human character would suggest or confirm. On the contrary, it may be decisively laid down that there is a class of subjects, and those the most nearly related to the happiness and moral character of the people, as to which State interference is damaging rather than advantageous. In this class are to be included more especially all matters complicated by considerations of religious belief. Not the less is this so, even when the religious system interfered with by the State is valuable in itself, and, in fact, demonstrably conducive to the practice of the loftiest morality. So soon as that system becomes stereotyped and countersigned by State authority, it is forcibly removed out of the sole climate in which truth can grow—that is, the region of assiduous debate and universal competition. Thus, what was true yesterday becomes, with the march of mind in other departments, every day more and more false, and the fountain of morality becomes perverted into a poisoned source of vice and corruption. These strictures are equally valid even in the extreme case where the religious corporation, specially sanctioned and assisted by the State, is or has been at one time or other based on a truth, or what is or was universally taken for a truth. It is from this case, a very isolated and special one, that English moralists most commonly start their reasoning. Yet the very same reasoners would probably hear with no small complacency, not to say mutual congratulations, that Buddhism was no longer favoured in Burmah in preference to Christianity; that the Sultan of Turkey had been at last induced to ignore throughout his dominions a single claim on the part of the Crescent not equally conceded to the Cross; that the Czar of Russia would henceforth recognise no distinction between Eastern and Western theology or ritual; that all forms of faith and missionary enterprise would from the present date be equally favoured in the Roman capital, and that the British people, in the fortunate possession of a form of faith and worship exclusively precious, should hereafter, alone of all nations, be entitled to incorporate that form with their national institutions. For it is just here that the difficulties begin. Religion, if it means anything, is unspeakably important, and yet contains problems which, from their nature, are in the highest degree intricate if not insoluble. Thus, in proportion to the momentous value of the subject-matter, religious differences are felt with the keenest sensibility, while those very differences are always in the way of becoming more and more numerous and profound.

It is well for the interests of truth that this should be so, because, however much minor discrepancies may and do become indefinitely multiplied, certain wider points of general agreement are, in the course of continued debate, ever emerging to the surface and being converted into established axioms for the use of the reasoners of all time. Now, if the State interferes, it brings to bear unduly all its preponderant influence, originally recognized solely for very different and clearly-defined objects, such as the preservation of order, the accumulation and ready distribution of wealth, and the conduct of international relations. It does this in order to perpetuate and petrify the less material discrepancies which are the chief sources of bitterness and rivalry, without at all advancing that process by which large bodies of truth become accepted on all sides, and an increased number of universal axioms and spiritual data are gradually fashioned. The very conception of an Established Church implies the existence of tests to discriminate between those who are to share in the State patronage and those who are not. These tests must be founded upon a professed acceptance of a certain number of ethical or metaphysical propositions, and conformity to certain arbitrary regulations as respects ritual, vestments, and discipline. Now it does not need recurrence to the history of Christianity from the days of the Council of Nicæa, or even an appeal to modern experience, to point out the interminable differences of persuasion on all these points, even so simple a creed as that of primitive Christianity is capable of calling into life. The State must select some and reject others. Those selected will thus have an adventitious benefit conferred on them, due not to their intrinsic value, but to the accidental favour of the rulers or the majority of the ruled. The views rejected, deprived of the accidental advantages from without, will suffer in the struggle for existence, and the creed, not of the best or the subtlest, but of the loudest and strongest, will ultimately gain the day. Many a valuable "heresy" has been thus crushed out; many a worthless and pernicious dogma thus stringently and unhappily maintained. It is not to be neglected also, that if the Church, freighted with its burden of truth, be rather crippled than favoured by the grappling-chain, the proper motions of the State are also proportionately weakened and impeded. The enemies of the Church, those whose difference of opinion in matters essential or unessential, bar them out of the favoured fold, become the unnatural enemies of the State. They may cordially assent to the secular policy of the nation, respect the laws, co-operate with the efforts for public

improvement—but, because of their speculative convictions, they are excluded from favour, and possibly fined and taxed to maintain the influence of their rivals. If it be true that a State is strong in proportion to the intelligent attachment and patriotic unity of all its citizens, then is a State weak in proportion as it departs from its own province in order to side with religious partisans. In times of quiet and peace, the infirmity may be latent and escape the eye. In times of public agitation or national enthusiasm, those who have least basked in the sunshine of State favour, may hold in their own hands the future destinies of the nation, both at home and abroad. Of all venomous serpents to cherish in the bosom of a community, a political Dissenter is the most treacherous and the least easily appeased. Thus it has been pointed out step by step, that even were an ideal union by possibility attainable between a Church embodying the largest measure of abstract truth, and a State otherwise wisely constituted and judiciously administered, the conditions would not be favourable to human improvement; that in the case of such imperfect Churches as are alone matters of experimental inquiry, and which either express the faith of the best part of the nation at the time, or possess in crystallized forms what was such a faith at some former time, the supposed union is detrimental to either party; to the Church, because the flood of truth becomes chilled and narrowed; to the State, because its proper and natural claims upon its members become confounded with others entirely extraneous, and those the most constantly associated with divided judgments and inflammatory feelings.

Hitherto it has been assumed that the Church in question at least represented principles which at one time or other commended themselves to the whole national mind. There is one more case which yet has to be considered. It may happen that the government of a nation consists of men attached to a Church founded on one set of principles, and that the nation governed consists of men attached to a Church founded on principles diametrically opposed to those other. In this case, two courses may be adopted. Either no Church whatever may be established, and perfect toleration may be granted to all creeds whatever, not glaringly immoral or subversive of national order. This is how England has, with such marked success, wisely conducted the government of India. Or else the Church of the ruling body may be forcibly established over the heart of an unwilling nation, its ensigns and ministers flaunted in the eyes of the subject and alienated populace, and, to the general difficulties of ruling by any means in the supposed circumstances, there may be superadded the weighty onus of hostility and dislike due to religious opposition. This is the policy England has pursued in the administration of Ireland.

It is obvious that whatever evils are incidental in all cases to the connexion of the State and a Church are present in this last case in their most concentrated and unmitigated form. If the connexion be of more than questionable value, where the principles of the Church are generally believed to be true, or at least are reverentially accepted by the people as the venerable heir-loom of a once acquiescent ancestry, no question whatever can attend the case where the principles of the Church enjoying State patronage are, and always have been, distinctly repudiated as false by the general body of the subject community. Further, if the connexion has been shown to be perplexing to the motions of the government, even where the cause of orderly administration meets with universal sympathy and support, it must needs be hazardous in the extreme where the government is one of race over race, where the minds of the subject people are naturally indisposed to all legal submission whatever, and their feelings exacerbated by a long series of internecine conflicts with the State authority, and a baleful chronicle of acts of persecution and misrule.

It is contended by those who attempt the defence of the Irish Church Establishment, that the Prostestant and not the Catholic is the real hereditary Church appertaining to the Irish soil. And if, in reckless pursuit of a plausible apology for the existing Establishment, or of a pleasing antiquarian divertissement, it be possible to shut one's eyes to the actual condition of Irish belief to-day, and to the history of that belief for the past three hundred years, the allegation is no doubt sound. It is true that the present Protestant bishops have received their orders in direct line from St. Patrick and his associates in the fifth century, and that in the time of Elizabeth all the Irish bishops, with the exception of two who resigned their sees, accepted the principles of the reformed religion. It is true that the early Church of Ireland, as first established by Henry II., did, in conformity with true Church discipline and order, submit itself obediently to certain Acts passed in a Parliament held in Dublin in 1536, by which the Pope's jurisdiction was abolished in Ireland, the king's supremacy established, appeals to Rome prohibited, and Peter's pence and other exactions suppressed; while about the same time, at the consecration of a new archbishop of Dublin, the oath of obedience to the Pope and the customary reception of the pall from him or his legate, were omitted. It is said, indeed, that the acts thus passed were well received by the rulers of the Church, many of the bishops and clergy freely taking the required oaths, and on one occasion two archbishops and eight bishops taking them together at Clonmel. It is further true that the Act of Uniformity was passed in a Parliament held in Dublin, attended by three archbishops and seventeen bishops, by which Act all ministers were enjoined to use the book of Common Prayer, and all persons to resort to their parish churches on Sundays and holidays, on pain of spiritual censure and fine. About six years afterwards, the Reformation may in good truth be said to have been formally completed, by the publication under the authority of the Lord-Deputy, the archbishops, bishops, and others, of a Book of Articles of Religion, which was ordered to be taught by all parsons and vicars, and to be publicly read by them twice a year. In these articles, pri-

vate masses, half-communion, the adoration of relics, feigned miracles, as well as the papal supremacy, were all renounced and rejected as contrary to Scripture and to the teaching of the Primitive Church. It is true, lastly, that the present Roman Catholic hierarchy in Ireland derive their orders not from the representatives of the ancient Church of the country, but from a series of foreign bishops sent over from Italy and Spain in very recent times, and deputed, in opposition to all ecclesiastical order, to occupy sees already full.

This is a brief account of the process by which it comes about that the phenomenon is presented of two Churches existing side by side in Ireland at the present day. No one familiar with ecclesiastical proceedings will deny that the Reformation was legally consummated, or that the ostensible position of the Irish Church is so far plausible as to throw the onus of demanding its dis-establishment upon its opponents. The real arguments in favour of that course are far too potent to need the support of inexact rhetoric or unfair misrepresentation.

It is indeed admitted, what it would be useless to deny, that in no other sense but that of the barest ecclesiastical technicality, was any tolerable progress ever made in the conversion of the people of Ireland to the principles of the reformed faith. In the essay of Mr. Anderson on the "Difficulties of the Irish Church," this is confessed throughout, and the reasons for it are laboriously explained with candour and intelligence. It is pointed out that the efforts of Irish reformers have always been shackled by the suspicious policy of the government. This was not wholly the fault of the State, any more than that of the Church. Had they each pursued their several ways independently of the other, it is probable that the religion of the Irish people would have been more enlightened, and their political condition more auspicious at this day. As it was, however, the government attempted to make Acts of Parliament supply the place of moral agencies, and assumed that, because the English bishops happened to form the vanguard of a general movement of the English nation, therefore the acquiescence of the Irish bishops was identical with the conversion of the Irish nation. They ignored then, as most statesmen still persist in ignoring, the radically different condition and antecedents of the English and Irish people. It said that England was more ripe for the Reformation in the fourteenth than Ireland in the sixteenth century. In Ireland there was no university and no public schools. The political events which in England were combining all classes to resist the papal supremacy had no counterpart in Ireland. The spirit of free inquiry, the love of learning, the wide-spread knowledge of the Scriptures, and the impatience of the papal tyranny did not exist. On the other hand, in Ireland the Catholic clergy, both secular and religious, were in relations of peculiar and affectionate intimacy with the body of the people. They shared all their feelings of patriotism, clanship, and attachment to the soil, as well as their rooted hatred of the invaders. The first acquaintance of the Irish clergy with the Protestant religion was an act passed in the reign of Henry VIII., by way of punishing them for the resistance of their proctors to the Bill for abjuring the papal supremacy. It was enacted that native Irish-speaking priests should from that time be incligible to benefices in the Irish Church, unless after four proclamations in the next market-town no Englishman could be had.

The sole opening through which the conversion of the mass of the people could be conceivably effected, that is, the use of the Irish tongue, was jealousy barred by the policy of the State. It was the determined and consistent policy of the State to discourage the use of that tongue, and to provide for the English tongue gradually superseding it. The dialect of the natives was notoriously identified with seditious conspiracies, a grovelling and contemptible mode of living, a clan-system the most ineradicable and unmanageable, a fixed aversion to the English colonists, and a perpetuation of the distinction between Saxon and Celt. The constant tendency to degeneracy among the resident English, and the hopeless barbarism of the natives, might well justify as a political act this step of substituting the language of the dominant race. But it was fatal to the prospects of Protestanism. The Irish language was proscribed in the administration of justice, and no Bible was allowed to be circulated in the only intelligible dress. Thus, while the national chiefs were humiliated, and their traditional authority superseded by the English courts of law, there were other wants which these courts could not supply, and consequently the Catholic priesthood succeeded to the place so summarily vacated. They spoke the language of the people, and gradually became the arbiters of all private quarrels and the protectors of ancient rights. They were naturally a better educated class than their flocks. They used their influence to foment hostility to England and antipathy to the reformed religion. Their training as directors of conscience inspired them with legal instincts. Their intercourse with the Pope and the Catholic powers on the Continent taught them unity of purpose and the habit of acting in concert. The presence of a hostile and ultimately persecuting Church prevented their zeal from flagging, or their weapons offensive and defensive from rusting by disuse. Thus it was they secured their post of being the guides, philosophers, and friends of the whole native population of Ireland.

It has been thought worth while briefly to review the actual story of the attempted reformation in Ireland in order to note how conspicuous was the failure of that attempt, and how deeply rooted in the national heart were and are the principles of the ancient faith. It is seen at a glance that even before the persecuting code of William III. contrived to consecrate the detestation of Protestantism by a sacrament of blood, every influence was at work that could by possibility impress more permanently the old creed and resist the progress of the new. The weight of Catholicism in Ireland is not to be measured merely by the

numbers of its adherents, overwhelming as those numbers are, but rather by all the inexorable tenacity of its hold, by the peculiar devotedness of a people the most devout, by the solemn memories of long trials, steady endurance, and triumphant victories. If ever a religious creed has subjugated in any territory the imaginations of the inhabitants, and been bound up in indissoluble union with the critical epochs in their history, with the deepest laid national antipathies and rivalries, with all the most fervid emotions of reverence, love, gratitude, and patriotic sympathy, surely the Catholicism of Ireland is such a creed. In the face of such staring facts as these, it is more than childish, because it is a cruel mockery, to refer to a few legislative acts by which the faith of the nation was assumed to be changed in a day, or to assert that because a limited number of English colonists, happily for themselves in possession of all the good things of Ireland, are of the reformed religion, that therefore a national Church of this reformed religion must be publicly established solely for their use.

The question is not here discussed whether Protestantism or Catholicism be the creed most favourable to the improvement and the happiness of the Irish people, or of any other people. It may indeed be cheerfully conceded that Protestantism in its narrowest and worst forms has no mean advantage over Catholicism at its best. The movement of the Reformation epoch was clearly a stride forward for every nation which was the subject of it, and only in such countries as either accepted the Reformation, or, as with France, were profoundly modified by it, has any ulterior progress been made in the career of civilization. The death-blow that was given to papal infallibility and the claims of tradition, as well as the enthronization of liberty of conscience and the rights and duties of private opinion, were of themselves sufficient, in spite of much illogical confusion and over-fond dallying with the "scarlet sorceress," to conciliate for Protestantism the irresistible sympathies of all reasoning men. It is not to be denied that the Established Church in Ireland is a courageous and consistent herald of Protestantism there, and further that the Catholic faith, as there existing, is exhibited in its most debased, servile, and superstitious form. It would doubtless be far better for Ireland if the Catholic faith could be swept out of the country and the Protestant substituted in its stead. The practical statesman, however, cannot stay to gratify his taste by merely Utopian speculations, or his critical faculties by indulging a propensity for moral comparisons. While keeping his eye steadily on the future he must for the moment limit his activity by the calls of the imperious present. He must effectually govern before he can tentatively reform. The first and easiest lesson adapted to a people sunk or relapsed into a luckless condition of conjoined poverty and seditious discontent is that of simple obedience and respect for law. Better that no voice of religion should be heard at all through the length and breadth of the land, if the price paid for having this done be to leave the other undone. In the name of whatever creed the message comes, however spotless and unsophisticated its form, however profound an expression it be of the highest needs and aspirations of man, if it appear as a substitute for the true lesson needed by the people, it is rather diabolic than divine, not an air from heaven, but a blast from hell. Be the people ever so exalted in their spiritual conceptions, ever so punctilious in worship, ever so replete with religious graces, yet none the less wanting in all that makes intelligent and loyal citizens, nothing, or worse than nothing, has been done. The true character of a people is to be gradually wrought out, not by esoteric indoctrination, or by exciting spasmodic fervour, but by those arts alone which cultivate feelings of self-respect, and habits of self-control, which train men to acquire a sensitive conviction of their mutual reliance on each other, and which go to exalt in the popular estimate the preciousness of public order, the value of private rights, and the urgency of private and public obligations. These are the elementary lessons which above all else Irishmen need, and no glaring vision of ulterior attainments must divert the minds of statesmen from these, the first and best of all. They can only be imparted by a gentle discipline and a sublime patience. The most momentous duty in the present is to remove every obstacle, real or imaginary, out of their way, and to lead the people to a genuine persuasion that the administration of their country is being sincerely conducted not for the good of the ruling race, but of themselves. All their prejudices on matters which, in comparison with the requirements of public order, are simply indifferent, will be respectfully deferred to and indulged. The statesman's eye will be undeviatingly fixed on the rudimentary lesson of the day, and all future refinements or additions will only be treated as so many injurious impediments, which it behoves him warily to keep out of sight.

Possessed of such principles as these, and facing the question of the state of religion in Ireland, the statesman will concern himself very little for the time with the abstract value of one creed or of the other. Suffice it for him that one of these creeds has somehow or other effectually laid hold of the affections of the whole native population, that the ministers of this creed are themselves loyal subjects, and do not inculcate sedition but rather obedience to the civil power, and that, in fact, all ostentatious obtrusion of the rival creed is resented with the keenest animosity and seriously imperils the cause of order and national discipline. There are only two courses to adopt consistently with anything but the most fatuous foolhardiness, the one being the co-equal and impartial endowment of the churches of all creeds; the other, the endowment of none.

The general principles applicable to the connexion of Church and State having been ascertained, and the special form in which those principles seem applicable to Ireland having been broadly investigated, it remains to review the actual state of the controversy between the

impugners and defenders of the Irish Church. It is agreed by both parties that it is one thing to abstain from establishing and another to disestablish a Church; and, even admitting much of the above reasoning as to the mutual inconvenience incurred by both Church and State through their association, and the especial inexpediency in the case of Ireland of forcibly imposing a reformed Church Establishment upon a people notoriously unreformed; still all the more cautious thinkers agree that the Irish Church does in fact at the present day occupy a certain place, and is doing a certain work, of magnitude enough to make its summary demolition at least call for some hesitation and serious debate. It is contended, plausibly enough, that if the members of the Prostestant Establishment are in what is called a contemptible minority, yet that minority is composed of all the most influential, the most wealthy, and the best educated people in the land. The Catholic Church is almost exclusively composed of the middle classes and the poor. It is thus argued that, inasmuch as the largest proportion of the tithes comes from the purses of Protestant landlords, the non-contributing Catholic community have small cause for complaint. This would be a good argument, so far as it goes, if any law existed in Ireland imposing such a limit upon the rent receivable by a landlord from his tenant as to prevent the payment to the landlord's tithe collector being taken into the estimate. It is plain that such a limitation is absurd, even as a supposition; and, in the present violent competition for the hire of farms, the Catholic pauper or farmer who can undertake to pay the tithe in addition to the natural rent will oust the rival candidate who can pay only that rent and no more. Thus it is obvious that the tithes are ultimately payable not by the Protestant rich but by the Catholic poor.

As to the general position that the Church of the most potent classes of the community should be forcibly obtruded upon and supported by all other classes, however numerous and however hostile, the converse proposition would seem to be nearer the truth. For the educated and rich it matters little what form of worship is provided by the authority of the State. They can always separate what they take to be true from what they take to be false. They have sufficient discretion and independent energy to refuse the evil and choose the good. No amount of public patronage will infect their judgments, or need induce them to tamper with their consciences. At the same time, their property and situation give them sufficient stake in the country to secure their allegiance in spite of the most vehement religious dissent. With the multitudinous poor the case is just the reverse. The Established Church comes home to them as an integral portion of the whole machinery of the State. They have neither leisure nor abilities to distinguish for themselves between the true and the false. They have small pecuniary means by which to maintain for themselves a Church conformable to what they alone may look upon as true. Their hereditary monitors and teachers, their personal sympathies, their accidental sensibilities, conclusively determine for them the current of their belief. In England and in Scotland this belief happens to be for the most part in accordance with the creed of the churches there established. In Ireland this belief is diametrically and virulently opposed to that of the Established Church. The poor dissentients, however, have no remedies, and no supplementary resources at all equivalent to those that, in a like case, would start up at the bidding of their richer neighbours; while their ignorance and poverty, of themselves rendering all the manifestations of Government, even when most benign, distasteful to them, convert this alienation from the National Church into a normal temper of general disaffection. So far is it from being a wise, or even a tolerable policy to establish any Church, not that endeared to the mass of the lower classes of the population, however fondly it be cherished by the classes above them.

Perhaps of all the grounds upon which the Irish Church commends itself favourably to large classes of religionists in England, the most conspicuous is the persuasion of its being a so-called "Missionary" Church. It is assumed that the established Protestant Church maintains ever an uniform protest against the iniquitous corruptions of Catholicism, that it has been the means of winning numbers over from the opposite ranks, and that it is likely, if longer spared, to win over a great many more.

Now, not further to dwell on the justice or the policy of the rulers of a state assuming determinately their own form of religious creed to be true and all others false, and therefore lending their countenance to a religious crusade conducted by the one against the other, it is curious that the main argument adduced in favour of the above proposition, is suicidal to its only object. The distinctively missionary character of the Established Church is made to rest almost exclusively upon the success of a voluntary body, generated, indeed, by powerful enthusiasm within the Church, but wholly independent of, and extraneous to, the Church's ecclesiastical constitution. This voluntary organization is the "Society for Irish Church Missions." It is so certain that in a fair and open field the abodes of Catholicism can never bear the shock of the leading principles of the Reformation, even when most clumsily handled and confusedly obscured, that even the exaggerated accounts of the success of this association in West Connaught might be, for the purposes of the present argument, cheerfully acquiesced in. History seems to teach that there is scarcely a limit to the proselytising efficacy of a corporation of persons possessed of sincere convictions, inflamed by a genuine enthusiasm, and discreetly manipulating their forces, even when the principles they seek to propagate are demonstrably false. The sincerity, the human interest, the self-devotion are recognised as true, and this acknowledgment carries all before it. But where the principles of the assailants are to the principles menaced as light to darkness, such successes as even those at one time reported in West Connaught, can be no matter of

astonishment. It is an interesting circumstance that owing to the famine of 1846 and 1847, the chief condition for Protestant successes was supplied by an unwonted access being thus gained to the homes and hearts of the suffering poor. It is scarcely to the purpose to notice that the real extent of this movement has been very unduly magnified, inasmuch as it will shortly be seen that the history of the movement is, in truth, wholly irrelevant to the question before us. In all West Connaught the Society for Irish Church Missions, in their fifteenth Report, being that for the year 1864, claim 3104 converts between the years 1834 and 1861. Mr. Skeat contrasts this cold calculation enforced on the society by the publication of the Census Reports for 1861, with the glowing and rhetorical accounts that at one time reached England of "tens of thousands" and "hundreds of thousands" of Catholics "openly casting off the religion of Rome, and presenting a religious movement not much inferior in importance to the Reformation in the sixteenth century." The further analysis of this report would be extremely instructive, albeit somewhat generative of scepticism in the general value of such publications. It is, however, more to the point to notice, that if the Irish Church were disestablished in the coming session, the Society for Irish Church Missions might none the less continue to pursue its benevolent career with unabated vigour, in blissful ignorance even of the fact; would be in a position improved rather than deteriorated for the purpose of converting its tens or hundreds of thousands, because free from the incubus and odium of State control; and might issue for years to come a report not a whit less fulsome, precise, and subscription-exacting than the one for 1866. Mr. Skeat may handle this part of the argument for himself:—

"Those who dwell with so much emphasis on the results of the Galway and other missions, are strangely oblivious of the fact, that the Irish Church Missions were established because of the failure of the Church as a Missionary Church. They seem also to forget that the recent successes of these missions are not the successes of the Irish Church, but of a voluntary agency existing independently of that Church, and whose continued existence appears still to be called for, solely on account of its apathy and non-success. If these successes prove anything, they prove the superiority of voluntaryism as compared with State Churchism. No one ever heard of hundreds of converts being gained by any rector, vicar, or other tithe-endowed clergyman."

But if no evidence whatever is produced sufficient to show that by virtue of her own essential constitution, and by the force of her alliance with the State, the Irish Church has done and is doing a missionary work, only to be done through that solitary agency, it may be at least alleged that she is silently growing from within; that, through the self-sacrifice of her members, and the increase of their numbers, she has done much towards the multiplication of church edifices, and that this is a fair test of her energy, her liberality, and her usefulness. Since the Union in 1800, 944 new churches have been built, and 224 have been restored and enlarged. In the year 1809, there were 689 churches in Ireland, in 1829 there were 1307, and in 1863 there were 1633. If this notable progress be really the voluntary work of the Church and her individual members alone, she is welcome to the amount of congratulation such sincere devotion to her own principles demands. On further examination, however, of the Acts of Parliament passed in the reigns of Anne and the four Georges, for building and enlarging churches in Ireland, and of the resolutions of the House of Commons granting aid for that purpose, it appears that the greater number of the churches in existence in 1832 were built, partly with the aid of property assumed by William III. out of the confiscated estates of rebels, partly with the aid of large sums voted by the English Legislature, partly with the aid of the public Ecclesiastical Funds under the administration of the Board of First Fruits. This last portion was either given, or lent on security afforded by the rates of the parish in which the church was built. In making these rates before 1832, no Roman Catholic ratepayer was allowed either voice or vote. The actual cost of churches, concerning which information was given to the Commissioners for Inquiring into the Ecclesiastical Revenues of Ireland, was 986,207*l.* Of this sum the Board of First Fruits had given 294,760*l.*, and lent on security of rates 414,025*l.*; and there has been raised by special parochial assessments 99,513*l.* It thus appears that up to 1832, the new churches had been built, not by the members of the establishment, but by the whole people of Ireland, and mainly by compulsory exactions collected from the Roman Catholic equally with the Protestant population. Since the passing of the Church Temporalities Act in 1834, the functions formerly discharged by the Board of First Fruits have been discharged by the Irish Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The funds in their hands are derived from the revenues of partly suppressed sees, and partly from the taxation of benefices, and in either case, are ultimately the proceeds of tithes levied upon the whole people of Ireland. This simple and accurate scrutiny of the real sources that supply Church extension in Ireland, severely restricts the credit assumed to herself by the Irish Church, and limits it to that due to the aggregate amount of individual energy needed to suggest new openings for fresh buildings, and to apply to the proper quarter for the necessary funds.

It remains to investigate the actual relation existing between the ecclesiastical revenues of Ireland and the work to be done by the ministers of the Irish Church. The first peculiarity that strikes the eye, on noticing the parochial distribution of the country, is what is called the "union" of parishes, whereby two or more parishes are frequently blended together in the hands of one incumbent, owing to one or more of the integral members of such union having next to no population whatever. The character of these unions may be gathered from such instances as the following, taken from diocesan returns procured at Captain Stackpoole's in-

stance. The benefice of Ardclare, in the diocese of Elphin, consists of three parishes, the respective populations of which are 5, 2, and 7—total 14; the benefice of Kilcorkey, in the same diocese, consists of two parishes, of the respective populations of 0 and 3—total 3; the benefice of Kilcoglan, consists of nine parishes, of the respective populations of 7, 0, 0, 0, 10, 8, 10, 1, 0—total 36. The value of the last-named benefice is 413*l.* Avory, also, in the diocese of Emly, is a union of seven parishes, with a total population of 30, value 398*l.*; and Kilbrin, in the diocese of Cloyne, is a union of two parishes, with a total of 33, value 417*l.* These instances will suffice as specimens taken at random. It is somewhat pathetically urged in extenuation of this transparent abuse, that the parishes sometimes lie a long way apart, and that it may involve as much trouble and more expense to visit a scattered congregation, however small, than, as in England, to visit a much larger population living within moderate distance of each other and of the parsonage house. No doubt this is good as a personal excuse for those who receive the funds of the Church in reward for their ministrations. It is not here complained or suggested that these clergymen are a pack of reckless extortionists or peculators of the public money. They are probably, as a body, neither worse nor better than the average members of their profession. The real complaint is that, remembering the source from which these funds are supplied, that is to say, for the most part, the needy purses of the Catholic peasantry, and remembering too the staring want and ignorance of the overwhelming majority of the Catholic population, the payments in question are in a gross disproportion of means to ends. Were funds for all kinds of benevolent purposes available to any amount, without taking them from anybody, or diverting them from any other object, few would object to the endowments of the Irish clergy. But the most perplexing problem in politics, as in every other branch of morals, is ever to distinguish first between the comparative value of different ends, and after that between the value of different means. The chief end which must outshine all others, and which is in fact the abbreviated expression gathering up in itself every dictate of an enlightened expediency, is justice. It is not just because it is neither fair, nor equitable, nor wise, to use public money, the product of a tax imposed on the whole population, for ends only commensurate with the good of a very small fraction of that population. The real extent of this injustice as actually perpetrated in Ireland, will further appear from such statistics as the following. The benefice of Urlingford, in the diocese of Ossory, is of the net value of 1195*l.*, and the church population is 30. The benefice of Borrisoleigh, in the diocese of Cashel, is of the value of 833*l.*, with a church population of 34. There is the benefice of Cloyne-priest, of the value of 415*l.*, with a population of 14; Bruhenny, value 369*l.*, population nil; Mogeesha, value 510*l.*, population 24; and Killosken, value 213*l.*, population nil. The benefices exceeding in value 400*l.* number 218, the aggregate net revenues of which are 127,068*l.*, and the aggregate population 208,649. The average value of these 218 benefices is 582*l.* There are 443 benefices with less than a hundred church population. Of these there are 36 with a church population of less than 10, whose aggregate net revenues amount to 4448*l.*, and 52 with a church population of 10 and less than 20, whose aggregate revenues amount to 8699*l.* All this while there are 4,505,265 Catholics, and 595,345 Protestant Dissenters receiving no benefit whatever from the national property.

It is then clear as the day that all the lines of reasoning we have followed distinctly converge to one point—the imperative necessity of disestablishing the Irish Church. The way was prepared for this conclusion by first investigating the general nature of the relations between Church and State, and thereby ascertaining indubitably that however attractive to pious enthusiasts, or tempting to ambitious politicians, may be an organic association of the two, every such association stands condemned to the eye of reason as calamitous to the free and healthy operation both of the one and the other. It was then pointed out that the situation of Ireland happens to be such as to render the establishment of the Protestant Church peculiarly noxious and replete with political danger. It was further shown on making a descent into the arena of modern controversy, that the Protestant Church has not even made good those grounds assumed very fallaciously to be capable in any case of justifying her continued existence. Lastly, allusion was made to the actual statistics of revenue received, and population nourished by the Irish clergy, sufficient to cut away the last foundation upon which the Church establishment might conceivably have rested its claims.

The whole revenue of the Church in Ireland, exclusive of the annual value of parsonages and episcopal palaces, is now about 586,428*l.* In the case of the disestablishment of the National Church, it becomes a pressing question who are the most legitimate successors to the vacant inheritance? It is clear that the landlords have no special claim to a bonus, by a single remission of their tithes, because every tithe in Ireland has accrued posterior to the claim of the Church as a corporation, and purchasers have made easier terms with their vendors in consideration of the burden on the soil. Nor though, as has been shown, the liability to pay tithes has ultimately reached the tenant through the medium of increased rent, does it follow that the remission of this liability would lower those rents again, and thus simply relieve the tenant. There is a rent determined by custom or fashion, as well as one determined by competition for land, and when once accidental circumstances have conspired to force the whole rent up, the change of those circumstances will not generally suffice to force it down. The fact, however, of the Catholic tenant bearing the chief burden of the tax indicates that a return to him in the form most beneficial and reproductive of what he is forced to contribute ought to enter as an essential feature into any select-

ed scheme for redistributing ecclesiastical property.

Assuming it to be agreed by all parties that the forfeited revenues of the Church should form a fund solely available for objects bearing directly on the moral and mental elevation of the whole Irish people, the several claimants may be distributed according as their functions tend to promote religious or purely moral and intellectual improvement. Of the former the clergy of the Church of England and Ireland, the Presbyterian ministers, and the clergy of the Church of Rome, are the main representatives. The defenders of the existing Establishment draw a piteous picture of the work in remote parishes that will have to be left undone or half done, and the darkness that in one spot and another will rapidly close round the dawning day, if the support of the parochial clergy is suddenly withdrawn. Yet it is these same reasoners who for another purpose assiduously urge that the Protestant Church in Ireland is the Church of the wise and the prudent, the mighty and the noble, that its members, and none else, constitute the large mass of the tithe-payers, that it is they alone who build the new churches, and that it is their influence and wealth which is determining the civilization of the whole land. Surely, then, it is preposterous to turn round with a feeble plea *ad misericordiam*, and, while asserting the energy, sincerity, and wealth of Protestant Churchmen in one breath, confess in the next that the rich will take no care of the poor, that they will allow the most promising labours in disseminating what they take to be the bread of life to be quenched for lack of pitiful contributions from the poorest of the rival creed, and that their Church is precious enough to be worth propping up by the hands of the State, at whatever hazard to the national well-being, and yet withal so feeble and lukewarm as to be unable or unwilling in the last extremity to reach out a hand to help itself.

It will, however, be readily admitted that, so far as they are actually at work, and occupying honestly their peculiar province of diffusing a mild and genial light of goodness and charity and consolation among scattered members of their own creed, the clergy of the Protestant Church will be deserving objects for help out of the national funds. This help will be administered from year to year much in the way that assistance is continually being supplied in England to "additional curates" and lay-agents by societies organized for that purpose. The special needs and circumstances of the parish will be accurately certified to the commissioners of the fund upon each yearly application, and the requisite aid carefully and economically assigned. Exactly the same process will be applicable to the Catholic clergy and the Presbyterian, or other Nonconformist ministers. It is indeed doubted whether the Catholics will accept any boon whatever in the nature of State maintenance. In recent times they have refused so to do, and it is probable that, so long as a rival body is recognised as emphatically the National Church, to the disparagement of their own indisputable claims, all partial endowment will be treated as a price to purchase their silence and acquiescence. No such sentiment, however, can exist in the case now supposed. There being no longer any State religion whatever, the Catholic as well as the Protestant minister will only confess by their acceptance of aid that they are doing what they themselves and their several congregations believe sincerely to be a good and abiding work. The payment in this case will be regarded not as a badge of ignominious severity, but merely as a pledge of honourable zeal. There is a special advantage to be looked for in the partial endowment of the Catholic clergy from the prospect of so withdrawing them from their entire dependence, as at present, on the poorest of their flocks, and the consequent necessity of their purchasing the goodwill of their people at the expense, occasionally, of indulging the national taste for chronic disaffection.

The Presbyterian, and other Nonconformist ministers, in making the necessary representation as to their actual and prospective work, as well as the circumstances of their congregations, will have an equal claim for a proportionate amount of assistance out of the national funds. This general and impartial endowment of all creeds, while regulated solely by the numbers and situations of the professing bodies, is the furthest step in the direction of interference that the State can venture to take with safety, honour, and independence. There is every reason to hope such a re-apportionment of the tithe-produce of Ireland would in a short time be accepted in all quarters as a fair solution of an irritating and seemingly interminable problem. The Catholic Church would thus find all colourable ground for jealousy or vituperation removed out of the way by a stroke. The Protestant Church might remain exactly in the position in which she is now, her stronger and richer members supporting generously her weaker and poorer, her parochial clergy not less irremovably annexed than now to their several districts, nor less actively stimulated to edify those within and convert those without; and all belonging to her buoyant with the new-fledged hope of a future teeming with untrammelled energy and unshared triumphs.

The last and not the least momentous of the objects to which the alienated tithe-fund would be most judiciously appropriated, is national education. To a certain extent it must be recognised, that the clergy and ministers of the Catholic and Protestant communities do, in fact, invariably include the education of the young among the functions they profess to perform. So far as this profession is carried out in Ireland, the teaching of the young will already have been provided for under one or other of the subsidies granted as above to existing ecclesiastical corporations. But the education of the young is far too urgent a risk, and too nearly related to the future prospects of the country, to be abandoned supinely to what will hereafter be merely voluntary associations. No more reproductive use of the converted revenue can be imagined than the foundation of a net-work of

national schools all over the country, on a system somewhat resembling that introduced into Scotland by John Knox, but entirely independent of all religious creeds. In such schools the elementary arts of reading, writing, and cyphering, as well as the rudiments of history, geography, and physics, in the widest sense, would be effectually taught. General morality would be instilled both by precept and example, and at the close of each day the children would be remitted to their parents to receive such other lessons in special theology and the conduct of life as might be conformable to the accidental prepossessions of the domestic circle. The foundation and endowment of schools such as these might be further supplemented by a contribution out of the same funds to middle-class schools, and to the maintenance of the several universities of the land. In every case effective results, as correctly measured by discerning and large-minded inspectors, would be the sole measure and purpose of national encouragement and support.

It is a prevalent notion that it is impossible to teach morality, apart from the infusion at the same time of some religious creed, and that to bring up a child without any creed whatever is to rear a brute rather than to educate a man. This prejudice is due, among other more refined causes, to the palpable fact that all Englishmen, and indeed, most Europeans, always are taught a religious creed simultaneously with whatever else they may chance to learn. It has thus become a fixed and necessary mode of thought to blend inseparably together religion and morality in the education of the young. The case of religion and morality being practically severed in early life, is to most a monstrous vision, equally difficult to exemplify or to conceive. Something of the kind was reached in the Greece of Demosthenes and the Rome of Seneca, but in either place and period the current morality was of so narrow and undeveloped a type as to preclude the practice of the most advanced pagan nations from throwing much light upon what seems at this day a phenomenon so extravagant. Yet it is true that things are altered now, and that there does exist in modern Europe a highly tempered and elaborated moral science which is at the root of all that is best in the development of national character. This science consists, as do all others, partly of a limited number of axioms of the widest possible generality, partly of a boundless number of carefully deduced and distinguished rules. It is not to the present purpose to notice by what laborious and protracted toil, extending over ages, those axioms and rules have been thus gradually elicited and established. Suffice it that such a science exists indeed, and it is irrelevant to inquire whether its sanctions are anterior to and higher than those enforced by a pure religion, or whether the science of morality itself is evolved out of such a religion, or whether morality and religion may be discovered, by the exercise of a profound analysis, to be ultimately one. So long as it is admitted that the science of morality exists in and by itself, it is not going much further to assert that it can be taught to the young apart from all foreign intermixture, just in the way that all else is taught, that is to say, partly by word, and partly by action. The speculative views of religious communities, as they cannot supersede, so neither need they be intruded into this primitive instruction. A child may learn to tell the truth, and to refrain from picking his schoolfellow's pocket, without being troubled with hypotheses as to the creation of matter, and the existence and absolution of sin. It is this anxious haste to precipitate too soon the easy and natural flow of a healthy education that is the cause in later life of so much shallow thought, enervated belief, and indiscriminate scepticism. The devouring curiosity of a child as to the origin of all things, can best be satisfied in the family gathering and at the mother's knee; and it is in the midst of the same incomparable influences that the feelings of awe and love can most successfully be educed and trained. Where these influences are unhappily lacking in the years of infancy, the experience of later life and contact with teachers of every kind will tardily supply their place. In the meantime, those permanent associations by which we all learn the broad distinctions of right and wrong can be industriously generated and fixed at school, and a process of discipline continuously carried forward, having the sympathies of all religious bodies, because keeping clear of everything that is the special concern of any one. Such would be the mode of education alone deserving help at the hands of the State.

The whole problem of Church Establishments in the present day forms only a part of a long series of far more general phenomena which have lately arrested the attention of all such philosophical historians as have treated of the development of European life in Christian times. In all countries professing Christianity, there has, from the first, been witnessed a novel and portentous mechanism organized for the sole purpose of maintaining and diffusing the principles of the Christian scheme, and, in subordination to this, becoming an imperishable nucleus for the concentration of moral influences and spiritual dominion. Every such organization has, from the earliest times, come into the closest contact with the social and political life of every nation in Europe, and as they all coalesced into one central and magnificent structure, even succeeded in exercising for a lengthened period, uncontrolled sovereignty over the civilized world. As represented in each land, they formed corporations, partly legal and partly social, and so, while on the one side amassing enormous riches, and assuming therewith such political significance as property must always give, on the other side they became indissolubly linked with all the charities of the family, the most inarticulate yearnings of individuals, as well as with the general moral force and sympathies of the aggregate community. Something of this kind has in fact been the history of the Christian Church, and we should not reach a more precise view of that history if we lingered to investigate the "idea" of the Christian Church with Coleridge, or to unroll its title deeds and primeval documents with Dr.

Newman. The question is a more obvious and practical one as to the actual influence for good or evil exercised in fact by this imperial institution. The answer to this question has been supplied by Mr. Lecky and other recent historical students, who have shown that, on one hand, its direct influence in softening manners, elevating national sentiments, presenting nobler objects of interest, of hope, and of fear, in competition with the sordid and selfish concerns of the passing hour, has been decisively and invariably good. On the other hand, its indirect influence, as it became in due course amalgamated with the State, has been simply and without admixture, evil. It has been the main origination of that heartless intolerance which has for ages sacrificed the best blood of Europe on the altars of bigotry and fanaticism. It has congealed the thought and muzzled the speech of Europe, and only by the collapse of the Church could the modern era of speculation and knowledge ever have been ushered in. It has fomented unnatural hatreds, kept up the most preposterous distinctions, and opposed itself at every critical epoch to the cause of moral freedom and manly independence. At the same time, it has invariably reacted most perniciously on the State with which it was bound up in deadly fraternization. It has originated religious wars, unscrupulously supported the cause of despotism and ignorance, cramped economical enterprise, and intruded everywhere into the management of States its own creatures, who combined with the most vicious subtlety and Satanic intellect, every prejudice that could disqualify them from being popular, large-minded, or far-seeing statesmen. If this account is objected to by certain English Churchmen as a bad caricature, it can only be owing either to their ignorance of historical facts, or to all their generalizations as to the value of State Churches being based upon their solitary acquaintance with the special history of their own country. It is true that in England a number of circumstances, such as the influence of Dissenters, stereotyped as it was on the national mind by the Civil War and the Revolution, the hereditary liberalism of the best part of the nation, and the exceptionally broad foundations of the Church itself, have in a great measure counteracted the natural tendency of a Church Establishment. In Ireland this tendency, thus demonstrably hazardous even at the best, is aggravated by every circumstance that can add absurdity to error. The Irish Church is not the Church of the people, it never will effect the conversion of the people, it is irritating day by day the temper of the people, constitutionally seditious and difficult to control, it consumes national funds available for uses the most distinctly conducive to the good of the people, and it stands for a time only as a dreary monument of the impotence and timidity of the English Government.

ART. II.—THE APOSTLES. BY ERNEST RENAN.

Les Apôtres. Par ERNEST RENAN, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1866.

THE alleged events which constitute the history of the world either have taken place or have not taken place. The principles on which every system of philosophy or religion has been based are in accordance with the facts or phenomena of nature, or they are not. If the events have not taken place, we have no history: if the theory is not in harmony with the course of nature, we can have no science. The first duty of the historian is to determine the reality of his facts; the first duty of the physicist or the theologian is to demonstrate the agreement of his maxims with all that is known of the laws by which the sequences of phenomena are governed. Between them there is only this difference, that the physiologist cannot prove the accordance of his theory with natural laws without explaining more or less fully the connexion of one force with another, and the correlation of all forces in the chain of causation. He may find it necessary to frame a hypothesis; but this hypothesis, from the very nature of the case, can be tested by present facts or phenomena. The historian deals with the past; and for him hypothesis becomes an arbitrary process, dangerously akin to deliberate fiction. Unless he is dealing with the history of an age immediately preceding his own, oral tradition has for him no value. His materials are confined to written documents; and if he cannot show that these were drawn up during the time of which they profess to speak, he can but confess that his knowledge is obtained at second-hand. If, further, these documents in part contradict each other, and in part are verbally the same, if in each of them the sequence of events is different while the incidents on the whole correspond, if they are inconsistent with other records known to be contemporary with the period to which they are ascribed, if they abound with events transcending the ordinary course of human experience, if the writers judge of human life and human action from a point of view altogether opposed to that of ordinary men, the historian can but state these facts, and acknowledge that if he has no reason for preferring one account to another, his duty is to reject them all. The conclusion may be hard; but it is his business to convince himself, as well as to convince others, that when this work of destruction is accomplished, his real task is done. His office is to show that of a series of alleged events each one is impossible, improbable, or likely, to prove how far his narrative is based on direct contemporary evidence, or how far he has admitted the testimony of persons who were not eye-witnesses; and if he finds that his materials come to him from unknown or untrustworthy sources, or are full of contradictions, misrepresentations, and falsehoods, he is bound to acknowledge without reserve that he has no power of putting sinews or flesh on dry bones, or of raising to life a past which has utterly perished. It is not his busi-

ness to determine the date or the authorship of anonymous writings, or to show how or in what order events may have taken place which assuredly did not take place as they are said to have occurred. He has nothing to do with straining mythical, or uncertain, or inconsistent narratives through the sieve of a so-called historical imagination, in order to determine the residuum of truth which may be mingled with that which is probably or assuredly false and fictitious. Every attempt at hypothesis, every effort to colour a picture for which the data no longer exist, is a wrong done to the absolute truth of facts which he is bound to seek for at all costs and at every sacrifice. With the meagreness, or the poverty, or even the seeming repulsiveness of his results, he is in no way concerned. Whatever may be the immediate consequences, the genuine historian knows that the dissipation or overthrow of falsehood is in itself an increase of knowledge, and that we have learned something when we have ascertained that things in which we have put faith have never existed. Every such discovery circumscribes the domain of that devouring monster whose name is the conceit of knowledge without the reality.

When Cicero, having shown the worthlessness of all oracles and augury, of all soothsaying and visions, all dreams and omens, thought that he had grappled with the whole system of divination, he was not aware that the so-called science was to undergo a new development in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, and that the claims of the new class of historical diviners would in their extent and their dogmatism bear no distant resemblance to those of Roman augurs and haruspices. For Cicero, as well as for us, fact was one thing and fable was another; but in the traditions of his own country, or of any other, he had not been called upon to discriminate accurately between history and fiction. He was content to know that for the period of the kings and in the early ages of the republic there were many things absolutely impossible, and many more which were wholly uncertain: but he had never undertaken the task of reconstructing the early history of Rome, or of determining the character of its founder and the nature of his institutions. It had never entered into his head to show that this founder must have done certain acts because the later civilization of Rome could not be accounted for on any other supposition, or that Roman society could not have assumed its later form if the personal history of the founder had not been that which he represented it to be.

This singular device, which involves a toil not more profitable than that of Sisyphus and curiously like the punishment of Ixion, is the growth of our own age, and has perhaps been brought to perfection by M. Renan. With this clumsy instrument he has done all that wide learning, untiring diligence, an exquisite taste and a marvellous power of language, could enable mortal man to do. He has left behind him at an immeasurable distance all who have sought to follow the same track; but his method he shares with less able, or at the least less eloquent men, while the charm of his style, the richness of his illustrations, and perhaps, the enervating lusciousness of his sentiment, serve only to heighten the mischief and add strength to a malady which must weaken and may destroy the very instinct of truthfulness and sincerity. A secret consciousness that the great battle of the age is to be fought out on the field of history may possibly account for the strange attempts at making bricks without either straw or clay, which characterize the writers whom not a few of their contemporaries honour as genuine historians. The protests raised by one or two conscientious men like Sir Cornewall Lewis are doubtless producing their effect, and will in the end bring about the downfall of many a fabric still imposing in its seeming grandeur and consistency of parts; but for the present they pass almost unheeded amid the louder voices of men who invite their fellows to come and see their pictures and admire the brilliant and life-like colouring with which they have invested the features of men, with whom they have become acquainted by virtue of a special faculty denied to meaner mortals.

By a happy fortune the field of Greek history has not been illuminated by this galaxy of modern diviners which has thrown a deceptive light on the misty traditions of Rome and Egypt, of Nineveh and Babylon, of Media and Persia. Through the dim paths which seem to lead us through these ruined labyrinths, we are bidden to move with confidence under the guidance of Niebuhr and Ihne, of Bunsen and Sir Henry Rawlinson. Each of these explorers has devoted his life to master his special science, and each has been rewarded by the acquisition of a special power, which they do not scruple to term divination. To this gift Baron Bunsen, in his tedious volumes of Ægyptological romance, laid an unqualified claim. Without it he could do nothing; with it he was enabled with perfect certainty to assign a date preceding the Christian era by some 15,000 years to the earliest polarization of religious consciousness in the formation and deposit of Sinism. The same faculty of speculation and combination enabled Niebuhr to make discovery after discovery when his eyes had grown almost blind in the passionate search for the phantom to which he gave the name of truth, while it has emboldened Professor Rawlinson, as his brother's interpreter, to declare the absolutely historical character of the lying legends which Berosus followed, and of the false chronology which he and his brother priests had received or fabricated. On writers who, like Niebuhr, can gravely compare their own historical afflatus with the *μαντεία* of the Greeks, the prosaic remark of Sir Cornewall Lewis, that "when there is a want of solid evidence we do not render the history true by treating the events as if they were real," will scarcely have much effect.

Each of these critics is, however, to a certain extent, destructive, and feels a certain pleasure in demolishing the theories or conclusions of other writers. Baron Bunsen holds very light-

ly by the orthodox history of the Pentateuch; Mr. Rawlinson avows his ignorance of the date of Moses, while Niebuhr seems almost to implore acceptance for his own conclusions on the strength of the merciless havoc which he has made of the notions of all preceding theorists. But in the severity of his destructive criticism, and the tax which he lays on our faith or our credulity, few, if any, have approached M. Renan. Of the writer of "Ecce Homo" we do not speak. Utterly destitute of M. Renan's learning and powers of analysis, he has made no pretence of sifting his materials and thus of determining their value. His historical sense has led him just so far as to assert that his conclusions are drawn from a critical examination of facts on which he has never entered, while, supremely unconscious of the abyss towards which he is hastening, he faces with all the complacency of a hierophant the thick darkness over which his torch throws a feeble and uncertain glimmer.

With this writer M. Renan has one point only in common. Both have produced a portrait of the Founder of Christianity; both have succeeded in painting a picture edifying, doubtless, and delightful for themselves, but utterly repulsive to all who do not take their standing ground or are unprepared to adopt their method. From the Christ of M. Renan the reader may turn aside with a feeling not altogether free from contempt; the Christ of the writer of "Ecce Homo," he will probably regard with a far more settled aversion. In all other respects there is no resemblance between these two writers, each of whom has acquired, and for precisely the same reason at bottom, a singular popularity in his own country. To the Gallican and Papal hierarchy M. Renan may appear as the antagonist of traditional Christianity, the destroyer of the faith on which the salvation of souls and the order and well-being of society depend; to the great bulk of his readers he is undoubtedly the constructor who has given them a standing ground at a time when they felt that their trust was altogether gone, or that all faith was fast becoming an impossibility. If to the sacerdotalists he is a malignant demon, exulting in the ruin which he has caused to those who had already ceased alike to believe or to hope for anything, to others he must appear as an angel from heaven, telling them that they are not to loathe the image of the meek and holy sufferer whose name the Catholic priesthood had through a dreary series of centuries turned into a war-cry. Caring nothing for ancient prejudices, although full of a sentimental regard for old and picturesque associations, M. Renan has framed an ideal which he believes to be in the main in accordance with the truth of facts. With an uneasy consciousness that the hackneyed ideas of Christ are growing weak and ready to vanish away, the English writer exhibits a picture for which he claims an authority fully equal to that which the Roman Catholic claims for his church, and thinks to arrest the course of impartial historical research by returning surreptitiously into the beaten pathway, after a pretence of examining new tracks which he has never followed, and of weighing difficulties which he has quietly ignored.

The contrast furnished by M. Renan's method is great indeed. There is scarcely a single difficulty which he has evaded, scarcely a defect in his materials which he has sought to hide. He has his favourite documents and his cherished sympathies; but he has submitted every page of every book to a ruthless scrutiny, has given us canons of credibility which in the destructive portions of his work he has not hesitated to apply, has taught us that for judicial veracity, for trustworthy judgment, for unvarnished testimony, we shall in vain search the pages of Evangelists and Hagiographers. So keen is the weapon with which his blows are dealt, and so unsparing is his use of it, that we are left to wonder how, when he has destroyed so much, he can still find so much to believe, or cheat himself into the idea that his picture is anything more than a dream. The process, however, is a more ingenious application of the method which in the more awkward hands of Niebuhr and Baron Bunsen has produced less graceful and harmonious results. Like them, M. Renan can divine; like them, he claims an absolute right to frame hypotheses, without which the ideal can be never realized; and with him as with them, our duty is clear. We have no theories to maintain, no foregone conclusions to support. If it should turn out that the origin of Christianity is an insoluble mystery, a mystery we must be content to leave it. If the whole history of its alleged Founder is full of uncertainties, or impossibilities, or contradictions, we have simply to acknowledge that his teaching and his acts are hidden from us by an impenetrable veil; and if, on the other hand, the work of reconstruction is to be accomplished, it must be effected by the production of strictly contemporary evidence, by testimony equal to that on which we give credence to the history of Magna Charta or the Highland rebellion of 1745. But when a series of documents are shown to be utterly inconsistent with each other whenever they furnish an independent narrative, or else repeat in the same words the events and discourses which they relate in common, when, further, it is admitted that we have not the faintest reason for thinking that they were written in the age of which they profess to give the annals, and above all, that they exhibit an endless chain of marvellous or prodigious incidents not one of which is worthy of credit, the effort to restore the original lineaments of a picture which has been daubed and altered by successive hands, becomes not merely a work of supererogation but an unprofitable and mischievous pastime. The most prominent characteristic of all the Gospels is a lavish display of miracle, intertwined inextricably with the narrative of incidents which appear possible or likely, and which may be historical. But if this chain of supernatural causation, or rather this series of arbitrary interferences which are no cause and produce no results, is to be swept away at a stroke, it argues an unbounded credulity if we accept particular details as historical without corroborative evi-

dence from other witnesses known to be contemporary. If it be true, as M. Renan holds it to be true, that the narrative of the infancy, as given in the first Gospel, excludes altogether the narrative of the third, if all the miracles of all the Gospels are to be thrust aside as incredible, if in the one Gospel which he holds to be, as a history, more trustworthy than the rest, the discourses of which its main bulk consists are absolute fictions, destitute of the slightest semblance of probability, it follows irresistibly that the credit of the Gospels is in every respect gone. We can trust no information derived from them, even in the commonest matters, unless we can test it by other evidence on the same subject procured elsewhere.

Far less can we pick and choose from a mass of materials which, as a whole, we regard as utterly unsound and worthless. With the acceptance of a single fact, or of a single detail, on the mere ground of consistency, or congruity, or likelihood, apart from solid evidence adduced in support of it, we open a door to the principle of trust without proof; we involve ourselves in the net of inconsistencies which sorely perplex Biblical protestants and Anglican sacerdotalists; we fight with a sword forged in the arsenal of the Vicar of St. Peter.

Appearing thus as a champion who has thrown away at once his weapons and his armour, M. Renan still asks us to believe that he wields an unseen but invincible spear, and that in the plenitude of his historical discernment he carries about with him a touchstone which can separate truth from falsehood in legendary tales and transmute probabilities into facts. Our office (a thankless task, which we attempt only in the paramount interest of historical truth) is to show that M. Renan's self-styled history is based on assumptions, and is throughout full of inconsistencies and contradictions. For the weight and consensus of authorities which he may array in behalf of his theoretical conclusions we do not greatly care. No amount of wisdom or learning can reconcile absolute contradictions, or make that to have taken place which has never happened. M. Renan is fond of illustrations drawn from astronomy; but it is as yesterday, compared with the historical periods of Manetho and Baron Bunsen, that the Ptolemaic hypothesis of the Cosmos ruled supreme. The great work which lies before the present and the coming age, is one of the most tremendous significance. Either we, or our children after us, must ascertain whether the fabric of traditional Christianity rests on solid historical foundations; and this task relates not to doctrinal theories, or ideas of the divine nature, or of the present condition and future destiny of mankind. It is confined solely to the events which are asserted to be facts (like the Gunpowder Plot or the Fire of London) underlying the scheme of traditional or Biblical Christianity. If this work is ever to be done, it can be effected only by a firm determination to indulge in no hypothesis, to frame no ideal pictures, and to draw no historical conclusions from documents which we acknowledge to be full of groundless myths and fables.

By falling into this fatal eclecticism, M. Renan has succeeded in fabricating a narrative which may please and amuse, perhaps even instruct and comfort his countrymen for a few years or possibly for one or two generations, but which must be more or less offensive to all genuine historical critics, and of which ultimately nothing more will be remembered than the fact that the author framed it in defiance of the canons of credibility which from time to time he professed to recognise.

Fully aware then, that alike for his "Life of Jesus," and his "History of the Apostles," he has to work on materials interpenetrated with fictions and hopeless contradictions and absurdities, M. Renan claims the right to start with hypothesis, and compares his work to scientific processes with which it has nothing in common. With a repetition which at length grows wearisome, he maintains, in the introductions to both his volumes, that the office of the historian may be fairly matched with the task of restoring a picture or a statue; or of distinguishing the real from the apparent parallax of a star. In all three cases the process is quite distinct; and the comparison serves only to show the confusion which prevails in M. Renan's mind. If he had studied, as it was his indispensable duty to study, the laws of legal evidence, he would have hesitated long before laying down his grand fallacy that in narratives such as those which are set forth in the Gospels, "the great test that we have got the truth is, to have succeeded in combining the texts in such a manner that they shall constitute a logical, probable narrative, harmonious throughout." The history of Robinson Crusoe is eminently logical and probable; but we happen to know that it never occurred, and do what we will we can never assure ourselves that histories for which we have no known contemporary documents, are not specimens (more or less ingenious) of plausible fiction. The results of this fatal method in one of the greatest histories that the world has ever seen, must remain a warning to all time against a process so utterly delusive and vain. In the introduction to that imperishable narrative in which he speaks throughout either from personal experience or after the most diligent examination of eye-witnesses and agents in the events related, Thucydides gives us what he conceives to be the true political history of the Trojan war. It harmonizes wonderfully, as we might expect, with his picture of the early condition of the Achaian tribes, and seems to account for very much of the later history. Throughout, it is a tale as logical, unimpassioned, and probable as any that could be writen by Hallam or De Tocqueville; and yet it is a narrative obtained by casting aside summarily every single incident related in the Homeric poems, by assigning to the war causes of which the old bard never dreamed, and a strategical plan which would have filled him with profound amazement. As he peruses the sentences of Thucydides, it is hard indeed for the reader to convince himself that this is the real history of the struggle which the poet traced to the treachery of Paris, and in which the sons of

Zeus and Eos and Aphrodite fought by the side of Amazons against the child of the sea-nympth Thetis and the myrmidons who followed in his train. "So different is it," said Mr. Grote, "that we seem hardly to be reading a description of the same event: still less should we imagine that the event was known to him, as well as to us, only through the poets themselves." Mr. Grote's words apply with singular force to the method of M. Renan, when he adds that Thucydides "left out, altered, recombined, and supplied new connecting principles and supposed purposes, until the story became such as no one could have any positive reason for calling in question." But the result so attained was a mere *caput mortuum;* and of this plausible Trojan war, we can only say, "that as the possibility of it cannot be denied, so neither can the reality of it be affirmed."* If M. Renan's account of the Gospels be correct, we have no better materials for reconstructing the figure of the historical Jesus than for reproducing that of the historical Agamemnon. In attempting either task, we are chasing a will of the wisp; and such language as the following becomes a mere beating of the wind.

"In histories like the Gospels, where the outline alone is certain and where almost all the details are rendered more or less doubtful by the legendary character of the documents, some hypothesis is indispensable. For periods of which we know nothing, hypothesis is out of place. The attempt to reproduce a group of ancient statuary which has certainly existed but of which not a fragment remains, is a purely arbitrary work. But what can be more legitimate than efforts to restore the sculptures of the Parthenon with the aid of the old texts, of drawings made in the seventeenth century, of all scattered hints which may throw light on the matter, in a word, by drawing our inspiration from these matchless relics, by seeking to seize their life and soul? Even then we may not, perhaps, be able to say that we have restored the work of the ancient sculptor, but we have done what we could to approach it. Such a process is the more legitimate in history in so far as language allows an uncertainty in expression for which marble leaves no room. The reader may be left to take his choice among several suppositions; and the historian may rest with a quiet conscience when he has exhibited as certain that which is certain, as probable all that is probable, as possible all that is possible. In tracts where the foot slips between history and legend, our business is to mark only the general effect."†

So far as we may see, it was precisely with such an aim as this that Herodotus‡ wrote the chapters which relate the rapes of Io, Medeia, and Helen, as a series of connected causes leading to the invasion of Greece by Xerxes. Assuredly, so far as we may judge from the contents of these chapters, Herodotus had as great an aversion for the miraculous as M. Renan. Nothing can be more likely than the tale which accounts for the disappearance of Io and Medeia from their respective homes; but the cold-blooded and prosaic narrative is drawn by the process of historical divination from the legends, and only from the legends, which tell us of the maiden Io transmuted into a heifer and chased by the fearful gadfly over Scythian wilds to the Caucasian prison of Prometheus, and of Medeia, the daughter of the Sun, who bears with her the mysterious robe of Helios, and rises from earth in her dragon chariot when her work of death is done. The method is throughout delusive, and the result can have no value except for him who has wasted his time in the attempt to reach them. We deny altogether that "in the effort to make the great souls of the past live again, some share of divination and conjecture must be permitted." If there remain but a single trait in their character or a single incident in their lives for which we have adequate contemporary evidence, conjecture is needless, for here we have knowledge; if that evidence is lacking, divination is worthless, for it can end only in evoking a phantom. Illustrations from sculpture and astronomy are altogether irrelevant. M. Renan admits that the restorer of the chryselephantine Zeus of Phidias must have some fragment of the original statue to supplement the aid derived from ancient texts; but he seems to forget that this fragment is a present fact, from which may possibly be drawn a series of indisputable inferences. The astronomer who wishes to correct the error of apparent parallaxes has before him the real star with which mortal hand has never meddled, and for which the dreamer or the forger has never substituted another image. The duty of the historian is utterly misconceived by a critic who can tell us, that—

"When we have to deal with a writer who is preoccupied with a system, and speaks only to propagate certain ideas, the office of criticism consists not in a close adherence to the text, but in seeking to lay bare the truth which the text conceals, without any absolute assurance that after all it has been found. To bar the way against all such interpretations (they are elsewhere called divinations or discoveries) would be as unreasonable as to bid the astronomer confine himself to the apparent state of the heavens. Is it not the special work of astronomy to correct the parallax caused by the observer's position, and to ascertain the true one which has been disturbed by a deceptive medium?" *

"In what other way," M. Renan asks, with a simplicity which should be amusing to the countrymen of Mr. Mill, "can we possibly pretend to follow narratives which are full of impossibilities?" The only historical answer can be, that unless we choose to plunge into the same pitfall with Herodotus and Thucydides, we cannot follow them at all: and M. Renan himself seems consciously to shut his eyes to the havoc which he has made in the only original sources of information respecting the origin of Christianity by sweeping away all narratives of miracles and prodigies which occur throughout them. The residuum of fact left in the Gospels is confessedly almost infinitesimally small; but the state of things is not much more satisfactory in the Acts of the Apostles, to

* History of Greece, part i. ch. xv.
† Les Apôtres, vii.
‡ i. 1—4.

* Les Apôtres, xliii.

which, as making greater profession of historical character, and as challenging a comparison with certain documents known and admitted on all hands to be genuine, we purpose chiefly to confine our attention.

If the history of the Acts, however credible in the main, cannot be traced to the age of which it professes to speak, and if we cannot assure ourselves that in its pages we have the evidence of contemporary and trustworthy witnesses, we cannot be said to know any more of the first preachers of Christianity than of the Founder of the religion. At the outset, then, we are met with the question, What grounds have we for giving credit in the Acts to tales of prodigies and wonders and astounding occurrences, which we should put aside without scruple and even without examination if we found them in the pages of Herodotus, Diodorus, or Livy? The testimony which will induce us to believe that Solon altered the law of debt at Athens, or that Alexander had overcome half the world at the age of three-and-thirty, will not induce us to believe that Plato was begotten of no mortal father, or that a star guided astrologers to a house in an obscure Jewish village. With the general credibility or possibility of miracles we are not now concerned, although in passing we may remark that all the learned but somewhat wearisome discussions which resolve all such events into manifestations of higher but unknown laws, are singularly out of place. Whatever may be the value of theories of subjective or relative miracle, it is simply absurd to pretend that for those who thought they had seen them, or who professed to record what they had seen or heard, such events would have had either significance or value if regarded as evidences of absolute law, or even as infractions of any law or order whatsoever. Few things can be more puerile than the conceit that the Twelve (if twelve there were) saw in miracles simply the operation of a law higher than the laws with the working of which they were familiar. This is the kind of language which we have heard from Mr. Maurice, who imagines that his notion of order has for several thousand years been stereotyped upon the human brain, and from a certain class of orthodox churchmen who feel a relief in falling back upon Mr. Babbage's calculating machine, and the breaks which from time to time it undergoes in the series of notations. But whatever may be our ideas, something surely is due to the tastes and feelings of the men who drew up these narratives, or whose general tone of thought they faithfully represent; and if we examine the temper of the mythopœic age in any country and the astronomical knowledge of Galilæan Jews in the days of Herod the Great, nothing can be more certain than that miracles were not regarded by them as manifestations of an immutable order, because the idea of any natural order had never dawned upon their minds. For the sons of Zebedee as for the Psalmist of an age long past, the earth was a flat plane of very moderate compass, with a solid heaven separating the waters above the firmament from the waters beneath it, while in this concave vault of crystal the sun and moon moved from one side to the other, and in it the stars were fixed like jewels on the diadem of a king. Of any law which guided the planets in their courses they knew nothing, and they cared nothing. On the solid heaven sat the Great Lord of all, and bowing his throne touched the mountains and made them smoke. If we say that to such men the government of the Cosmos was a capricious and arbitrary process, our words may convey a false impression, for of a Cosmos they had not even the most glimmering conception. The idea of Xenophanes, that the stars were fed by exhalations from the earth, or of Heraclitus, that they were fires lit at night and put out every morning, would probably have been for them a stretch of scientific hypothesis altogether beyond their apprehension. From such ideas they would have turned aside with impatience. Like the Greek of the Homeric age, they cared for nothing but arbitrary or strange interferences with the tenor of every-day events: without these life became insipid, and they felt as if they had been banished from the presence of God into a waste howling wilderness. The adventures of their gods and heroes were, to use Mr. Grote's words, "the only aliment suited at once both to the appetites and to the comprehension of an early Greek. . . . . The very circumstances which contributed to rob the myth of literal belief in after time, strengthened its hold upon the mind of the Homeric man. He looked for wonders and unusual combinations in the past; he expected to hear of gods, heroes, and men moving and operating together upon earth: he pictured to himself the fore-time as a theatre in which the gods interfered directly, obviously, and frequently, for the protection of their favourites and the punishment of their foes." The conceptions even of the educated Jew were probably not much more lofty: those of the Galilæan peasantry had certainly reached no higher level. Like the Greek, they looked back upon the past not to trace the working of an unbroken order, but to praise God for the cleaving of seas and rivers, for chasms opened to swallow the wicked, for horses of fire sent to bear prophets into heaven. To talk to such men of relative miracle would have called forth a passionate and despairing protest: to tell them, as the Duke of Argyll has told us in his "Essay on the Supernatural," that all human action is beyond nature, would have drawn from them only the cry, "Then has the God of our fathers fallen asleep, and there remains no longer any Being in whom we can place trust."

It is unnecessary therefore to draw a distinction between the miraculous and the non-miraculous portions in the narrative of the Acts, because the writers never intended we should draw any such distinction; still less is it necessary to compare their narrative with such a history as that of Rome, in which a certain number of mere prodigies are thrust into a record of events depending strictly on political and military calculations. The demand for evidence is beyond all others extravagant, when the first Christians, like the Homeric Greeks, believed without evidence, and if doors did not fly open of their own accord, straightway imagined that

or any other fact which they needed for their own edification or considered needful as a manifestation of the divine will. M. Renan is right, therefore, in dismissing summarily the miracles in the Acts, not on the score of intrinsic impossibility, but because the writers adduce no evidence in support of statements which from the very nature of the case need an incomparably larger and more conclusive testimony than that on which we receive statements of an ordinary character. Not a single history can be produced in which a fair scientific attempt has been made to prove a miracle; there is not a single narrative of miracle which does not hopelessly fail beneath the canons of historical credibility; hence M. Renan is perhaps justified in asserting that

"It is an absolute rule of criticism not to admit into history any narrative of miraculous incidents. This is not the result of any metaphysical system; it is simply a fact of observation. No such facts have ever been established, and all alleged miracles resolve themselves into illusion and imposture. All miracles that may be made the subject of examination vanish away."

If Æneas Silvus Piccolomini complained in his journey to Scotland that the miracle of the Barnacle Goose receded nearer to the pole as he travelled northwards, a similar complaint may be urged against the Brighton miracle which has recently gladdened the hearts of Sabbath-keepers. That miracle has been sufficiently exposed;* but at Brighton and elsewhere it is still devoutly believed by all who wish to believe it. In M. Renan's words, "Miracles can take place only when we believe; and it is faith alone which creates the supernatural." To the plea that the negation of miracle must be at the least as unwarrantable as the affirmation of miracle without evidence, he replies briefly and forcibly that the duty of proving an assertion lies on him who makes it; the man before whom it is made has simply to examine the proof, and if it be adequate, to admit its validity.

"Were a naturalist like Buffon bidden to insert in his history some account of sirens and centaurs, his answer would have been, 'Show me a specimen of such beings, and I will insert it; until you do so, they have for me no existence.' But you must first prove that they do not exist. Nay, it is for you to prove that they do. The duty of proof in science falls on those only who allege a fact."†

The subject of relative miracle may be dismissed as a proper occupation for all who like to entangle themselves in a strife of words.

The greater portion of the book which, according to M. Renan, furnishes the chief source of information, both for his present volume of the Apostles and for that which is to succeed it, is thus summarily set aside as unworthy of credit. But strange to say, the non-miraculous portion (with the exception possibly of the concluding chapters) is, if possible, even less worthy of credit than the rest. The miraculous incidents are the natural result of infantile faith; the remainder of the history is a narrative garbled and distorted to suit a particular ecclesiastical purpose. In short, to take M. Renan's account of his materials, nothing could well be more unpromising than the enterprise which in spite of all difficulties he is determined to carry out. The earlier chapters of the Acts are a tissue of miracles, and these are at once rejected as worthless: but some light is thrown on the darkness by statements in the last chapter of the Gospels and in the epistles of St. Paul. The epistle to the Galatians especially, of which M. Renan speaks as "a veritable treasure, the basis of the whole chronology of the age, the key which opens all, the testimony which may convince the most sceptical of the reality of the things about which he may have been in doubt,"* furnishes many valuable dates towards a chronology which is otherwise utterly uncertain and conjectural; and by the aid of a few more from Josephus, M. Renan feels that he can embark on his perilous voyage with sufficient confidence. It must be admitted that his trust is as astonishing to historical critics as his scepticism can be to orthodox Christians. The earlier chapters of the Acts are more open to attack than any other portion of the New Testament.†

"In his account of this earlier period the writer is especially swayed by prejudices like those which mark his Gospels, or by others still more mischievous. His arrangement of the forty days, his story of the Ascension, closing by a final departure and with theatrical solemnity, the fantastic life of Jesus, his way of relating the descent of the Holy Ghost, and the miraculous preaching which followed it, his method of interpreting the gift of tongues, so different from that of St. Paul, all betray the prepossessions of a comparatively late period, when mythical tales have been ripened and rounded into perfection. Events take place with a strange shifting of scenery and a liberal display of the marvellous. We must remember that the author wrote half a century after the events which he relates, far from the country where they are said to have occurred, about things which neither he nor his master had ever seen, and following traditions which were partly fabulous and partly distorted. Not only does Luke belong to another generation from that of the first founders of Christianity, but he belongs to another world. He is a Hellenist, knowing little of Jerusalem or of the secrets of Jewish life; he had scarcely come into contact with the first Christian society, he had scarcely seen its last representatives. His miracles are rather *à priori* inventions than distortions of actual facts; the miracles of St. Peter and St. Paul form two corresponding series. His characters are like each other. Peter differs in no respect from Paul, or Paul from Peter. The speeches which he puts into the mouth of his heroes, although suitable enough under the circumstances, are all in the same style, and belong to the writer rather than to the men who are supposed to utter them. Here and there we find historical impossibilities.‡ In a word, the Acts contain a dogmatic history, arranged specially for the support of the orthodox doctrines of the day, or to propagate the ideas which most fall in with the piety of the author."

The reader may fairly suppose that M. Renan has reduced the value of the book and the gen-

* Saturday Review, April 28, 1866.
† Les Apôtres, xlv.

* Les Apôtres, xl. † Ib. xxvii.
‡ As in the matter of the revolt of Theudas.

eral credibility of the writer to the lowest possible level, when he reads that "these are not mere suspicions, or the guesses of an extravagantly sceptical criticism. They are solid convictions. Whenever it is in our power to test the narrative of the Acts, we find it faulty and written with a purpose." It is not easy to find a justification for crediting the few remaining portions which we are not able to test by a comparison with genuine writings.

No two narratives, perhaps, can be pointed out in any two books which more thoroughly contradict each other than the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistle of St. Paul to the Galatians; and the inconsistencies of two conflicting stories have seldom been more forcibly pointed out than are these contradictions by M. Renan. It is a circumstance of the utmost moment that this antagonism relates not to prodigies and marvels, but throughout to the commonest matters of fact. If the man who relates "a tissue of miracles" is to be set down as an enthusiast, the writer who can with a set purpose misrepresent the career of the most prominent man of his age must be dismissed as utterly ignorant of the nature of facts, as having a supreme disregard for the laws of evidence, and as prepared to lie to any extent for that which he calls the truth. The judgment is not ours. In M. Renan's words:—

"The author of the Acts tells us that Paul, after the incidents at Damascus (ix. 19, &c.), came to Jerusalem, almost before any one had heard of his conversion, that he was presented to the Apostles and lived with them and the brethren on terms of the greatest cordiality, that he disputed in public with the Hellenist Jews, and that a conspiracy entered into by these Hellenists, together with a revelation from heaven, drove him away from Jerusalem. St. Paul tells us quite another tale. To prove his independence of the Twelve, and the derivation of his doctrine and his mission from Jesus himself, he insists that after his conversion he took counsel of none, and refused to go to Jerusalem to those who were apostles before him; that of his own accord he undertook a mission into Hauran; that although, three years later, he went to Jerusalem to make acquaintance with Cephas, he stayed there only a fortnight, during which time he saw none other of the Apostles except James the brother of the Lord, and remained unknown by face to the churches of Judæa. We see in all this a set purpose to soften down the roughness of the Apostle, to represent him as a fellow workman with the Twelve, and as labouring in concert with them at Jerusalem. This city is made his point of departure. His teaching is so identified with that of the Apostles that he can be safely represented as taking their place in preaching. His first mission is confined to the synagogues of Damascus; he is spoken of as a disciple and hearer, which he never was; the time between his conversion and his first journey to Jerusalem is cut down, while the period of his sojourn in that city is lengthened; he is represented as giving general satisfaction by his preaching, as living in intimacy with all the Apostles, although he declares that he never saw more than two of them, and the brethren of Jerusalem are said to keep watch over him, while Paul declares that they did not even know him by sight."

But this is not all. The writer of the Acts represent St. Paul as coming to Jerusalem with offerings during the famine of A.D. 44, whereas St. Paul asserts that between the journey in the fourth year after his conversion, and that which he undertook in order to be present at the council, he never visited Jerusalem.

"In other words, Paul formally excludes any journey between Acts ix. 26, and xv. 2. If, against all reason, we deny that the journey mentioned in the second chapter of the Galatians is the same as the journey related in the fifteenth chapter of the Acts, the contradiction is not lessened. 'Three years after my conversion,' he says, 'I went up to Jerusalem to see Cephas; fourteen years after, I went up again.' If we doubt whether these fourteen years are to be reckoned from the conversion, or from the journey three years later, we may take the first hypothesis as being the most feasible to those who wish to uphold the credit of the Acts. There were then eleven years at least, according to St. Paul, between his first and second journeys to Jerusalem; but unquestionably there are not eleven years between the incidents recorded in Acts ix. 26, and those which are related in Acts xi. 30. If against all probability we choose to say that there were, we shall fall into another impossibility. The event related in Acts xi. 30, is placed near the time of the death of James the son of Zebedee, the only fixed date in the Acts, inasmuch as it preceded by a short time the death of Herod Agrippa, which took place A. D. 44. As St. Paul's second journey took place at least fourteen years after his conversion, the date of this event, if the journey of A. D. 44 be historical, is thrown back to the year 30, which is absurd."

The contradictions culminate in the story of the great council held at Jerusalem, on the relation of the Gentile to the Jewish Christians.

"According to the Acts, a deputation consisting of Paul, Barnabas, and many others, is sent from Antioch to Jerusalem to consult the Apostles and elders on this question. They are heartily welcomed by every one. A great council is held, in which there is scarcely a symptom of disagreement, all discord being lost in an effusion of charity and the happiness of thus meeting together. Peter then gives the judgment, which we might have looked for from St. Paul, that the Gentile Christians should be free from the yoke of the Mosaic law. This advice is only slightly qualified by James. Paul does not open his mouth; and to say the truth he has no need of doing so, inasmuch as his view is put into the mouth of Peter. The Judaising brethren receive no encouragement, and a solemn decree is drawn up, and notified to the churches by deputies specially chosen for the purpose.

"But in his epistle to the Galatians, Paul tells us that the journey thus made to Jerusalem was undertaken of his own free will, and indeed was the consequence of a revelation. At Jerusalem he explains the character of his teaching, and holds interviews with some who were considerable personages in their own esteem. No one criticises him; no one gives him any advice; all that is asked is that he should remember the poor brethren at Jerusalem. If he allows Titus to be circumcised,* it is owing only to certain false brethren, to whom he makes a passing concession, without submitting himself formally. From the self-styled pillars of the church, of whom he can scarcely speak without a shade of sar-

* M. Renan chooses to put this sense on the words; but we must not be understood as committing ourselves to this interpretation, or indeed, to many other points of detail in this argument.

casm and irony, he learns nothing; and on the subsequent visit of Cephas to Antioch, he has to resist him to the face, because he was in the wrong. On his arrival, Peter ate at first with all, but on the coming of James's messengers, he shrank from the society of the uncircumcised. Seeing that he no longer walked uprightly according to the truth of the Gospel, Paul addressed Peter in the sight of all, and bitterly reproached him for his conduct.

"Here then we have the contrast; on the one side, a grave harmony, on the other, ill-dissembled anger, and a singular readiness to take offence; on one side a sort of council, on the other, nothing at all like a council; on one side a formal decree issued by a recognised authority, on the other, antagonistic opinions which neither party chooses to retract, and concessions which are merely formal. It is needless to say which is the more trustworthy version. The story in the Acts is improbable, because it represents the council as assembled on account of a dispute, of which on its assembling we find no trace. The two orators speak in opposition to their known sentiments; and the decree of the council is indubitably a fiction. If this decree, which James had formulated, had been really put forth, whence came Peter's agony of fear before the emissaries of James? Why did he hide himself, for the Christians of Antioch were acting in full conformity with this decree set forth with the approval of James himself? This question of circumcision was debated about A.D. 51; four years later the controversy which that decree should have ended is more bitter than ever. The Galatian church is again troubled by emissaries of the Judaising party from Jerusalem. To this new assault of his enemies St. Paul replies in his crushing letter. But if the decree of the council had been a reality, Paul had an easy way of settling the business by citing the decree. Instead of this every word he utters implies that no such decree was in existence. A year later, writing to the Corinthians, he likewise ignores this decree, and even violates its injunctions. The decree had forbidden the eating of meat offered to idols: St. Paul asserts the lawfulness of so doing, if no scandal be caused thereby. Finally, when Paul went for the last time to Jerusalem, James shows himself more obstinate than ever. In truth, one of the characteristic features of the Acts, which proves that the writer cared not so much for historic truth or even for logical consistency, as to edify pious readers, is this very circumstance that the question of the admission of the uncircumcised is always settled without really being so. It is settled first by the baptism of the Ethiopian eunuch, then by that of the centurion Cornelius, each of these being miraculously brought about; then by the foundation of the Church of Antioch; then in the pretended council of Jerusalem. In spite of all this, the last sentences of the book leave the question still in suspense. As a matter of fact, it remained always in this state. The two sections of Christians never amalgamated; but the Judaising party remained unfruitful, and died out in obscurity."*

In other words, the whole story of the Acts is a wilful travesty of notorious events. If we admit the general veracity of St. Paul, after all allowance made for unconscious mis-statements, excusable after the lapse of many years,† we must further admit that if our information on this great controversy had been confined to that which is furnished by the Acts, our belief would have been given to a tissue of falsehoods. Of the standard by which such writers should be judged, of their general motive, of their theory of facts and their conceptions of historical truth, we say nothing, and we need say nothing; but we may affirm unreservedly, that our knowledge of the origin and course of this quarrel comes to us not from the Acts, but from the Epistles of St. Paul. The former would have led us hopelessly astray: the latter stakes his whole credit on an emphatic contradiction of every statement on this subject found throughout the Acts; and thus the writers of the latter history are convicted of wilful misrepresentation, and, to a certain extent, of fabricating a series of events, which turn not on the supernatural, but on points in which misrepresentation involves a lamentable departure from the most ordinary good faith.

The conclusion of the historical critic must be that no single statement throughout the whole book can be accepted, unless the most unequivocal corroborative testimony can be adduced in its favour. But although he has thus shown that one half of the book is a tissue of incredible miracles, and the other half a tissue of deliberate misrepresentations, M. Renan still finds in its pages abundant materials for the sequel of his romance of the "Life of Jesus." In truth, with the completion of his destructive criticism M. Renan is reduced to the weakness of the shorn Samson. In every other part of his book we find chiefly divination and hypothesis, inconsistencies and contradictions, assumptions and dogmatism, all put forth with singular beauty of style, but all warning us to shut our ears to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. The labour of M. Renan's historical criticism is followed by a strangely impotent birth. The exposure of the falsehoods which run through the whole narrative of the council of Jerusalem, is succeeded by the avowal, not that the whole book is in itself unworthy of credit, but that "such a document must be used with great precaution, inasmuch as to reject it absolutely is as uncritical as to follow it blindly." We confess ourselves at some loss to understand M. Renan's theory of criticism; but as we have no wish or intention to reject a statement even in the Acts of the Apostles, when corroborated by the genuine evidence of trustworthy witnesses, we are not greatly moved by M. Renan's warning. The greatest liar may speak the truth; and the truth when spoken by him, is not less truth than if it were uttered by one whose veracity is beyond all breath of suspicion. But it is unfortunate that the falsifier cannot, even when speaking the truth, be believed without the corroborative evidence, and when we have allowed that in any given instance he has spoken the truth, our credence after all is accorded nott o the falsifier, but to the corroborating, in other words, to the trustworthy witness. Practically therefore the slanderer or liar is put out of court, whether he speaks truly or whether he does not. So it is with the narrative of the Acts. We find it full of contradictions and impossibilities, with tales such as that of Ananias and Sapphira, in which M. Renan

* Les Apôtres, xxxix.

† On this point M. Renan seems to indulge in some gratuitous suspicions, p. 209, &c.

allows that not merely the events, but the names, are alike falsehoods and forgeries; we find it distorting the characters of the most prominent men of the age, and misrepresenting the most momentous controversies; and in spite of all this, we are not the less willing to avow that any single statement in it is true, as soon as by trustworthy evidence it has been proved to be true. But from the very necessity of the case, we yield not to the authority of the writers of of the Acts, but to that of the really credible witness, if any such can be found. M. Renan realizes vividly the straits to which we should have been reduced if our only documents for the first age of Christianity had been confined to a book so legendary;* but he is nevertheless anxious to express his conviction that "some paragraphs especially, even in the first part (which is a tissue of miracles), have a value which is admitted by all, and which represent authentic memoirs to which the last compiler has resorted for materials. The twelfth chapter in particular is of excellent quality, and seems to be the work of John Mark." With this last conclusion, as belonging properly to the province of historical divination, we do not presume to meddle; but the remaining assertions resolve themselves into the statement that we are still in possession of the authentic memoirs from which it has been compiled, and that these memoirs are found in the histories of Josephus; and thus we find ourselves again in that magic circle from which there is no escape. The twelfth chapter of the Acts contains some statements which are not without value, because they are corroborated by the trustworthy evidence of Josephus; we allow, therefore, that the compiler of the Acts, who generally writes for the sheer purpose of edification, has in this instance spoken the truth, but we allow it not because he has spoken it, but because Josephus bears out his words. Our credit, therefore, is given not to the compiler of the Acts, but to Josephus; and thus from the former we learn nothing.

But it may be worth while to see how far, even according to M. Renan, this twelfth chapter contains materials of such excellent quality. This passage relates the death of James, the imprisonment of Peter, and the smiting down of Herod Agrippa by the angel of the Lord. Of these three events the first is mentioned only in a doubtful passage of Josephus; on the second Josephus is wholly silent; and on the supposition that there was any truth in the tale, his silence is inexplicable. When M. Renan tells us that the proceedings against James had nothing religious in their character, that he was not brought before the sanhedrim, but that like John the Baptist he was condemned by the arbitrary sentence of the sovereign, we can but hold our peace, as we do not profess to be historical diviners; but we altogether decline to admit that this execution had a good effect upon the Jews, on the sole authority of the writer of the Acts, even though his statement is accepted by M. Renan. The case is still further altered when M. Renan states as a fact, that Agrippa proceeded to imprison Peter also, for as the deliverance of Peter from this imprisonment is one of the greatest marvels in the tissue of miracles recorded in the Acts, the whole narrative in itself is utterly unworthy of credit. M. Renan's mode of getting over the difficulty, is by accepting all the details except those which are extraordinary in their character. The system of Euemerus, it would seem, is not without its use, when it can enable us to turn the miraculous rescue of St. Peter into a homely narrative, which quietly says, that "a circumstance of which we know nothing, and which was regarded as miraculous, opened the prison of Peter." M. Renan forgets that if we know nothing of the miraculous interposition, we know nothing of his imprisonment. It is not mentioned by Josephus; and it is manifest that if it occurred at all, it must have been effected either by the agency to which the writer attributes it, or by earthquake which threw the prison-doors open, or by the corruption of the warders. The last supposition is excluded by the narrative, and the story of the rescue leaves us with the agreeable conclusion that God interposed specially to deliver a man from prison, well knowing that the warders, who had nothing whatever to do with the rescue, would be put to death for an offence which they had never committed. But whether in this case, or on the hypothesis of the earthquake, it is almost incredible that Josephus should not have noticed the incident, and more especially on the supposition of the earthquake; for, unless we suppose that the quaking earth opened only one door, the historian would probably have noticed the general gaol delivery thus brought about. But he has not noticed it; and therefore, while we cannot deny that the imprisonment of Peter may have been a fact, so neither can we say that it was.

There remains the narrative of the death of Agrippa, which we readily accept as a story true in the main, not because it occurs in the Acts, but because it is borne out by the account of Josephus. The former, however, leads the reader to suppose that Herod died in the theatre; the latter asserts that he lived for several days, and the symptoms described indicate poison rather than a disease brought about directly by divine intervention, while the phrase that Herod saw in the owl perched on the rope "an angel of evil things," accounts for the thaumaturgy introduced into the story of the Acts. We can scarcely shut our eyes to the circumstance that in this case the two writers, on the whole, argue together, because on this subject both entertained the same prejudices and the same convictions. The servile flattery of the Phœnicians on the day of the catastrophe was probably just what it had always been; but the Jew and the Jewish Christian alike shared, to their honour, that abhorrence of Oriental prostrations before despots, which brought on Callisthenes the frantic wrath of Alexander the Great. According to M. Renan, the orthodox Jews had found in Herod Agrippa a king after their own heart;

* Les Apotres, xl.

and it seems a hard measure to convict him of impiety because Phœnicians would speak like Phœnicians.

But M. Renan is as ready to dogmatize on the authorship of the Acts as he is to select the facts of history embedded amidst its fictions. He has not the slightest doubt that the Acts was written by the author of the third Gospel, as a continuation of that Gospel. On the ground that this proposition has never been seriously disputed, he curtly dismisses the subject by telling us that "the prefaces prefixed to the two documents, and the dedication of both to Theophilus, together with a perfect resemblance of ideas and of style, furnish abundant proof of the fact." But if, as some have thought, the Gospel of Luke was developed out of the Gospel of Marcion, and if the latter began with the thirty-first verse of the fourth chapter in the present Gospel,* this theory at once falls to the ground: and M. Renan himself so sways about between the terms "writer" and "compiler," that he leaves us at a loss to know what he means by authorship. To infer identity of plan in both treatises from the fact that some one chose to prefix to each a dedication to Theophilus, looks like mere credulity; and the "absolute homogeneity" of style in both may be admitted or rejected with equal plausibility.† Elsewhere, his conclusion that the latter chapters of the Acts were written by a companion of St. Paul, who has worked in his own materials with those which he found to his hand in the earlier chapters,‡ is itself an admission that the Acts consists of two or more distinct compositions, welded together with a very indifferent success.

On the strange romance which follows his able introduction to "The Apostles," we should have preferred to hold our peace. We have no wish to use hard words against a writer who admits that his object is to construct a probable narrative from tales rendered obscure by the incoherence of traditions, and by the contradictions with which they abound.§ We have already said that this is a method applicable to all legends whatsoever. But we are bound to show that M. Renan's reconstructed story is as full of contradictions as the narratives from which he has culled it, while it makes demands on our credulity not less extravagant than the straitest of traditional theories.

In M. Renan's opinion, the Resurrection was practically achieved on the Sabbath-day which followed the day of the Crucifixion. On that day the disciples did no work, but "never was a season of repose more fruitful; the Christian conscience had on that day one object only—the Master who lay in the tomb." "On that day" any keen-sighted man might have foretold that Jesus would live again. "The little society of Christians on that day wrought the true miracle: it raised Jesus in its heart by the intense love which it bore for him; it decided that Jesus should not die." If these phrases have any meaning, they affirm that on that Sabbath-day the general body of the disciples had attained to the conviction either that Jesus had not died, or that he must rise again; in other words, they were all prepared to believe the first tidings which might announce that he had risen from the grave. M. Renan says as much when he adds—"As soon as an *insignificant* material fact shall have enabled them to believe that his body is no longer on the earth, the dogma of the resurrection will have been placed on an imperishable basis."* This insignificant fact is the disappearance of the body from the tomb, about which M. Renan merely says, that they who were in the secret discreetly held their peace, or happened not to be at hand when their words might have nipped in the bud "a most fruitful misapprehension."† This is simply incredible. The whole story of the tomb is surrounded by a mass of difficulties, not one of which M. Renan condescends to notice: and it is worse than idle to discuss the possibility of the removal of the body from the tomb, when that which we seek is evidence for the fact that it was ever laid within the tomb, or that there was any cave in which it might be laid. But M. Renan is determined to paint a striking picture, and accordingly he colors it with as many assumptions as may be called for. In the "most authentic" accounts he discerns the circumstance, that on the Resurrection morning "Mary Magdalene played her part alone, and bore for a whole hour the travail of the Christian conscience."‡ For this fact, as for the resurrection of Lazarus, M. Renan relies on the fourth Gospel, to which for the events of the last days he assigns "a vast superiority" over the rest. Still his story is composed only by material departures from the text of that Gospel, which does not represent Mary Magdalene as playing any solitary part. In the words of Strauss, "According to John, although he mentions only Mary Magdalene by name, several women must have accompanied her to the grave, since he makes her say after her return to the two disciples, 'We know not where they have laid him.'"§ But here, as elsewhere, M. Renan smites his own idol. In his volume on "The Apostles,"‖ he states it as a fact, that, "after their return from Jerusalem, the principal disciples, Peter, Thomas, Nathaniel, and the sons of Zebedee, met on the banks of the lake of Gennesareth, and thenceforth lived together, having resumed their former occupation as fishermen either at Bethsaida or Capernaum." In his "Life of Jesus," M. Renan denies that the last chapter of the fourth Gospel is the work of the Evangelist. But if the Gospel fails to show, and certainly it does not assert, that it was written by John himself, and if materials supplied by John to the first writer have been further tampered with by a later compiler for the special purpose of rendering homage to the Apostle Peter, what becomes of the evidence

* Mackay, "Tübingen School," 322.
† Les Apôtres, xiii.
‡ Les Apôtres, xv. &c.
§ Ib. p. 6.

* P. 6. † P 16. ‡ P. 7, &c.
§ Strauss, First Life of Jesus, part iii. ch. iv. § 137.
‖ P. 31.

that the disciples ever met at the lake of Tiberias at all? Yet again, in the fourth Gospel John is the one who first believes, while Mary Magdalene sees two angels before she saw Jesus; according to M. Renan, Mary believes first, and she sees no angel at all. By such a method as this anything can be made of anything; and as we turn from the fourth Gospel, which tells us that when Mary had answered the angel's question, she at once turned herself back and saw Jesus, we regard with resignation, if not with approval, M. Renan's discovery that she turned back because "she heard a slight noise behind her." But the matter becomes more serious when we are told "A man stood before her." This is a simple statement of fact. Yet when Mary sought to touch him, M. Renan asserts that "the vision stepped aside, and bade her touch him not. By degrees the phantom disappeared; but the miracle of love was effected." Does M. Renan believe that the object seen was a man or a phantom? It could not be both at once.

On her return to the disciples, far from finding that implicit belief in the Resurrection which, according to M. Renan, had sprung up in the society generally the day before, Mary is charged with folly, and the contradiction is heightened by the statement that even when Peter bore out the tidings of the women, his words were received but with a scantily hidden unbelief.* Either these statements are unhistorical, or M. Renan's picture of the Sabbath-day is untrue. Such things, however, cause him no great disquietude. He asks us to believe that on the day of the resurrection many of the disciples had already set out for Galilee, the sole evidence for this fact being the predictions put into the mouth of Jesus, that after his death they would be scattered every man to his own home. Nor is he afraid to add that, according to Justin, the crucifixion was followed by the complete apostasy of all the disciples. We are wholly at a loss to imagine how such a notion could ever have sprung up, if M. Renan's miracle of love had really been accomplished in the whole society on the Sabbath-day preceding the Resurrection. M. Renan is still more candid. The Gospels are contradictory; the miracles narrated in them are impossibilities; and the witnesses or actors are utterly untrustworthy. They believed in apparitions, and fancied themselves surrounded by an atmosphere of marvels. "Palestine was one of the countries most in arrear in the science of the day; the Galilæans were the most ignorant of all the inhabitants of Palestine; and the disciples of Jesus might be reckoned among the most stupid of the Galilæans."† Assuredly this hypothesis can alone bear out M. Renan's version of the incidents in the journey to Emmaus. The unknown companion who joins the two disciples on the road is "a pious man, well read in the Scriptures, and able to quote Moses and the prophets." Pleased with his kindly talk, they constrain him to take with them his evening meal.

"How often, at this hour, had they seen their well-loved master lay aside the burden of the day in the ease of a careless gaiety, and, cheered by a draught of generous wine, speak to them of that fruit of the vine which he should drink anew with them in his Father's kingdom. His gesture in breaking the bread and in offering it to them, like the master of a Jewish household, was deeply graven in their memory. Full of sweet sadness, *they* FORGET the stranger: it is Jesus himself who holds the bread, who breaks it and offers it to them. So absorbed are they in their recollections, that they do not mark the departure of the stranger, who had been obliged to continue his journey."*

We may well ask, after such a recital, what grounds we have for condemning Euemerus, when he asserted that Zeus was a great leader of men, whose inscriptions he had seen in various parts of the world. In this strange system, probabilities become certainties, and certainties become probabilities. The immediate departure of many disciples to Galilee as mentioned in the first chapter as a fact, in the second as a likelihood; the motive for their journey (a home-sickness for the lake and the beautiful mountains where they had wandered with Jesus) is a part of that scene-painting which, without a particle of evidence, represents Jesus himself as profoundly impressed with the natural beauties and features of Galilee. But while the disciples at Jerusalem are troubled and perplexed, and even the two friends at Emmaus are filled with a sweet sadness, "never was a journey more joyous" than that of the Galilæans to their northern home. They were prepared to see Jesus, and they saw him.

But while these visions were multiplied both in Jerusalem and in Galilee, "where," asks M. Renan, "were the worms consuming the lifeless body which had been placed in the sepulchre?" This, he answers, we shall never know.

"It is possible that it may have been taken away by some of the disciples, and carried on to Galilee. They who remained at Jerusalem would know nothing of this, while they who took it to Galilee would have heard no tidings of the Resurrection, the belief in which had been formed after their departure. This belief they would not gainsay; if they had, their words would have been of no avail. When miracles are credited, attempts to explain the fact are of no use."†

If not taken by these, it may have been removed by the Jews, either from the wish to prevent any possible tumult or the performance of any funeral rites over the body; or, the deed may have been done by the owner of the garden, who did not relish the use to which his cave had been put. The last supposition, M. Renan admits, is scarcely consistent with the alleged arrangements of the cloths and napkins in the sepulchre; but here we have what looks like the handiwork of a woman, and there is room for suspicion that Mary Magdalene may have so arranged them in order to lend greater plausibility to her tale. "The female mind, when swayed by passion, is liable to the strangest illusions, and is frequently the accom-

* Les Apôtres, 15. † Ib. 18.

* P. 20. † P. 40.

plice of its own dreams. No one wilfully deceives himself in order to bring about incidents of a marvellous character; but every one without thinking of it is led to connive at them."*

These gratuitous, and in part unworthy assumptions, are caused by a shirking of the real difficulty. If the tale of Joseph of Arimathæa and Nicodemus is not strictly historical, there is no evidence that the body was ever laid in the cave, or even received back from the custody of the executioners. This is the capital question, but instead of facing it, M. Renan bids us "draw a veil over these mysteries," which, in part at least, are of his own creating.

From these apparitions of Jesus we turn, finally, to the miracle of Pentecost, which in the hands of M. Renan undergoes a transformation not unlike that of the myth of Salmoneus in the hands of the Euemerists. The early Christian society was no stranger to "descents of the Holy Spirit," analogous to those of Quakers, Jumpers, Shakers, of camp meetings and revivals. But among such descents "there was one which left on the infant church a profound impression. On day, while the brethren were assembled, a storm broke out. A strong wind blew the windows open; the heavens were on fire. Storms in Judæa are accompanied by immense discharges of electric fluid, and the air seems as if it were ploughed up into ridges of flame. Whether the fluid actually penetrated the building, or whether a blinding flash suddenly lit up the faces of all there assembled, they were convinced that the spirit had entered, and had been poured on their heads in the shape of tongues of flame."† The simplicity even of Jews or Galilæans must have been severely tested, before they could draw this conclusion from a phenomenon with which all the inhabitants of Palestine must have been perfectly familiar: but M. Renan's story involves a conclusion which seems to be fatal to the whole theory. If this hypothesis be true, then this legend of the Pentecostal miracle was in existence within a few weeks or months of the crucifixion; and if so, it seems almost incredible that an event, described by M. Renan as being so profoundly impressive, should be passed by without even a passing notice, not only in all the Gospels, but in all the so-called Apostolic epistles. The absence of all allusion to any such event in any other part of the New Testament, points surely to the fact that the whole story is of late growth, and renders it unnecessary to examine M. Renan's strange notion that the wonder lay not in the disciples speaking in new languages, but in their uttering unintelligible sounds which struck on the ears of the foreign Jews and proselytes like words in the several dialects.‡ Nay, his supposition that the miracle implies the growth of a liberal idea involving the spread of Christianity throughout the world, almost suffices of itself to prove that the story did not come into vogue during the period to which he assigns it. Generalizations are seldom unattended with danger; and we cannot, without due evidence, acquiesce in the theory that Christianity, finding in none of the ancient languages an instrument adapted to its needs, shattered them all, and called into existence a new idiom.*

Mr. Renan's later chapters on the condition of the empire during the first century, although brilliant and vigorous, are likewise full of generalizations drawn on scanty evidence, of inconsistencies, and contradictions. It may be true that the empire preserved the life of the infant Christian society; it is not so evident that this society upheld in its turn the existence of the empire. The following extracts on the state of thought and belief down to the time of Trajan will speak for themselves.

When it suits his purpose to show that the great mass of the people was sunk in a besotted credulity, M. Renan can tell us that—

"While Cicero, with exquisite tact, was systematizing ideas borrowed from the Greeks—while Lucretius was writing his marvellous poem—while Horace avowed his incredulity to an emperor who heard his confession without astonishment, and Ovid treated the most decent myths in the spirit of a libertine—while the Stoics were drawing practical consequences from Greek Philosophy, the most absurd chimeras were springing into existence, and faith in the marvellous knew no bounds."†

Yet at this very time, when "the immoral system that the religious myths were good for the people and should be upheld in their interest, was openly promulgated, the precaution," we are told, "was altogether useless, for the faith of the people themselves was profoundly shaken."‡

In spite of this, we are informed, in the succeeding chapter, that, although the worship of Sabazius, Isis, and Serapis had been proscribed, "the people were drawn towards the cultus of these deities by an irresistible attraction."§

Thus, then, at a time when the faith of the common people had been profoundly shaken, that faith, instead of betraying a tendency to scepticism, exhibited "an extreme credulity;"‖ and while every one was throwing off their belief in old myths and marvels, "the world was making an astonishing progress in superstition," and the first capitals of Gentile Christianity, Antioch and Ephesus, were degraded by a blind belief in the supernatural.¶

Such inconsistencies and contradictions in statement follow naturally on attempts to reconstruct history from inadequate or mutilated materials, and to present in vivid colours the separate features of an age of which we know not much more than the outlines. M. Renan has mistaken the nature of his task. It is no part of the historian's office to frame a harmonious picture, to account for the institutions of a mythical or semi-mythical period, or to ascertain the authorship of pseudonymous compositions. The task of the historian must from its very nature be, to a great extent, destructive. In all ages there is a constant accretion of fable, a constant tendency to misrepresent and exaggerate; and with these dispositions the genu-

* P. 43. † P. 63. ‡ P. 65.

* P. 71. † P. 328. ‡ P. 341.
§ P. 346. ‖ P. 366. ¶ P. 370.

ine historian must wage always an internecine war. For periods of which we have no known contemporary accounts, or for which our materials cannot be trusted without strong independent corroboration, the results of criticism must be confined chiefly to an exposure of falsehood, and our knowledge must be measured by ascertaining the extent of our ignorance. Apart from genuine contemporary testimony, we can never have the assurance that probable narratives are not plausible fictions, and that dedications, like those of Luke and of the Acts to Theophilus, are not merely "lies with a circumstance." The temptation to reconstruct history by the aid of divination must be both strong and general, since so many men of undoubted power and learning are found to yield to it. But neither learning nor experience will enable us to transmute probabilities into facts, and the historian who attempts the task will be recompensed by being placed in the ranks of alchemists and astrologers.

We have spoken freely of the faults which run through the whole of M. Renan's work; and it may seem almost invidious not to give the same prominence to its many and striking merits. But the brilliance of M. Renan's style, the richness of his illustrations, his wealth of learning, will be realized by all who, like ourselves, have examined his pages simply as historical critics; nor will their severest censures be suffered to interfere with the gratitude which they owe him for all that he has done well. M. Renan has turned to good account his practical acquaintance with the Eastern world; and his real strength lies in those portions of his work in which he illustrates the earliest phases of the Christian Church from existing conditions of Oriental society. Whenever he treats of such topics as the communistic systems of Asia and Egypt, of the theistic tendencies of Judaism, of the financial almsgiving of the Roman empire, M. Renan's inferences are specially happy, and his conclusions may generally be accepted, with the one reservation—that here, as elsewhere, his love of pictorial effect leads him sometimes to give undue weight to statements which in other passages he may have cast aside as of little value. The rapid decay of Syrian Christianity is an acknowledged fact; the assertion that this decay was owing directly to theories of communism, is probably true, and demands grave attention; the inference that a theory of communism formed part of the teaching of Jesus, has a momentous bearing on the origin and nature of Christianity itself. Whatever may be thought of M. Renan's attempts to account for the growth of legends like the story of Ananias and Sapphira, few will be found to question the fact, that—

"Institutions founded on communism start with a momentary brilliancy, inasmuch as communism implies a vehement excitement, but soon degenerate, communism being contrary to the nature of man. In their paroxysms of virtue, men fancy that they can rid themselves altogether of selfishness and personal interests; and self-love revenges itself by showing them that absolute disinterestedness is the cause of graver evils than those which they had thought to avoid by suppressing all property."*

Not less cogent are his remarks on the phases exhibited in common by later Judaism and earlier Christianity:—

"The question of proselytes affected Judaism and Christianity in the same way. In both alike the need was felt of widening the entrance-door. For those who took this view, circumcision became a useless or mischievous practice, and Mosaic observances became simply a mark of race, without value to any except the descendants of Abraham. Before it could become a universal religion, Judaism was compelled to present itself as a sort of deism, which imposed no duties but those of natural religion. It had here a high mission; and in the earlier half of the first century, one party among the Jews recognized it with very clear conviction. In one aspect, Judaism was one of that crowd of national religions which filled the world, and which owed their sanctity solely to the fact that the men of old time had worshipped after that way; in another, Judaism was the absolute faith, made for all and destined to be embraced by all. The frightful outburst of fanaticism which carried everything before it in Judæa, and brought on the war of extermination, cut short the promise of this career, and Christianity took up the work which the synagogue had been unable to carry out. Leaving questions of ritual on one side, Christianity extended the monotheistic propaganda of Judaism. The principle which had given success to Judaism among the women of Damascus, in the seraglio of Abennerig, with Helena, and with so many devout proselytes, imparted force to Christianity throughout the whole world. In this sense the glory of Christianity is indeed blended with that of Judaism. A generation of fanatics robbed the latter of its reward, and hindered it from gathering in the crop which it had sown."†

Such reflections lead to inquiries which cannot be hastily dismissed and on which we have not space to enter, while they make us regret the more deeply that M. Renan has not carried through other chapters of his work the same judicial sagacity and the same consistent application of the canons of historical criticism.

Art. III.—The English and their Origin.

The English and their Origin. A Prologue to Authentic English History. By Luke Owen Pike, M.A., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-law. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1866.

If there be any Englishman who in vain tries to rid himself of an incorrigible antipathy to everything and everybody of German extraction, and yet experiences, ever and anon, uneasy misgivings as he looks back to the tradition of his own race, to such an one relief has at last been brought in the shape of a "Prologue to Authentic English History," by Mr. Pike. Or if there be any other Englishman who is distracted with jealousy so often as he

* Les Apôtres, p. 242. † Ib. p. 259.

contrasts his own gross Teutonic antecedents with the sublimer lineaments of Celtic origin, conspicuous in the Irish, the Scotch, and the Welsh, such an one may henceforth repose in untroubled self-complacency, seeing that Mr. Pike has laid bare the national delusion, and made it transparently clear to the tremulous patriot that he is as true a Briton as the most genuine Welshman of his acquaintance. To be sure, he must happen to be on the right side as to a few personal characteristics which he may have hitherto somewhat too contemptuously disregarded. It will be well for him that his hat betrays by its shape a dolichocephalic skull, and is not of the rounder proportions alleged to be sent abroad to the less favoured brachycephalic Dutch. He will stand on all the surer ground, the greater his height, the darker his hair, and the more pugilistic his habits. If he is a metaphysician, he will be all the more secure if he inclines to Locke rather than to Kant; and, if a politician, his case is all the more hopeful if his sympathies are with John Wilkes rather than Lord Eldon; with Mr. Bright rather than Lord Derby. His claims to true Celtic parentage will be established all the more clearly and surely if he plays cricket, attends and patronizes the contests of the ring, is not unknown on the turf, prefers *Cain* and *Queen Mab* to *Faust* and *Wallenstein*, has a fixed aversion to pre-Raphaelite nuns digging their own graves, and while taking good care to be surprised at nothing, is ready, on the slightest suggestion, to blush and decently hang down his head at everything.

This is nothing more than a compendious mode of enumerating the leading marks of distinction which Mr. Pike believes to characterize severally the Teuton and the Briton. Not the least remarkable half of the book before us is exclusively occupied in giving effect to this belief, by setting out the grounds of it in what, no doubt, is considered even superfluous detail. Nor, indeed, is it any answer to such arguments, when adduced as portions of a lengthened ethnological inquiry, to reproduce them in the most ludicrous form, and to select for criticism, not the best part of such reasoning, but the worst. All antiquarian investigations turn upon evidence seemingly the most minute; and where such evidence is brought forward in sufficient quantity, and sifted with unsparing rigour, it is all the more precious for being new and unexpected. At the same time evidence is not the more valuable in itself for being strange and self-contradictory, nor are we much enlightened by having hatters, such as Messrs. Lincoln and Bennett, gravely quoted in evidence in one sentence, and then being vaguely told in the next that "in some cases it was found that their experience confirmed the statements of the anatomists—in others not, and even the hatters, like the anatomists, sometimes differed among themselves." In such a case, the value of "the points of agreement between all the anatomists and all the hatters" becomes reduced to an infinitesimal quantity; especially when in a note a little farther on it is incidentally remarked that "where there is an unusual development of the superciliary ridges, there is no corresponding sign in the size of the hat, which does not come so far down on the forehead."

This is only one instance of a series of disappointments to which Mr. Pike's readers become, after repeated exposure, tolerably well inured. Just as the glimmering of some general law is becoming apparent in the text, the return of chaos is precipitately restored by a provoking limitation in a note. If a law is worthy of the name, surely it ought to hold universally; if there be seeming exceptions, they must be precisely accounted for by the ascertained operation and interference of the known laws, or else the alleged law is not yet shown to be any law at all. In spite of this obvious truth, in one place Mr. Pike asserts in the text that on the evidence of anatomists and hatters, long oval heads are not common among the northern Germans of the present day. In a note it appears that "One of the anatomists tells a different tale. Professor Karl Vogt speaks of the extreme length of the Dutch head." This is only one specimen of the sort of induction with the aid of which Mr. Pike seeks to establish laws indispensable, as will appear hereafter, to the support of his theory. In another place, when attempting to show the similarity of Celtic and Greek skulls, and after quoting in the text from Retzius to the effect "That the Apollo Belvidere is universally cited as a model of a beautiful Greek form, and that it is in the highest degree remarkable that the statue presents a totally different skull from the brachycephalic form of the skull of the Farnese Hercules; that is, it is oval, with the occiput prominent." Mr. Pike complacently subjoins in a note, "I ought, perhaps, to remark that the Apollo Belvidere is possibly the work of some artist *who lived in Italy during the Empire*, but the statement of Retzius will apply equally well to the genuine Greek Apollos." And yet it is the essence of this part of the argument that the artist of the Apollo Belvidere should have been a Greek with only Greek notions and examples of perfect form ever before his eyes. It is scarcely necessary to multiply instances of the looseness of reasoning and mockery of logic prevalent throughout, such as (to take one more specimen) where, after our being told in the text that "The anatomists who have touched on the subject are singularly unanimous in declaring the ancient Greek skulls to be generally of the oval form," we have an ingenuous confession in a note that the author "doubts whether there is sufficient anatomical evidence to establish the prevailing ancient Greek type; and that he has himself inspected and measured the Greek skulls in Netley Hospital, and found a considerable diversity among them." Such an admission, on the cross-examination of a scientific witness in a court of justice, would go far irreparably to ruin the whole case in favour of which the evidence was adduced. It cannot be that the requirements of logic in a matter so obscure, so much controverted, and so interesting, as the origin of the English people, can be a whit less severe.

But, not to linger at present over the special

instances of weak and fallacious reasoning with which Mr. Pike's book abounds, the sum of its shortcomings may be conveniently gathered up in the allegation that Mr. Pike ignores from first to last the nature and strength of his opponent's case, and unites with inattention to the sort of proof his own case really needs, the most culpable indolence in properly elaborating even that kind of proof he takes to be sufficient. In the present day there is a sort of fashion prevalent of presenting the public with an interminable series of immature generalisations from the history of the past. Some of these works have emanated from truly scientific minds, and have at least possessed the merit of bringing into prominence a number of facts generally overlooked, and of arranging them in an order at once interesting and new. The laws, indeed, of human progress thereupon professed to be discovered, have been as often false as true. The works themselves, however, have stimulated inquiry, and at least done homage to a sound method of investigation full of promise for the time to come. Of course, side by side with these really valuable enterprises in search of new laws of human nature and action, have been witnessed, and are being witnessed daily, a series of impotent attempts to guide the chariot of the sun on the part of well-meaning persons equally destitute of the requisite knowledge, genius, and indefatigable spirit of work. The result is, a simulation of logical methods, the more dangerous for its seductive garb; an ostentatious parade of valueless and unverified occurrences, the mere pallid skeletons of cautiously collected and indisputable phenomena; in fine, the rashest of generalisations, wholly destitute of contrary instances, exclusion of possible causes, and allowance for the plurality of causation. The old vices of ancient logicians are repeated in the dress of the most modern improvements; and unless a new Bacon arise, or the warning voice of criticism is listened to betimes, a modern Dunciad will be ushered in, more irremediable, because more delusive and phantasmagoric, than any of old.

It certainly cannot be denied that Mr. Pike has chosen a subject of real interest and some importance. The people of England will be no losers for at last learning to know themselves. They will be better and wiser for having clearly before their eyes what are the ingredients which properly go to make a measure or a disposition "un-English;" what it is they themselves strictly imply so often as they stigmatise a character or a trait as "German," or as "French;" what are the qualities which have had most to do with the peculiar track in which their own history has developed itself; how far these qualities approximate them to or sever them from their Teutonic or Celtic neighbours; what different races either of Celts or Teutons are at present enclosed in the British Isles; what are the several bounds of their habitation, and what is the degree and result of their intermixture with each other. The answer to all these questions manifestly implies something more and better than the pampering of a merely inquisitive taste. Rather would it lend a precious key to open some perplexing problems in history, education, government, and even international policy. The purpose of Mr. Pike's treatise is to maintain the following propositions: *First*, that the claims of the English people to a Teutonic origin have been gratuitously and unduly exaggerated. *Secondly*, that the claims of the English people to a Celtic origin are indisputably superior to their claims to a Teutonic origin. *Thirdly*, that there is a very close relationship discoverable between the Cymbric inhabitants of Wales and the ancient Greeks, and that thus the ancient Greeks form a natural link in the chain of social development between the early British and the modern English.

It is proper to be borne in mind before entering upon the discussion of these propositions, that, from first to last, Mr. Pike's spirit is fired with the enthusiasm of the advocate far more than informed by the calm impartiality of the genuine man of science. Nothing is more suicidal in controversy than to understate an opponent's case; yet Mr. Pike scarcely seems to admit that the universal opinion held in opposition to his own by all the best historians antiquarians, scholars, and philologists, has even rested on the shadow of a case at all. Nothing, again, is more unfavourable to gaining a fair hearing for a novel doctrine, than to betray the existence of a keen personal interest in its triumph. Yet Mr. Pike makes no scruple of insinuating throughout that he abominates the Germans and adores the Welsh. He would lose his own self-respect, and all respect for his fellow-countrymen, if he acquiesced in the vulgar belief that he had one common blood with a nation of metaphysicians; the more so where they are such as either assume their premises, and pour out from them "endless systems of metaphysics, each at variance with its predecessor," or else "collect an immense mass of facts, some important, some unimportant, which are either not reasoned upon at all, or are reasoned upon without having been previously digested." He would be scandalized to continue affiliated to a race "which, with the exception of Goethe and Schiller, has produced scarcely a poet of European reputation;" whose writers, "always enamoured of the wonderful, always anxious to elaborate, are frequently turgid and obscure, and have displayed but little variety in their compositions;" whose speculation, "always subjective, and therefore always dogmatic, has, since the time of Kant, passed through a period of dogmatic pantheism and has at last culminated in equally dogmatic atheism;" whose thinkers amass facts without caring for the results which may follow, and merchants amass money without any corresponding desire to spend it; whose inventive faculties, whether in the mechanical arts, or in the construction of novels and dramas, are the least developed in Europe; whose proneness to "wonder" in the simplest emergency of common life, is only rivalled by their incapacity to blush at the most outrageous violation of decency and comeliness.

It is not at present to the purpose to inquire how far Mr. Pike's vision of the German peo-

ple, their science, habits, tastes, and achievements, is or is not critically just. Probably it is about as fair and accurate a tableau of true German life as an average foreigner generally forms and publishes of English life, and is about equally well suited to the rough-and-ready appetites of the readers of cheap provincial literature. But whether flagrantly prejudiced, flippantly shallow, or severely true, such are Mr. Pike's views with regard to the characteristics in modern times of the Teutonic race. His natural or sole alternative is to disavow all connexion with such untutored barbarians, and, in hot haste to deliver himself and his countrymen from the vile association, turning in helpless dismay to the illused and neglected Celt, he—writes a book.

Perhaps the most convenient form of raising the successive issues Mr. Pike has presented will be that of gathering up in as succinct a form as possible what seems to be actually known about the primitive Celtic races who inhabited Britain prior to the infusion of Teutonic blood; the nature of that infusion, and of the Anglo-Saxon or other Teutonic invasions; and the final relations established between the Celtic and Teutonic races. The best or only sources of information open to us are early Welsh traditions, the accounts of contemporary writers, and local names. Each of these sources is liable to be invalidated by its own peculiar kind of error, and it is only from a comparison of the results of all three that a probable statement can be ventured on. For it would be falling into the very dogmatism and narrowness of view we condemn in the speculations of Mr. Pike, if we for a moment alleged that more than a probable result can be reached either in favour of one hypothesis or the other. There is only a very narrow ground for putting forward such an incontrovertible claim in favour of either race as Mr. Pike has no scruple in usurping in favour of one. The question is one of extreme minuteness and delicacy, and can be only approximately answered by the use of calm and unbiassed observation and a ready willingness to be solely guided to a conclusion by the promptings of apparent truth.

The chief source of traditional information in the first branch of our inquiry, that is, as to the primitive inhabitants of Britain, is generally held to be the *Welsh Triads*. They are of somewhat doubtful antiquity, but the notices they give of the earliest occupants of Great Britain are curious, and, so far as they suggest and derive confirmation from further inquiry in the same direction, are not without their value. According to this antique record, the island of *Prydain*, or Britain, was divided into three parts—*Albyn*, which lay to the north of the Clyde and the Forth, *Lloegria*, which lay to the east and south, and *Cambria*, which comprised the intervening districts to the north and west of the Lloegrians. All these parts are said to have been inhabited by aboriginal and Celtic tribes. The late Dr. Donaldson, one of the most eminent philologists of this country, in his essay on "English Ethnography," published in the *Cambridge Essays* for 1856, has entered upon a very interesting speculation suggested by this triple distribution and the names of the several parts. He observes that we have *Ligurians* by the side of *Umbrians* in Italy, *Ligerians* to the north of *Gar-umnians*, or *Gar-umbrians*, in France, and Cumbrians, or Cambrians, by the side of *Lloegrians* in Britain. It is expressly stated by ancient authorities that the original inhabitants of Umbria, in Italy, were a Gallic or Celtic race. The Ligurians were undoubtedly a Celtic tribe, closely related to the Umbrians, for the *Ambrones*, or Umbrians, was generally recognised as another mode of naming the *Ligyes*, or *Ligurians*, who in Greece were called *Leleges*. Dr Donaldson goes on to point out the obvious connexion between the name of the *Ambrones*, or *Umbrians*, and that of the Italian river, *Umbro*. All Englishmen know that the district of *North-Umbria*, in England, got its name from the *Ymbra-land*, through which the river Humber flows. Moreover, *Humber* and *Umbro* connect themselves with the Gaelic *amhainn*, or *amhna*, "a river," and, supposing that the words *Cambrian*, *Cumbrian*, *Cymru*, bear the same relation to the words *Humber*, *Umbro*, &c., that certain Sanscrit and Phœnician words bear to Latin and Greek respectively, it would appear that the Celtic tribe so designated derived its name from some great river on which they were settled, and to which they gave the name of *Humber* or *Cumber*. So with the *Loire* or *Liger*, and the *Garonne*, or *Garumna*, in France. The former seems to be related to a root expressing a small river, and which, with the usual Celtic reduplication, appears as *Leleges*, or, without this, as *Ligyes*. The *Garumna* combines the Gaelic *gar*, found also in *Garry*, *Garry-owen*, &c., with the other word for river, *amhainn amhna*, *Umber*.

Now, the relevancy of this somewhat minute investigation consists in this, that even so slender a link of river-names as this, seems to connect all the inhabitants of the South of Britain with the Gauls of Northern France, and the Celtic tribes of Northern Italy. We shall shortly give independent testimony to enforce this view of a colonization of the Southern parts of Britain directly from the coasts of Gaul. When once this community of race is irrefragably established, all evidence as to the habits and characteristics of the Celts in Gaul will be let in, if necessary, for the present argument, as directly applicable to the same people in Britain. The older branch of the Celtic inhabitants was doubtless the *Cumbrian*, which, according to the *Triads*, claimed the sovereignty "by the voice of the country and the people according to right and primeval rank." It would seem that this branch, in prehistorical times, occupied an area extending from the isles of Britain to the east coast of Italy, and were intruded upon by the kindred race of *Leleges*, *Ligyes*, *Ligurians*, or *Lloegrians*, who established their line of occupation from the Humber-land of England, across France to the Alps, the Tyrol, and the seaboard of Genoa, and who also found their way to the southern regions of Italy and Greece. Thus it would seem that the Gaelic tribes of Albyn were the same race as the Cumbrians,

considered as distinct from the Lloegrians, and that the present differences in the dialects of Wales and the Highlands are due to the fact that the Lloegrians gradually absorbed the entire population of the south of the Clyde and the Forth, and that their dialect became the paramount idiom in the whole country occupied by them.

Bearing in mind the above results, we naturally turn with curiosity to the notices of a contemporary historian, such as was Julius Cæsar. He was a shrewd observer and a truthful narrator, though of course destitute of the aids of modern science, as well as of leisure and inclination for a protracted survey. However, what he gives us is full of interest, and will be seen to derive the firmest support from topographical monuments. He tells us that the maritime part of the island was possessed by those who passed over from the Belgæ, in Gaul, for the sake of plunder and of hostile invasion, and that they were mostly distinguished by the names of the states from which they originally came; there was an "infinite number" of them; their houses were very numerous, and nearly resembled those of the Gauls, and their cattle were in great numbers. Cæsar thus tells us that the seacoast of Britain was inhabited by Belgæ from the Continent. No other writer has given the same statement, but it is confirmed from the fact related by Ptolemy and others, that there were British tribes or states which had the same names as communities in Belgic Gaul. On the south coast of Britain a tribe is found named merely Belgæ, whose capital was Venta Belgorum, or Winchester. To the eastward of the Belgæ was another tribe, named Regni, also Rhemi, and to the northward of both of these were the Atrebatii. These are tribes nearly synonymous with Belgic tribes in Gaul. Dr. Pritchard thinks it very probable that we should be correct in reckoning all the parts to the southward of the Atrebatii as belonging to Belgic Britain. A line so drawn and prolonged towards the east and west would join the Severn and the Thames. Cæsar says that the people who inhabited the interior part of Britain were produced in the island itself. It has been a matter of dispute what this "interior part" was meant to designate. It is most likely Cæsar implied the country northward of the line above marked out, which cuts off to the southward all the tribes known to have been Belgic, and of which the most northerly were the Atrebatii. Tacitus inclined to support the same theory. After observing that the Britons who lived nearest to Gaul resembled the people of that country, he adds, "on a general estimate of probabilities it is to be believed that the Gauls originally took possession of the neighbouring coast." He then adds the reasons which confirmed him in his opinion: "The sacred rites and superstition of the Gauls are discoverable among the Britons, nor is there much difference in the language of these two nations." This last remark introduces us naturally to a new and most significant kind of testimony in support of the community of race between the Belgæ of Gaul and one large section of the inhabitants of Britain prior to the Teutonic infusion. Dr. Pritchard, in his "Researches into the Physical History of Mankind," notices that a remarkably uniform and easily detected character pervades the names of places in undoubtedly Celtic countries. He has, therefore, taken the trouble to make a copious collection of local names in Gaul and Britain, as well as in other countries inhabited by colonies of Celts, and has obtained some very important comparative results. The most frequent components of such local names are *dunum*, or *dinum*; *durum*, or *duro*; *magus*; *acum*; *acus*, or *iacum*. Long lists are appended to show the prevalence of names with these terminations in Celtic and Belgic Gaul, and in known Celtic colonies elsewhere. Similar lists suffice to show the perpetual recurrence of like forms in Belgic Britain, and even in the northern parts of Britain, supposed to have been inhabited by the aboriginal Britons mentioned by Julius Cæsar. Upon this investigation Dr. Pritchard builds up a most conclusive argument as to the unity of language throughout the Belgic and Celtic countries both in Gaul and Britain. A still more minute analysis suffices to make it probable that the ancient language common to Gauls and Britons was more nearly allied to the Welsh, or Cymric, than to the Erse, or Gaelic. The Welsh dialect, which appears to be the relic of the language of the inland Britons, or Cæsar's aborigines, is most probably akin to the dialect spoken in the parts of Gaul about the mouth of the Rhone, and named Celtic Gaul: the Cornish to the idiom of the Belgæ who overran the southern district of England, and probably sought refuge in the West, when the Saxons were extending themselves from the eastern part of the island.

There is little doubt at the present day that the inhabitants of Belgic Gaul were genuine Celts. It was at one time supposed, on the authority of a passage in Cæsar's "Commentaries," that the Belgæ were not Celts but Teutons. The Britons were imagined, by those who adopted this view, to have emigrated not from Gaul but from Denmark, or the North of Germany. The evidence of language is, however, as we have seen, decisive against this opinion. And, further, the original Belgæ were distinguishable from the Germans in many respects. They had more settled abodes and cities well known to us by name, and they had with the Celts one common religion, and submitted like them to the Druidical hierarchy. One of the Belgic tribes were the Treviri, who preserved their ancient language, and continued to speak it in the time of St. Jerome. That father of the Church, who was in the habit of noting linguistic distinctions, on coming from Gaul to Galatia, in Asia Minor, observed that the natives of the latter country spoke nearly the same language as that used by the Treviri in the former. The Galatians are known to have come from the remote parts of Celtic Gaul. Hence the language of the Belgæ was Celtic and not German.

Thus we have followed two different lines of reasoning, and have been conducted by each of them to conclusions that harmonize well

with each other. Following up the stream of history to the earliest source in the dark recesses of primeval obscurity, we come, according to one tale, to two races named *Lloegrians* and *Cumbrians*, whereof the former ultimately prevailed over the latter: according to the other more palpable narrative, we come to two races designated as Gaulish Belgæ and aboriginal Britons. It is in harmony with either historical version, that Britain was colonized from the Continent by Celtic races pressing one on the other, those arriving last conquering, but not quite exterminating, their predecessors. It is thus possible, but can never be established out of the reach of controversy, that both these narratives point to one series of events alone. The mode of colonization of Scotland by the Irish Scots, by the Caledonians, and by the Picts, as well as of Ireland by emigrants either thrust out of Britain by the Welsh, or else making their way from Spain and across the Bay of Biscay, affords a like series of interminable problems suitable to illustrate the complexity of the present subject, though not directly related to the argument now in hand.

It is here of some moment to interpose a description of the Celtic character and habits as the most trustworthy historical monuments have handed them down to us. It will thus appear how far Mr. Pike is to be congratulated on the pains he has been at to establish the unadulterated Celtic parentage of all that is admirable in English qualities and tastes. No two nations are said to have been more contrasted in their social and political institutions than the Gauls and Germans. Among the latter all the members of the community were freemen and warriors, wore the arms of freemen, and took their place in battle and in the deliberative assemblies of the people. Cæsar informs us that throughout Gaul, on the contrary, there were two dignified orders: the sacerdotal order or the Druids, and the knights or military caste. "These alone," says Cæsar, "are held in any respect—the common people are regarded merely in the light of slaves, and undertake nothing of themselves, nor are they admitted to councils. Many oppressed by debts, or by the exaction of excessive tributes, or the injuries of the powerful, surrender themselves into slavery under the nobles who exercise over them the rights of masters. The Druids manage all the affairs of religion, public and private sacrifices, and are the interpreters of all divine things." No doubt the crouching and reverential spirit of the race had burnt itself out by its own intensity before it gave birth to the English people, or else this people could scarcely have owed to the Celts (as Mr. Pike insists) its being the first in Europe to dispute the divine rights of kings.

Boldness, levity, and fickleness, a want of firmness and self-command, are by the old writers universally ascribed to the Gauls as their prominent characteristics. Dio Cassius says that their leading faults are expressed in these words:—*το κουφον το δειλον και το θρασυ*. All the ancient writers ascribe to the Gauls the greatest degree of unchastity and impurity in their manners. Diodorus, Athenæus, and other writers, have preserved accounts of them which indicate that they lived in a state of almost universal prostitution, and were literally devoid of all sense of modesty or shame. The Britons, in particular, lived in a state of incestuous concubinage, described by Cæsar as of the most abominable sort. It is well remarked by Dr. Prichard that "from such customs we should expect to find resulting the greatest degree of physical and moral degradation, and we may thus account in part for the great inferiority of the Celtic nations whenever they came into collision with the Germans, which terminated in a complete and final subjugation of the former in every country."

Before proceeding to review the evidence which bears on the Anglo-Saxon invasion of England, properly so called, it is proper to state that there is a good deal of floating evidence to support the view that, even previously to the wholesale emigration from the shores of the Elbe and the Rhine, a very considerable intermixture of true Teutonic blood had been effected. We have hitherto stated the argument in the form most favourable to Mr. Pike. We have admitted that the Belgæ and their offshoots were Celts and not Teutons. We have not even examined the elaborate argument of Mr. Adams, conveyed in a paper read before the "Philological Society," to the effect that the Gothic races were settled along the northern sea-board of Gaul, and the southern portion of Britain, at least 400 years previous to the period generally assigned as the epoch of Germanic immigration into Britain. The argument is forcible in an historical point of view, but the philological considerations the other way, as has been shown, seem to be insuperable. However, there is no doubt that Teutons had made their way into this island long before the immigrations from Lower Germany. Mr. Kemble notices that, as early as the second century *Chauci* are mentioned among the inhabitants of the south-east of Ireland, and (as he says), although we have only the name whereby to identify them with the great Saxon tribe, yet this deserves consideration when compared with the indisputably Celtic names of the surrounding races. The *Coritani*, who occupied the present counties of Lincoln, Leicester, Rutland, Northampton, Nottingham, and Derby, were Germans, according to the Welsh tradition itself. Mr. Kemble further points out the high probability of wandering Saxons and Angles deserting at a very early period the wastes and islands of the Elbe, in search of the fertile fields of Britain. Furthermore, the policy of the Emperor Marcus Antoninus, at the close of the Marcomannic war, had transplanted to Britain multitudes of Germans, to serve at once as instruments of Roman power, and as hostages for their countrymen on the frontier of the empire. The remnants of this powerful confederation cannot but have left long and lasting traces of their settlement among us. Again, the celebrated document called *Notitia utriusque imperii*, was compiled half a century earlier than the earliest date assigned to Hengist. Among

the important officers of state mentioned therein, as administering the affairs of this island, is the "Comes Littoris Saxonici per Britannias;" and his government, which extended from near the present site of Portsmouth to Wells, in Norfolk, was supported by various civil and military establishments, dispersed along the seaboard. The term "Littus Saxonicum," has indeed been explained to mean rather the coast visited by, or exposed to the ravages of the Saxons, than the coast occupied by them. But, inasmuch as the term, "Littus Saxonicum," on the mainland, was that district in which members of the Saxon confederacy were settled, it seems the most reasonable supposition that the "Littus Saxonicum per Britannias" obtained its name in the same way.

But by far the most celebrated infusion of foreign blood, prior to the Anglo-Saxon invasion, is that alluded to in the *Welsh Triads*, in the following terms: — "The first invading tribes were the Coranians, or Coriniadd, who came from the Country of Pwyl. They were settled about the river Humber and the shores of the German Ocean." The mention of *Pwyl* —that is, *Poland*, or "the plains"—seems to point to a migration from that part of Europe occupied in early times by a mixture of Sclavonic and Teutonic tribes. Whether or not we are to discern traces of their name in those of *Caritni* and *Charudes*, Dr. Donaldson thinks no doubt can be entertained that they were more or less German, and that they came from a district coterminous with that which subsequently supplied the swarms of Saxons and Angles. If it is a correct inference that the *Ratæ Corion*, or *Coritanorum* of the *Itinerary*, is Leicester, the tribe must have extended their settlements considerably inland. In this way, Teutonic influences must have been widely dispersed. A word or two may here be spared to the rather diffident reproduction by Mr. Pike of the fiction which would connect the *Cymbri* of Wales with the *Cimmerii* of Homer and Herodotus. Cimmeria was the dark and unknown coast of an imaginary ocean, supposed to reach from the Atlantic, through the Baltic, to the Caspian, and thence to the utmost East. It was enveloped in perpetual fogs, and never visited by the solar rays. Even in Strabo's time, the notion entertained by geographers was, that the coast of the Baltic turned towards the south-east, and was continuous with that of the Caspian Sea. Hence, in later times, the countries on the Baltic came to be termed Scythia, and the Danish inhabitants of the Cimbric Chersonese to be confounded with Eastern Scythians. The supposed affinity between the Cimmerii and the Cimbri rests on no other foundation than the resemblance, perhaps accidental, of two gentile names. In connexion with this semi-mythical immigration of *Coranians*, Dr. Donaldson makes a conjecture which seems to reconcile the results of several different lines of inquiry. He suggests that, whereas the Saxons are said to have come over in "three ships," that is, doubtless, in three separate detachments, of Jutes, Angles, and Frisians, or Saxon proper, and there is the strongest reason for believing that the Anglo-Saxon conquest was primarily effected by the two latter branches of the Saxon race alone—it is probable that the Jutes invaded this country long before the rest. It is said that the *Jutes*, or Goths from the Baltic, came at the invitation of Vortigern, and established themselves in Kent. They referred the foundation of their kingdom there to a mythical *Æsk*, or *Isk*, thus connecting themselves with the *Isk-æsones* of Friesland. From all this, it is probable that the Jutes were no other than the *Coranians*, or Coriniadd, who appear to have belonged to Jutic or Gothic stock. The only discrepancy is, that the former are said to have occupied the Humber-land, the latter were undoubtedly settled in Kent.

We now come to the Anglo-Saxon invasion, emphatically so called. We need scarcely waste our space in doing more than disposing summarily of the legends of Hengist and Horsa, Vortigern, Rowena, and the like. Suffice it to say, that the names Hengist and Horsa are two synonyms: the one is the high-German, the other, the Anglian, or low-German — name for "a horse." The "white horse" was the ensign of the invaders; the Frisians called it their *Hengist*, and the Anglians their *Horsa*.

The invaders of Britain from the coasts of Germany are distributable into a western branch who colonized the southern parts of England, and an eastern branch, to whom we owe the name of the whole country and language, as well as the population of all the eastern, northern, and midland counties. The former were called Saxons, or Frisians, and inhabited the Low Countries, where they were more or less mixed up with the Franks: the latter dwelt to the north-east of the Rhine, and were distinguished in the time of Tacitus as the *Ingævones*, or Angles. It has been noticed as remarkable, that though we use the *a* or *e*, in writing our name as *Angles*, or *English*, we keep the pronounciation of Tacitus, and speak of our country as *Ingland*. In the Runic inscriptions, the name of this country is written *Ingland* or *Igland*.

The first invasion seems to have taken place in 449, and its leaders established the Anglo-Saxon kingdom of Kent. The sixth, and last invasion, was in 549, when a tribe of the Angles established themselves in the district between the Tweed and the Forth. As it is the very gist of the present inquiry to ascertain the final relations established between the Teutonic invaders and the Celtic natives, it would be begging the question to say, simply, that all the natives who were not driven back into the far west were ruthlessly exterminated; a small portion being conciliated by treaties and alliances. When the Romans left Britain at the beginning of the fifth century, the leading tribe in this island was the Cambrian, which claimed, among other sovereign rights, the privilege of appointing the Pendragon or Commander-in-chief. It was this tribe alone which strenuously and perseveringly resisted the German invaders. The *Welsh Triads* tell us that the whole brunt of the struggle fell upon them, and that after

sustaining immense losses in battles, they were driven into Cumberland, Wales, and Cornwall, and the remainder of the whole British race was either reduced to slavery, or incorporated in different proportions with the intrusive population. The Saxons or Frisians gradually pressed forward from the south, and the Anglians from the east. These events are described as a gradual migration to this island of a large part of the population of Germany between Holstein and the Rhine: and, in the time of Bede, the country from which the conquering intruders came was almost desolated, in consequence of the numbers who had left their homes. As the different tribes of the invaders pressed inland, they gradually approached a point of convergence. Hence the centre of England was called *Myrcna*—the "marches," or border-land—and in 626 became the kingdom of Mercia. It was mainly Anglian, but necessarily contained more of the old ingredients of the population than any of the kingdoms of the coast. For the greater was the extent of the Anglian dominion, the less was the concentration of the Germanic inhabitants, as compared with that of the southern Saxons, who did not advance so far inland, and, from their greater proximity to the coasts of the Continent, were continually receiving fresh reinforcements from the original stock. From these causes it is evident that the Anglian districts were likely to be more Celtic than the Saxon countries of the south. Special investigation has shown this to be the fact. This division of England into north and south, due to the different quarters on the Continent from which the invasions proceeded, was carried out both politically and ecclesiastically, and has left unmistakeable marks in the popular dialects at the present day. Dr. Donaldson has touched on some few prominent distinctions which he observed while residing at different times in Dorsetshire, which represents the most distinctly Saxon part of the old kingdom of Wessex, and in Suffolk, which belongs to that part of East Anglia where the Anglian element was the purest. In the former dialect, the tendency was to retain the broad *a* and even to substitute it for *o* in certain cases as before an *r*. Thus, the country people always said *Darset*, *Goarge*, *starm*, &c. On the contrary, it is a marked peculiarity of the Anglian dialects to substitute *o* for *a*. Thus they say *lond*, *mon*, *stond*, &c., for *land*, *man*, *stand*. The south Saxons say, "*I geez*;" the East Anglians, "*I guiss*." The south Saxons give you the full benefit of the *r*, which the East Anglians prefer to drop before another consonant. "We heard of *parrtrudges* and *shurrts* in Dorsetshire, but the gamekeepers of Suffolk were acquainted only with *pattridges*; the parish clerks talked of the *chutch potch*; and the laundresses got up our *shutts*."

It has been thought worth while just to travel a little out of the path of our immediate inquiry, in order to show how the very details of the Teutonic invasion of Britain have left indelible marks behind them in the dialect of the people. Mr. Pike certainly deserves credit for his courage and originality in saving his theory from instant extinction by asserting the broad proposition that "language cannot tell us which was the conquering people and which the conquered." As a proof of this, he gives one or two instances in which deference to considerations of laws of language in defiance of the presence and operation of other equally well established laws would lead to absurd results. "If the language of the conqueror always prevailed," says Mr. Pike, "we should ourselves speak Norman-French, the French would speak German, and the Germans would speak Latin." It is no doubt true that, if the language of the conqueror always prevailed, most of the continental nations would be either now speaking half-a-dozen languages at once, or would have changed their language at least half-a-dozen times in the last three hundred years. Norman-French would at one time or other have taken its turn among us, German in France, and Latin in Germany. But no sane man has ever asserted that the language of either the conqueror or the conquered, or the "race which survives in greater numbers," always prevails. All that is asserted is, that where two races have come into conflict, and the language of one is found to have superseded the language of the other, the race using the prevailing language is, *cæteris paribus*, most likely to have been the conquering one of the two. This is a very narrow proposition, which Mr. Pike has neither conceived nor grappled with. Yet its irresistible cogency, as applied to the present question, is such as at once to throw upon all Celtic advocates the onus of showing by distinct positive evidence that the Celts have contributed more than the smallest proportion of blood to the formation of the English people. What kind of distinct positive evidence Mr. Pike is in a position to produce, we shall see hereafter. In the meantime, this is a convenient place to refer to Dr. Guest's recent speculations in the same field, in which he triumphantly rebuts the theory in favour of a Celtic origin for the English supposedly deducible from the Celtic element in the English language. Dr. Guest, in his paper on this subject, published in the "Proceedings of the Philological Society" for 1851-2, tells us, that, if we examine early history, we shall find almost every fact which presents itself opposed to the conclusion that the English are essentially a mixed race, half Celtic and half German. It can hardly be doubted, he says, by any one who has carefully studied Bede's account of the arrival of St. Augustin in Kent, that he found himself in the midst of a people who were altogether heathen. There is no instance in history where the intrusion of a foreign heathen element among a civilized and Christian people has extinguished their Christianity; and as Christianity and heathendom seem to have been respectively coterminous with the Welsh and English races, since Augustin charged the former with not imparting the blessings of Christianity to their neighbours, it would follow that the English of that day were descended from an ancestry purely heathen. This it will be remembered was about the end of the sixth century, about 150 years after the first establishment of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom of Kent.

Again, says Dr. Guest, if we trace the growth and history of the different English settlements,

we are led to a similar conclusion. We see small bodies of strangers establishing themselves on different points of the coast, and after protracted and bloody wars, gradually advancing their borders and slowly driving the natives from river to river. In the time of Ina, the Exe was the south-western boundary of Wessex. East of this river were "Englishmen," and west of it were "Welshmen." Athelstane drove the latter further westward, behind the Tamar, and in the district west of this river their descendants have continued to the present day. As a result of the same causes, the two races are found in numerous localities along the frontiers of Wales, living in close proximity, but still most distinctly separated—sometimes a mountain, but more generally (as at Oswestry) a brook, being the line of demarcation. Before proceeding to consider Dr. Guest's philological reply by anticipation, to Mr. Pike, we may here notice, what is observed by Mr. Marsh in his "Lectures on the Origin and History of the English Language," that there seems to have always existed, during the whole historical period, a reciprocal repulsion between the Celts and all other European families and their respective tongues, which have intermixed in a less degree than is usual between contiguous dialects. This feeling of antagonism was particularly strong with the Anglo-Saxons and their immediate descendants, and it finds very frequent expression in every age of English history.

Mr. Pike, who naturally wishes the argument to lean as little as possible on considerations of language, and apologizes (not without reason) for being apparently discourteous to philologists, though he benignly admits that philology is a "charming study," tells us that "there is philological evidence to show that Celtic blood is diffused over the country; but there cannot be any philological evidence to establish the proportion in which it is diffused." Now it is no doubt possible to adduce a list of Welsh words which agree more or less closely in form with their synonyms in our own language, and also a list of names for rivers, mountains, and the like geographical features still retaining their British appellatives. If such a phenomenon necessarily implied a diffusion of the Celtic race throughout the country, it may be quite true that, so far as the mere philological argument goes, it would be difficult to establish the proportion in which it is diffused. If, however, the phenomenon is quite explicable by the supposition of other causes being at work, and those causes can be shown to have been really at work, the mere presence of a very considerable number of Celtic words and names in English speech furnishes no guide whatever to the constitution of the English race. It is now an admitted principle that grammatical structure is a much more essential and permanent characteristic of languages than the vocabulary, and is therefore alone to be considered in tracing their history and determining their ethnological affinities. The Anglo-Saxon is not grammatically or lexically identifiable with the extant remains of any continental dialect; but so far as it is to be considered a homogeneous tongue, it much resembles what is called the old Saxon of the *Heliand* (a religious poem of the ninth century) and the Frisic, both of which belong to the Low German or Saxon branch of the Teutonic. The British element has not had any perceptible influence on the Anglo-Saxon idiom. Now as to the lists of words used in the Anglo-Saxon which have counterparts in the Welsh, it is clear that a large number of the terms in question must have been introduced into the Anglo-Saxon from a foreign source. The generally inferior culture of the Celtic and Gothic races to the Latin would afford a presumption that the Celts as well as the Germans had borrowed from the Romans such of the names for common objects as are found the same in the Celtic and Anglo-Saxon tongues. It is even highly probable that most of the words in question belong to an earlier period of human speech than that of the existence of any language identifiable as distinctly Celtic, Gothic, or Italic. Again, the introduction of a new religion into a country, the opening of new sources of commerce, and the various influences which a superior civilization exercises over the less favoured races in the neighbourhood, have all a tendency to bring in new terms, though probably unattended with any considerable admixture of a new population. Dr. Guest rests the issue of the present argument upon the answer to the question—"Did any of these influences act upon the language of our ancestors sufficiently to account for the introduction of the terms in question?"

One of the first steps in the path of social improvement would naturally be an improved agriculture. The Germans in the time of Tacitus had neither gardens nor orchards, nor even a name for Autumn. When Gaul was made a province, the civilization of Rome was brought to the frontiers of Germany, and the intercouse which took place between the Gauls and their German neighbors must have had a constant tendency to raise the standard and to widen the area of German civilization. We need not feel surprised if under all the circumstances such a word as *harrest* should take the form of a Celtic compound. Similarly, the Anglo-Saxon *peru* a pear, *mor*-beam a mulberry tree, *cyrs*-treow a cherry tree, &c., have cognate terms in most of the other Gothic dialects. The Welsh words, *per* a pear, *ceirios*, cherries, &c., make it probable that the Latin forms came into the German dialects through a Celtic medium. The same remarks seem also to apply to the names given by the Anglo-Saxons to the common culinary vegetables; *pysa* a pea, (*pys* Welsh), *cawl* colewort, *næpe* a turnip, &c.

Next to the improvements in social life, and those which tend to increase the supplies of food, the arts, observes Dr. Guest, which are connected with the science of construction seem most likely to engage the attention of rude but intelligent men when first brought under the influences of a superior civilization. The houses of the Germans must have been of the humblest description. No mortar was used, and the dwellings were scattered without order, much in the same way as the cottages of some of our English villages. Two or three centuries later

the Germans had adopted a very different kind of architecture. When Julian crossed the Rhine in 357, he found villas and houses built after the Roman fashion. That the foreign architects employed to build these villas should, together with so many novelties of construction, introduce many novel terms, is what we might naturally expect. From the Roman remains at Trèves (the seat of the *Treviri* in Belgic Gaul), built entirely of bricks or *tegulæ*, we learn that the use of Roman bricks was common in the Northern part of Gaul. In Breton *teol* represents a word which must have been introduced into the Celtic dialects long before the third century, and its introduction into German dialects (*tigle* A.-Saxon, *tegel* Dutch, *ziegel* German), cannot with reason be assigned to a much later period. The German phrases *fenster* a window, and *mauer* a wall, answering to the Welsh *fenestyr* and *mur*, may be importations of equal antiquity. Similarly the A.-Saxon *duru* a door, German *thur*, Icelandic *dyr*, may possibly represent the Welsh and Breton *dór*, which has the same signification.

By a like course of reasoning Dr. Guest has pointed out how the Germans had no fortified enclosures before they came into contact with the Romans. They must, however, have been well acquainted with the *castella* that were built to restrain their in roads into the Roman provinces. The word *castel* is found both in Welsh and Breton, in some of the earliest of the German MSS., and in our A.-Saxon chronicles. So the gate which led into a city or fortress retained among the Romanized Celts its Latin name; *porth* Welsh, *pors* Breton. From them it must have passed at a very early time to their neighbors, *port* A.-Saxon, *poort* Dutch, *pfort* German, &c. In like manner, the Latin *vallum* must have furnished both Celts and Germans with their name for the rampart. The causeways which connected together the Roman fortresses were known in the fourth century by the name of *stratæ*. The word is found both in the Celtic and German dialects, and must have passed into the latter as early as the fourth century. So also mills were of too obvious utility not to fix the attention of the early Germans, and watermills were of no uncommon occurrence in the neighborhood of the Rhine and its tributaries. The name for such a mill in the fourth century appears to have been *molina*, whence, no doubt, came the Breton *milin*, the Welsh *melen*, the Irish *miulean*, and the A.-Saxon *mylen*.

Probably these specimens will suffice of Dr. Guest's conclusive argument to show that, in the case of a number of words common to the Celtic and English races, we are able to account for the phenomenon of identity without resorting to the theory that the Celts contributed in any measurable degree to the composition of the English people. Of a number of other common words we may not yet be in a position to give so exhaustive an account. But in such a case it is the only reasonable mode of proceeding, in accordance with the settled rules of scientific inquiry, to keep the judgment in suspense, to refrain from multiplying causes in a spirit of reckless extravagance, and to be prepared to find the same cause sufficiently account for all the departures of the English language from a strictly Teutonic type which furnishes so complete an explanation of some.

We may now pass on from the philological evidence to what Mr. Pike calls the "physical" and "psychical" evidence. Considering the means at our disposal for comparing either the minds or bodies of the Ancient Britons and Anglo-Saxons with those of modern Englishmen, it might be anticipated that this part of the investigation would, as contrasted with the evidence of language, be of the smallest possible value. Yet Mr. Pike seems specially attached to this portion of his book, and tells us in his Preface that, "if all the philological discussion were omitted, he should still have a mass of evidence hardly the less powerful in favor of his conclusions." Our own opinion, in contradistinction to Mr. Pike's, is that if the philological part of his book is worth as little as possible, the "physical" and "psychical" parts are worse than worthless. We say advisedly "worse," because they are just the parts which will most mislead unprepared and casual readers. They presuppose little enough previous knowledge for their comprehension, they suppress all the actual abstruseness and complexity of the several problems they profess to handle, and they satisfy, by a show of logical methods, a vulgar literary taste abhorrent of details and craving only for what is superficial and vague. The arguments here presented are controversial in their form, and profess to combat a series of assumed popular beliefs. The propositions sought to be established in the place of these popular beliefs are such as the following:—that is, that the Ancient Britons and the modern English had and have darker hair than the Anglo-Saxons and the modern Germans: that the Ancient Britons and the modern English were and are taller and more muscular than ancient or modern Germans: that the skulls appertaining to the Ancient Britons and the modern English were and are more oval and long in their shape than those of Teutons past or present. It may, perhaps, be worth while to say a few words on each of these assumed tests of race, if it be only in order to save all future theorists from falling into the melancholy slough which Mr. Pike has so laboriously prepared for his own immersion.

With respect, first, to the colour of the hair, we are compelled to say that strictness of reasoning seems utterly beyond Mr. Pike's grasp. He parades a mass of conflicting authorities, and does his best to show that though the Britons were more light-haired than the Romans, yet they were more dark-haired than the Gauls and Germans. He also has been at the trouble to notice the colour of people's hair as they pass in the streets of London, and finds that out of every 100 persons 75·2 have black and brown hair, 21·9 have yellow and light hair, and 2·8 have red. That is to say, by far the greater number of English people in the present day have dark hair. This, probably, everybody knows already. Now this argument is only good for anything if the hair of the Ancient Britons was never "yellow and light," or, at

least, never except in those very rare and peculiar cases which, at distant intervals, disturb the uniformity of colour in hair among all races—including negroes. Yet Mr. Pike himself confesses at the close of his argument, "that the Ancient Britons south of the Tweed were not an exclusively dark-haired people, any more than the Germans are or were an exclusively fair-haired people. The Welsh are not exclusively dark-haired; in North Wales fair hair is by no means uncommon, perhaps less uncommon than in England; in South Wales red hair is by no means uncommon. Queen Boadicea herself is said to have had a profusion of very light hair, which descended below her waist." These considerations quite entitle Mr. Pike to say that no argument as to the origin of the English people can be based on the colour of the Celtic and Teutonic heads. They justify him in turning round on the imaginary champions of the popular belief and telling them that, inasmuch as hair of all colour is found scattered about promiscuously among Celts, Teutons, and English, the colour of the hair can tell us nothing whatever about the race. But Mr. Pike is not entitled to seize hold of the bludgeon he has just wrested out of the hands of his opponents, and force us to believe that "the difference between the Germans and Britons was and is a difference of proportion, and that difference would probably appear most conspicuously upon a comparison of the number of people with black or unquestionably brown hair in the different nations." Either the colour of the hair is a safe guide to follow or it is not; if it be not a safe guide for his adversaries, it is not a safe guide for Mr. Pike himself.

We may here just state that it was the opinion of Niebuhr that the colour of hair was an exception to the general rule as to the permanency of physical characters in general. The ancient Germans are said originally to have had universally yellow or red hair and blue eyes, in short, a strongly marked "xanthous" constitution. "This," says Niebuhr, "has now in most parts of Germany become uncommon. I can assert from my own observation, that the Germans are now in many parts of their country far from a light-haired race. I have seen a considerable number of persons assembled in a large room at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and observed that, except one or two Englishmen, there was not an individual among them who had not dark hair." This would serve to show that if it be not improbable that England has been exposed to similar climatal changes with Germany, the hair of English people may have progressively changed from light to dark simultaneously with that of Germans, and thus the very prevalence of dark hair in this country at the present time would be an indication of a Teutonic origin for the people.

It is interesting to notice that what is called the xanthous, or red and light-haired variety, springs up out of every black-haired race. Many of the Russians are light-haired, though the majority of the Sclavonian nation is of the melanous or dark variety. The Laplanders are generally of the dark complexion, but certain races allied to them are xanthous. Many of the northern Tungusians, or Mantschu Tartars, are of the xanthous variety, though the majority of this nation are black-haired. It is remarkable that though the Gauls are universally described by the ancients as a fair, blue-eyed, yellow-haired people, and there is a great intermixture of Northern German races in the present population of France, yet the French are far from a very fair people. Black hair is in the middle provinces of France more frequent than very light. From the average number of admissions in some hospitals in Paris, it would appear that a chestnut colour was the most frequent hue of the hair.

In applying what he considers the test of "stature and proportions," Mr. Pike falls again into exactly the same abyss as before. Under the guise of upsetting some assumed popular notions about the superior strength and muscularity of the ancient Teutons when contrasted with the Gauls and Britons, he attempts to help forward surreptitiously his own argument another step. His view seems to be that a sufficient number of bad arguments one way go to make up one good one the other way. It is rather true, that where all the arguments adduced on either side are of the poorest, the question has not yet been argued at all. Thus Mr. Pike can say, with the best possible reason, that modern opinions, as those of Dr. Knox and M. Esquiros, bearing on the relative stature and muscularity of the ancient Celts and Teutons, exhibit no small diversity. This is due in a great measure to the want of precision of the old authorities, who were more occupied in expressing their surprise or alarm at the size and ferocity of all the northern races, including Gauls, Britons, and Germans, than in minutely comparing them with each other. It would be possible to produce quite as many passages in proof of the Germans being distinguished by tall stature, robust form, and immense limbs, as of the Celts possessing the like peculiarities. There is abundant evidence to invalidate every argument that professes to be based on such distinctions between Celts and Teutons. Among these arguments is that which Mr. Pike himself endeavours to prop up upon the ruins of the somewhat shadowy opponents he professes to overthrow. None of the evidence adduced from any quarter whatever, justifies Mr. Pike's concluding comment on this part of the inquiry that "the balance of evidence is clearly against our descent from the Teutons, if the Anglo-Saxons were true Germans." Where there is an internecine conflict between all the evidence, or rather, where there is no evidence one way or the other which will bear close inspection, it is not easy to see how the "balance of evidence" can be affected in the minutest degree. So far as our feelings might be allowed momentary play, our inclination is rather to resent Mr. Pike's summary affiliation of the people of England to the Celts on the ground of their muscular propensities. The Gauls in the third century have been already shown to have had the closest affinity to the Celts of Britain, and the following is a notice of the physical qualities of the Gauls that most impressed Ammianus, a

soldier of Constantius, whose armies were chiefly stationed in Gaul:—

"The Gauls are almost all tall of stature, very fair, and red-haired, and horrible from the fierceness of their eyes, fond of strife, and haughtily insolent. A whole band of strangers would not endure one of them, aided in his brawls by his powerful and blue-eyed wife, especially when, with swollen neck and gnashing teeth, poising her huge white arms, she begins, joining kicks to blows, to put forth her fists, like stones from the twisted strings of a catapult. Most of their voices are terrific and threatening, as well when they are quiet as when they are angry. They are, as a nation, very fond of wine, and invent many drinks resembling it, and some of the poorer sort wander about with their senses quite blunted by continual intoxication."

It, no doubt, would be a cursed fate to be driven to admit our descent from the stock doomed to produce a nation of dreamy metaphysicians, realistic painters, and indelicate poets, or such contemptible births of humanity as Luther, Rubens, Handel, Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Kant, Humboldt, Bunsen; but the picture of the forefathers whose claims Mr. Pike advocates are, to say the least of it, not more attractive, and we almost fear the women of England will, in this matter, too precipitately allow their sympathies to anticipate the natural guidings of their reason.

The "balance of evidence," having been thus pretty well inclined the right way, Mr. Pike goes on to present us with his argument from "head-forms;" in order to make the said balance topple completely over. With the skill of a practised controversialist, Mr. Pike has thrust his most infirm argument in the fore-front of the hottest battle, and bestowed a care upon its elaboration which is not altogether disproportioned to its weakness. The argument that Mr. Pike would wish to construct, and, if he would prove anything whatever, must construct, is, that all true Celts had "long, oval" skulls, and all true Germans had shorter and rounder skulls; that the generality of Englishmen have heads more nearly allied to the form presented by the Celts, than to that presented by the Germans; and therefore such Englishmen (being the generality as aforesaid) as possess the longer and more oval form of skull are descended from Celts, and not from Teutons. This is the rigid form in which any available proposition on this subject must alone be stated, and, according to which, if good for anything, it must abide a rigorous test. It need scarcely be said that Mr. Pike neither affirms these propositions in their integrity, nor gives for any one of them aught but the most vacillating proof, or show of proof. He will not venture so much as to affirm that all true Celts had long and oval skulls. He tells us that "however ancient a number of British skulls might be, there are long skulls found among them; however recent, there are short skulls." He is compelled, by an account of the chambered tumuli in France, furnished by Dr. Thurnam, to admit that "the short-headed people were mixed with the long-headed people in Gaul at a very early period." "The Cymric head is, according to all the evidence, of a long oval form; but there have been found, though in far smaller numbers, in ancient British burying-places, skulls of the short, oval form." In fact, it comes simply to this, that a long, oval form of skull is no necessary mark of a Celt. It may be true or not true (because the evidence from ancient barrows is of the most slender and unsatisfactory description) that most Celts had long heads, and most Teutons round heads. But neither all Celts nor all Teutons were so marked. Hence it is quite possible that the accidental conformation of skull in any particular case is due to ninety-nine causes other than the one of the owner having been a Teuton or a Celt. Most gentlemen of the Jewish persuasion in London wear black hats; a few wear white ones. In either case the distinctive mark is not due to their being Jews, but to their being gentlemen, or Englishmen, or (the least likely cause of all) because they like it. So with the next proposition, that the German heads were, at and before the time of the Anglo-Saxon invasion, "short and round." We are told by Mr. Pike that in Anglo-Saxon burying-places, though there are some skulls found which do conform to the North Germanic type, the greater number differ from that type in nearly the same points in which many ancient British skulls differ from it. There is a respectable amount of evidence producible to show that in the present day German skulls are shorter and rounder than English. But we need not point out how very far even this admission leaves us from the conclusion that modern Englishmen and Germans have not diverged from one and the same type. We have already given a sufficient specimen of the way in which Mr. Pike goes about to establish the universality of his propositions, and he will, perhaps, be content by our allowing to him that he has made out a *primâ facie* case to suggest the possibility that more modern Englishmen have long, oval heads than modern Germans have, and there is some little ground for supposing that the Celts may have differed from the Germans in a similar way.

All students of ethnology are aware that the form of the skull is always held to be a determinate mark of distinction in race. But to make use of it for any more serious purpose than that of bolstering up a tottering theory, it is at least indispensable that the specimens examined should be sufficiently numerous, the mode of measurement tolerably precise, and the history of the skulls in question properly explored. The logical reader of Mr. Pike's work must judge for himself whether the number of skulls alleged to be found in Celtic and Anglo-Saxon barrows, and made the subject of experiment, are sufficient to establish the laws contended for. These laws are in still greater jeopardy when the evidence is confessedly at times self-destructive, and when it is as often as not left in considerable uncertainty whether the skulls examined belonged to true Anglo-Saxons or their British wives and families, at to the existence of which no rational opponens of Mr. Pike has the smallest doubt.

The measurement of the skull for purposes

of genealogical classification is a matter of far greater nicety and difficulty than a cursory reader of Mr. Pike's book might suppose. In order to form a correct idea of the varieties in the shape of the head which are peculiar to individuals or to races, it is necessary to examine every part, and to compare all the different aspects which the skull presents. The basis of the cranium, the vertical figure, the profile, and the front view are all relevant, and must be used in combination for the purpose of obtaining any available result. The three great distinctions of skull-form are those which characterize—1, the European and Western Asiatic nations, and which has been termed the symmetrical or oval form; 2, the negro of the Gold Coast, and termed the narrow and elongated skull; 3, the Turanian races, and termed the broad and square-faced skull. These different forms have also been named respectively the European, the Ethiopic, and the Mongolian; or, in other words, the ovideal, the prognathous, and the pyramidal. The most celebrated mode of measurement is that known as the ascertainment of the "facial angle," suggested by Professor Camper. Blumenbach found this mode defective in many cases, as where he observes, "I have now before me the cranium of a negro from Congo, and one of a Pole from Lithuania, in which the facial angles are nearly equal;" and again, "There are two negro skulls in my possession presenting very different facial angles, but in all other respects so much alike, that they evidently appear to belong to the same race of men." In consequence of this Blumenbach introduced a new way of examining skulls for ethnological purposes, by which it is rendered possible to obtain at one view the greatest number of characteristic peculiarities. This is called the "vertical" method, in contradistinction to the facial angles and lines adopted by Camper and others. The third way of examining the skull is that recommended by Professor Owen, which depends on a precise view of the basis of the skull. It is said that the relative proportions and extent, and the peculiarities of formation of different parts of the skull are more fully discerned by this mode of comparison, than by any other method. When the number of obstacles to a fair comparative estimate of skull-forms is thus borne in mind, Mr. Pike's readers will scarcely rest content with being asked to accept an important and novel theory of race upon a superficial view of a limited number of mixed sculls which relates nothing more about them than that some are long, and others short, or, as Mr. Pike prefers to have them called, some "dolichocephalic" and others "brachycephalic."

We have said nothing hitherto of what seems to be the most tenderly cherished hobby of Mr. Pike—that is, his alleged discovery of a close affinity between the early Britons and the ancient Greeks. Except for the purpose of theorizing upon the natural history of theories, and tracing their development from the early blossom to the full-grown fruit, it would be to no purpose whatever to accompany Mr. Pike in his rapid vagaries. Indeed, we have done our best to cut so much of his ground from under him, that there is little now left to work upon. He has given us several pages of words tolerably well resembling each other in the Welsh and Greek. We have already shown that this, even if the list be ever so long and unimpeachable, is no guide whatever to community of blood within historical times. The influence of one or more foreign languages upon either, as in the case of Latin upon Celtic and Gothic, the mode in which all language seems, in spite of Professor Max Müller, to originate, namely, by onomatopeia, the use of common words in Central Asia before separation from the Aryan stock, are severally causes fully adequate to account for an identical vocabulary, even of considerable length, in any two European languages. Again, Mr. Pike has once more used his historical weapons and brandished the old fiction of the Cymbri of Wales having directly proceeded from the Cimmerians on the borders of the Black Sea. We have already shown the source of this confusion to have been the vague and inaccurate notions of geography possessed even by the most critical travellers and historians of the old world. The arguments from hair, stature, and skull-forms, we trust have been set in their true light and rendered just as applicable, and no more, to the relation of Celt to Greek, as to that of Celt to English, and English to German.

In the last portion of Mr. Pike's work he enters upon what he would have regarded as a minute psychological analysis of the English and German character, with the view of showing that the differences between the two are solely due to the ineffaceable lines of distinction between the Celtic and Teutonic races. In any case the argument could come to very little, because our knowledge of the ancient Celts, as opposed to the Germans, is chiefly derived from Roman writers, who said very much the same of both, and often confused the two. Thus, the very most Mr. Pike's argument can establish is, that the German race in England and on the Continent has developed in different ways, and that, among an infinitude of other equally probable causes, this difference may, by possibility, be connected with the intermixture of Celtic blood in the people of England. This is certainly not a very satisfying conclusion to present, and yet it is the very most that all Mr. Pike's labours will, in the opinion of any reasonable man, amount to. We cannot dismiss the subject without noticing, first, that whatever differences may exist, in fact, between the inhabitants of England and of modern Germany, they are all fully to be accounted for by causes quite independent of race; and, secondly, that the actual differences between the national character on either side are by no means of the kind and magnitude Mr. Pike supposes.

Every philosophical historian knows what is due to the occupation of an insular territory for a thousand years. The security of the national borders, the remoteness of friends, the immunity from foes, the development of a mercantile and belligerent navy, the stimulus to self-reliance on the one hand, and to promoting intercourse with neighbours in defiance of natu-

ral barriers on the other, all tend to give a very special direction to the fortunes and temperament of the people. This direction will be all the more distinctly expressed if, through their accidental relations with the adjoining Continent, the islanders do not content themselves with passing a solitary and indolent existence; but, while secure at home, are led to mix themselves up with every political and social movement abroad. Such has been the position and circumstances of the English people from the times of Edward the Confessor. The peculiarities of the Norman Conquest, if properly attended to, are sufficient of themselves to predict a special history for the English people distinct from that of all other people.

The opposition of the barons to King John, and the resistance of the Norman kings to the Papal assumptions, sufficiently declare the embryonic existence in the nation of a nucleus for resistance and independent self-assertion. The Barons sided with the Saxons against the King, and the people sided with the King against the priests. The only solution in either case was an armed compromise, and thence resulted an organization of individualism, of which the normal outlet was the House of Commons. It would lead us too far to show how at times, when that safety-valve became closed, other more hazardous machinery supplied its place, till the right of systematized opposition to authority, only controlled by the claims of order and good-feeling, has become the most cherished possession of the English people. Of course these influences had a corresponding play in literature, science, religion, and social life; while the nautical habits of the people favoured the growth, as they always do, of democratic feelings, and increased to an inordinate amount the national wealth. Surely in this brief review of the special mode in which English history has developed itself, fully sufficient reasons for all the phenomena have disclosed themselves without resort to any extravagant hypothesis. If it be true (as is here maintained) that the heart and core of the English stock is Teutonic and not Celtic, it would be equally marvellous if Teutons in England had followed a career exactly parallel with Teutons in Germany. It cannot be essential to unity of race that every branch of the parent stock should originate the same literature, should evolve duplicate or triplicate heroes, or preserve to all time identical tastes and tendencies. No union of influences and conglomerate causes needs such delicate adjustment as that which ever and anon results in the production of creative intellects and a notable literature. New discoveries, a war of independence, religious zeal, political conflicts, international and colonial relations, as well as climatal variations and a certain contagious enthusiasm of genius, radiating in ever-widening circles round a few leading minds, are only a few of the many circumstances on the happy juncture of which alone epochs of national greatness depend. If one of such influences be absent, or different, or present in greater or less intensity, a Rubens may take the place of a Shakspeare, Luther of Milton, Goethe of Byron, and Kant of Coleridge.

For it is transparent at a glance how different have been the external fortunes of the Teutons in Germany from those of the Anglo-Saxons in England. The political life of the former was based, in every city, on the fallen framework of the latter Roman empire, the feudal system regulated with a rigorous particularity, elsewhere unknown, the whole social scale and the laws of succession to property. The German fatherland was the arena of every great European war, and all access to the sea, necessarily of the most limited extent, was shut off with fatal facility by jealous neighbours or rancorous foes. That, in spite of all these natural disadvantages, the Teutonic race in Germany has in every department closely rivalled, and in some actually eclipsed, their Anglo-Saxon competitors occupying an island like England, enriched with the choicest favours of fortune, and starting from a social and political vantage-ground of the rarest promise, is one of the most impressive facts in the history of European civilization. If it be a distinguishing glory of the English race that they have made so much of their advantages, it is surely no mark of an alien progeny that the Germans, with none of these advantages, have made so much of themselves. For it is in a very different spirit from that of Mr. Pike that we would contrast the products of English and German culture. To our mind England has learnt, and has yet to learn, little less from Germany than Germany from her. It is not by selecting out of the mass of German metaphysicians the most dreamy and tortuous, that the nation can be convicted of haziness in conception, or want of precision in reasoning. Rather is it true that they are a nation of thinkers; that their secondary works betray more acumen, more refined delicacy of appreciation, a more charming and inimitable appropriateness of expression, as well as a greater freshness of perception than the very few treatises on mental science we hold to be our first; that for some ideas and mental habits, such as those of unwearied verification, unappeasable scepticism, and an unsparing devotion to abstract thought, we are so much indebted to German stimulus and rivalry that, but for them, we should probably be without any one of these mental habitudes at this day.

Any one at all acquainted with German poetry will feel a softened commiseration for Mr. Pike when he tells us that "with the exception of Goethe and Schiller, Germany has produced scarcely a poet of European reputation; and even Goethe and Schiller, great as they were, owed not a little to their study of Shakspeare." The period during which Germany has had a literature is less than one hundred and fifty years. That within that time two poets should have emerged, such as those so considerately excepted from the sweeping indictment, might be some consolation to the Teutonic family abroad for not producing many more. The truth is that, within the brief period of German literature, the celebrity of German poets of the second and third order is probably far greater all over Europe than that of more than four or five of all the poets who have illuminated the whole four centuries

of literary effort in England. Indeed, the Germans are a nation of poets, and can hardly use their marvellous language without handling some suggestive metaphor, or combination of imagery, or luminous trope, which are the very soul of poetry, and profoundly touch the fancy and feelings of all who come into contact with them.

In one passage, which a stern sense of justice alone forbids us passing over, Mr. Pike expresses his ill-concealed contempt for what he regards as the characteristic proneness of the Teutonic nations to revel in the indulgence of the emotion of "wonder." This habit apparently presents itself to Mr. Pike as little better than an alarming and pitiable symptom of national idiotcy. "On the contrary, it requires a very powerful stimulus to excite the wonder of an Englishman; and when anything decidedly new is presented to him, he devotes little time to mere wonder, but ponders the question of utility." If Mr. Pike wished to point out the characteristic difference between French and German modes of thought, he would have achieved a certain clumsy sort of success. It is true that whereas the Teutonic races have been ever encroaching further on the regions of the invisible and the infinite, and constantly re-stating the problems of the universe in terms more and more comprehensive and exhaustive, Frenchmen have been rather content to confine their activity to working out these problems and presenting the elaborate performance in the most systematized and attractive dress. So far as Englishmen, too, have aspired to do no more than this, they are entitled to all Mr. Pike's praises or reproaches. But it is not true that the great utilitarian philosophers of England, any more than their transcendentalist rivals, have had any lack of appreciative awe as they stood face to face with the inexplicable marvels above and around them. The most accomplished of positivists does not owe his power and skill to having learnt to despise or underrate the mysteries of life and being; but having travelled to the farthest limits of human experience, he finds the desert lengthening as he goes, and, almost distraught by the ineffable revelation, he comes back a more sombre man, prepared to work out his little day in finding out such narrow truths as alone lie within the ken, and doing such beneficent works as best promote the happiness, of man. It is only out of such dearly bought experience that the sublimest genius can ever be born. Because the German people, in unison with all the mightiest Englishmen, mingling reverence with criticism, and criticism with reverence, thus courageously venture to approach the profoundest secrets of nature, and either unravel or bow before them, we hold that in these sister clans of the great Teutonic household are bound up the fortunes of human knowledge and the destinies of the human race.

In immediate connexion with these remarks we may notice that Mr. Pike seems to have quite overlooked how fatal to his argument is the example of the French. If there is any highly civilized people in Europe who indisputably are, in part, of Celtic origin, the French are that people. They have had a settled government and a fixed language for as long a period as the English, and far longer than the Germans. They have had a sea-coast most favourable for nautical adventure, and have occupied a corner of Europe not readily assailable by marauding foes. Their country has been equable in climate and exuberant in fertility. Yet the very language of the people testifies against them how poor and worthless have been their productions in the regions of thought or creative energy. Two or three pretty dramatists, a few really great jurists and mathematicians, one and another plagiarist metaphysician, and some terribly destructive iconoclasts, are all the intellectual progeny of the representative Celts of Europe. It would probably be easy enough to account for this dearth of thought and power among a people really gifted with exquisite sensibility and acuteness of perception without falling back upon a theory of race. But the instance of the French is sufficient to damp the enthusiasm of all believers in the superior intellect of races of Celtic origin. If it is denied that the French are Celts, it will at least be admitted that the evidence for the completeness of the Teutonic usurpation of England by Jutes, Anglo-Saxons, Danes, and Normans is infinitely superior in strength to any that can be produced in favour of a complete extirpation of all the Celtic and Belgic Gauls by the Franks.

It has thus appeared that whatever conspicuous traits, either in their character or history, may be found to distinguish Englishmen from Germans, these are no greater than are readily to be explained by patent geographical, political, and physical differences, wholly independent of considerations of race. The practical sciences may have been more largely cultivated and more successfully applied among a people like the English, forced to vanquish their isolation by stupendous energy and, by highly economized modes of production and distribution, to adapt their barren territory to the wants of a growing population. The continental branch of the Teutonic stock may, through other circumstances, have had their energies diverted from economical enterprise and political struggles to the region of pure thought and ethereal-ized fancy. The work of either branch is equally necessary, equally hard, equally glorious. At every point the two nations will do well to keep up assiduous communication with each other, and to freshen themselves by contact without abating their originality. It is probable that the past history of the two ramifications of the great Teuton family represents but the sturdy birth-throes of a far more resplendent future. In the new world, at least, those two diverging lines have become again blended into one under more hopeful auspices than any that the effete political machinery of Europe can afford. There, too, they have entered into no fictitious union with the indigenous races of Ireland and of France, and there, at least in some distant day, may yet be witnessed a veritable apotheosis of manhood, through the supplement of all that may be lacking to the Teuton by the admixture of the Celt.

ART. IV.—THE ABBÉ LAMENNAIS ON DANTE.

La Divine Comédie, traduite et précédée d'une Introduction sur la vie, la doctrine, et les œuvres de Dante. Œuvres Posthumes de F. LAMENNAIS, publiées selon le vœu de l'auteur par E. D. Forgnes. Paris: Didier et Cie., Libraires-Editeurs. 1862.

AMONG the posthumous works of the Abbé Lamennais there is a prose translation of the "Divina Commedia," to which is prefixed a long and elaborate commentary on the life, doctrine, and works of Dante. This introduction is distinguished by much vigour and originality of thought, and by remarkable beauty of style, while it, at the same time, displays an intimate acquaintance with the works of the great Florentine poet, and a thorough knowledge of the times in which he lived. It is, in many respects, the best introduction to the study of the "Divina Commedia," that has yet appeared; and as it is but little known in this country, some account of it may not be unacceptable to the large class of readers who are students and admirers of that immortal poem. The Abbé Lamennais was well qualified to be a successful commentator on Dante. In early youth he had been attracted by the majesty and beauty of the "Divina Commedia;" it continued to be a favourite study of his manhood; and its translation into French prose formed the employment and solace of his later years; when, after the *coup d'état* of 1851, he had retired from the world, despairing of the liberties of his country, and disappointed with the results of his life-long struggle for civil and ecclesiastical freedom. There is a striking resemblance in many points, between the character of Dante and that of Lamennais, and in the incidents of their lives a considerable similarity may also be traced. Both were distinguished by vigorous and original genius, great independence of mind, a certain sternness of character, an intense hatred of meanness, oppression, and falsehood, and a warm love of truth, nobleness, and freedom. Both were masters of the learning of their age. Both denounced the corruptions and abuses of the Papacy in strong and indignant language. Both failed in securing the triumphs of those political principles to which they were devoted; and both suffered for their consistent and dauntless adherence to their own convictions. Dante was a fugitive and a wanderer during a great part of his life, and died in exile. Lamennais, after receiving the title of the last Father of the Church for his masterly defence of its claims, sacrificed all his hopes of preferment and separated himself for ever from the Romish communion, as soon as he became convinced that there is a necessary and everlasting antagonism between the doctrines and claims of the infallible church, and the progress of the human race in knowledge and freedom. Of course, no equality of genius can be claimed for Lamennais. His light must pale and dwindle before the immortal splendour that surrounds the memory of the great Italian. But he was, nevertheless, an able and a noble-hearted man, whose works have left an indelible impress on the literature of the nineteenth century; and he was admirably qualified for the task of translating the "Divina Commedia" and commenting upon it. His translation we do not intend to notice, as it cannot possess much interest for the English reader. But that is by no means the case with the long and brilliant dissertation on the life, doctrine, and works of Dante, which is prefixed to it, and to which we now invite attention.

The poem of Dante constitutes an epoch in itself. It depicts with marvellous power the state of society and of the human mind, from the thirteenth to the fourteenth century, in the most civilized country in Europe, at the time when, after a long sleep disturbed by terrible dreams, the world awakening seemed to have a presentiment, in the midst of darkness already less dense, of its distant destinies, and when Italy, aided by fortunate circumstances, began to free herself from the fetters of barbarism. There were signs of the dawn of another era, unknown as yet, but full of hope. But there is considerable difficulty in rightly comprehending this age of Dante—this era between two civilizations—owing to its complex character and strange mixture of different elements; and there is, therefore, the greater necessity for closely examining it in its origin and successive phases. The ages which followed the decline of the Roman empire are generally represented as a period during which the dissolution of society was complete; and the new civilization which succeeded is commonly believed to have been raised upon the ruins of the old solely by the renovating power of Christianity. This is the ordinary view of the vast changes which took place among the western nations from the fourth century downwards. But it is only partially correct. Christianity did indeed produce a strong reaction against the sensual materialism which was universal in Rome, and had spread to her most distant provinces. It gave a powerful and salutary impulse to humanity. But it is no less true that the races whose repeated blows prostrated the effete empire of Rome, possessed an energy and a plenitude of life, which formed the strongest contrast to the exhaustion of the people whom they conquered, and which were capable, under proper direction, of producing the noblest results.

Amidst all the degradation that marked the decline of the Roman empire, there were still preserved precious elements of civilization. The progress of philosophy, from Thales to the school of Alexandria, had enlarged the sphere of thought; science, literature, the fine arts, were still to be seen in the monuments of the past; and, if genius was extinct, teaching at least perpetuated the knowledge of principles, rules, and technical processes; whilst, at the same time, the necessities of life maintained the practice of agriculture, of trades, of navigation, and of a vast commerce facilitated by the magnificent roads whose remains we still admire. Strange to say also, while public morality had deteriorated, the science of morals had been elevated and purified by the writ-

ings of Seneca, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, and especially by those of Cicero, who by the single phrase, *charitas humani generis*, pronounced for the first time, had revealed quite a new world, in whose development we are assisting even now. The science of law, too, had received a scientific constitution which gave a firm basis to civil society. An administration, wise and regular in its forms, and in general strictly observant of the principles of law, though occasionally rendered oppressive by the vices of individuals, governed the State, united the different parties in it, and became, at a later period, the model upon which to renovate civilization buried under the darkness of the Middle Ages. It was in the midst of such a society that Christianity took root, introducing a truer and nobler system of morality, and placing above everything love, the summary and perfection of the law. This spirit of love is the characteristic of Christianity, the peculiarity which distinguishes it in the development of humanity. However, in the very bosom of this regenerating movement, two elements simultaneously made their appearance —a dogma corresponding to an obligatory belief, and a priestly hierarchy, the conservators of that dogma and the judges of all questions relating to it, legislators of worship and of discipline—that is to say, authorities at once spiritual and temporal in the new society which had just been constituted. From this state of matters flowed several important results. The priesthood, necessarily composed of men, could not escape from the conditions of human frailty. It had a tendency to increase both in power and in riches. The dogma, withdrawn from the examination and judgment of reason, and imposed by authority, was the principle of their power; the dogma, therefore, necessarily assumed in the eyes of the priesthood, and through them in the eyes of the people, a constantly increasing importance. Soon, morality was subordinated to it. The official creed became the principal, the only, means of salvation. But also disputes, divisions, schisms, persecuting hatred, entered into the new society and rent its unity. The ambition of ecclesiastical preferment, too often the inroad of intrigues and violence, added to the disorder; and riches, luxury, covetousness, and sensuality produced a state of corruption among the clergy against which the Fathers of the Church declaimed, and the first germs of which St. Paul himself points out with a painful foreboding. Such was the state of things when the invasions of the barbarians took place. These lasted for six centuries, and, like an ever-rising tide, overflowed the fairest provinces of Europe. They introduced among the conquered populations new civil and political elements, but no virtue. Things went on from bad to worse by the gleam of the sword and the fire. The world seemed approaching its end. Material destruction, which may always be repaired, was by no means the worst scourge of their invasions. All perished together—property, laws, institutions, education, science, arts, even language. It was darkness on the earth. Everywhere there was unbridled violence, cruelty, treachery, the deliberate breach of promises and oaths, crimes of all kinds, manners at once coarse and dissolute, differing only from those which they succeeded in that there was no veil to their hideous deformity.

The barbarian nations indeed—indifferent to doctrine, and but feebly attached to the vague beliefs which they had brought from the bosom of their forests—easily adopted the religion of those they had conquered. The chief declared his conversion, and his followers were led to baptism as cattle are led to the drinking trough. But they remained as before, fierce, treacherous, greedy, and sensual; and society was transformed after their image. Charlemagne—a man of lofty genius—strove for a while with some degree of success to lift society from the abyss into which it had fallen. But the time had not yet come, and his work —entirely personal—died with him. Evil became again paramount. It was the reign of force and of perpetual war. At a later period the spirit of liberty awakened with the establishment of the Italian republics, and the long struggle between the popes and emperors of Germany led to the study of law, which was the first bond by which the new society attached itself to the ancient civilization. The Crusades, the discovery of the writings of Cicero, Boethius, and other eminent authors of antiquity, and the arrival of artist-colonies who fled into Italy from Constantinople, to avoid the persecutions of the Iconoclasts, also added new elements favorable to the nascent civilization. Night was still upon the earth, but a narrow gleam of light on the horizon heralded the approaching dawn. The spirit of the Gospel, the spirit of love, had doubtless much to do with the onward hopes and impulse which was thus beginning to agitate the human mind. But theological Christianity—Christianity submitted to priestly authority and determined by it—did not in the slightest degree contribute to social progress, but became, on the contrary, a source of new disorders and fresh calamities, by the discords, the implacable persecutions, the atrocious wars which it caused, through the ambitious pretensions of the priestly body, the avarice of its members, and their constant striving for power and dominion. Italy took the lead of all other nations in the general onward movement of society. Then the Renaissance dates—in the south, from the reign of the Emperor Frederick the Second; in the north, from the League of Lombardy. That great national League marks the origin of political and civil freedom, by the assertion of a right equally opposed to the feudal right of force, and to the right divine, as proclaimed by the hierarchy. In that union of the Italian republics, we recognise the principle since named the sovereignty of the people. The seeds of freedom were then sown; and from that time, however long might be the contest between liberty and despotism; whatever might be the vicissitudes of the strife, it was certain to end by the triumph of the people, by their achieving the right of self-government, and ceasing to belong to a single individual and to his descendants. The epoch of Frederick

the Second, although he failed in his struggle against the Papacy, was no less an epoch of renovation fruitful in mighty results. It coincides with the birth of these great schools of jurisprudence, whose persevering efforts resulted in the ruin of the theocracy, and in the foundation of the independence of the civil power. The same epoch witnessed the rise of the vulgar tongue: the living language opposed to the dead language of Papal Rome—another mighty sign of liberation. Thence sprung this awakening of thought, the spirit of inquiry, research, and discussion. Commerce also established relations between the East and the West, which extended the circle of thought, polished the manners and dissipated the prejudices of the western nations, and developed a taste for the fine arts. Hence arose the marvels of architecture at Florence, Pisa, and Venice, and the foundations of modern painting by Cimabue, and Giotto, speedily succeeded by those incomparable artists whose works have never since been equalled.

Dante occupies nearly the middle of this great epoch, so full of life and promise, but also for that very reason agitated by violent commotions. War was everywhere, between the Pope and the Emperor, between the clerical and civil power, between feudal tyranny—personified in some monsters of vice and cruelty—and the spirit of liberty fermenting in the bosom of the people, between rival republics, between factions in each republic. Men marched towards the future over a field of battle, with all the ardent passions of the combat, but with a marvellous faith and a devotion which no suffering and no sacrifice could discourage. They seemed urged onwards along the path which they knew not by a sort of divine inspiration. Their times of hope and of instinctive action are, after all, the greatest, the best days of humanity. Therefore do they remain indelibly impressed upon the memory of mankind, who, from century to century, with eyes fixed upon the monuments which they have bequeathed to us, contemplate with admiration these gigantic memorials. The "Divina Commedia" is one of these memorials. It sums up, as it were, the whole of the Middle Ages before they are swallowed up in the abyss of the past. An atmosphere of melancholy envelopes the whole poem. There are cries of desolation, tears, ineffable griefs, even the joy itself is full of sadness; we seem assisting at a funeral ceremony; we seem to hear, around a coffin, the service for the dead in some old cathedral clad in mourning. And yet a breath of life, the breath which is to renew under a more perfect form that which is extinguished, breathes along the vaults and naves of the vast edifice. The poem is at once a tomb and a cradle; the magnificent tomb of a world which is vanishing away; the cradle of a world about to spring into existence; a portico between two temples, the temple of the past, and the temple of the future. In it the past deposits its beliefs, its ideas, its sciences, as the Egyptians buried their kings and their symbolical gods in the temples of Thebes and Memphis. To it the future brings its aspirations, its genius enveloped in the swaddling bands of a nascent language and of a splendid poetry; mysterious infant who draws from two breasts the milk which his lips imbibe—sacred tradition and profane fiction, Moses and St. Paul, Homer, and Virgil; that look turned towards Greece and Rome already announces Petrarch and Boccaccio, and the others who will follow; at the same time that the thirst for enlightenment, the burning desire to penetrate the secret of the constitution and laws of the universe, presages Galileo. Night is still upon the earth, but the splendours of dawn begin to paint the horizon.

Such are the reflections made by Lamennais upon the general bearing and tendency of the principal facts of history during the long period which extends from the extinction of the Roman republic down to our own times, with the view of enabling his readers more thoroughly to understand the character of the work of Dante in connexion with that of the age in which it was produced. But as that work is also deeply influenced by the inmost nature of the poet, by his opinions, passions, personal likings and dislikings, and the events of his chequered career, he next proceeds to give a summary of the life of the great Florentine. The events of that life are, however, so well and generally known that we need not follow him through his eloquent account of the patrician birth of Dante; his early love for Beatrice; his profound and extensive studies in literature, theology, philosophy, and the natural sciences; his eminent services to his native city; his elevation to the office of Prior, the highest dignity in the gift of the republic; his unjust sentence of banishment and death; his subsequent wanderings; his maintaining in the great hall of the University of Paris a thesis *de quolibet* against the literary champions; the composition of his great poem and his other works, poetical and political; his residence at Verona, Lucca, and other cities of Italy; his deep desire for repose; and his final settlement and death at Ravenna. We cannot, however, resist the temptation of quoting the paragraph which concludes the narrative of that grand and melancholy life:—

"Thus lived in suffering and poverty, thus died in exile, he whose name can never die. His fate recals that of Homer, Tasso, Camöens, and Milton. It is not without payment that genius is accorded to man; and if we knew the price which must be paid, who would find his soul sufficiently firm to accept that formidable gift, and would not rather say, like Christ, '*Transeat à me!*' They speak of glory, but which of them would have been able to enjoy that glory if she had cast her rays over the grave that was to receive him full of agony? The vulgar find in that agony, I know not what secret compensation in the barren joys of gratified pride. They know not that the greater the elevation attained by these mighty spirits, the more they distrust themselves, the farther they feel themselves from that splendid ideal which they contemplate, which they will never realize. They, even they, are the consecrated victims of humanity, whose progress, in different degrees, is bound up with their sacrifice. A voice, internal, powerful, irresistible, calls to them—'Go!' and they go; 'Ascend to Calvary!' and they ascend."

We shall now proceed to state the views of the Abbé Lamennais with regard to the works and doctrines of Dante. The earliest works of Dante were canzoni and sonnets, whose chronological order we cannot now establish with certainty. They belong, both in form and substance, to a species of poetry whose origin and character it is necessary to examine briefly, because a correct knowledge of these is absolutely essential to the proper comprehension of the whole work of the great Ghibelline poet. The earliest poetry was devotional, consisting of hymns to the gods. Such were the Vedas, and the chants of Orpheus and Musæus; and it is worthy of notice that we find man, by a spontaneous impulse of his being, first borne towards God and afterwards to the study of himself and of nature—to the celebration of her wonders and mysteries, and of his own feelings and passions, and especially to that of love, the most powerful and universal of them all. In later times we perceive the hymn occasionally mingling with this poetry of love—a fusion taking place in the mysterious depths of the soul between the human and the divine love. With the gradual development of thought, what was at first instinct becomes doctrine, and at length a philosophy of love arises separated from the senses—though the poetry which depicts it borrows from them its images and language—whose object is symbolized under the form of an ideal woman, varying among different nations and at different epochs according to their religious ideas, manners, and genius. Such was the origin among the Orientals of the Sulamite in the Song of Solomon, the Diotimé of the Banquet of Plato—where Socrates recounts how he was by her initiated into the doctrine of celestial love—the Zuleika and Leila of the Arabs, and many other similar types among the Persians. After the Crusades, too, the influence of this traditional mysticism may be clearly traced in the poetry of the nations of Europe, where it is to be found, even in England, in some of the sonnets of Shakespeare. The mystic symbolism of Dante and of his contemporaries is complicated and blended with another symbolism, corresponding to the political passions of the parties which then divided Italy—the Imperial or Ghibelline party, and the Guelph or Pontifical party—and to the general hatred inspired by the ambition, pride, and avarice of the Roman see, and by its manifold corruptions, which attained their height during the sojourn of the popes at Avignon. Thus the symbols of pure love, of divine love, became the symbols of a secret religious and political doctrine; the language took new meanings, unknown to the vulgar and understood only by the adepts. It is impossible to doubt this while reading the enigmatical sonnets of the Ghibelline poets of the epoch of Dante, such as Guido Cavalcanti, Lappo Gianni, Guittone d'Arrezzo, Cione Baglione, Cino da Pistoia, and Giglio Lelli. Under mysterious, but mutually understood forms of expression, these *fedeli d'amore*, as they termed themselves, communicated to each other their thoughts, their hopes, and their fears, pursuing the policy of the Ghibelline party, and aiding in different degrees in the development of the vast conspiracy formed in the Middle Ages against papal Rome, which resulted in the Reformation of the sixteenth century. The letters of Petrarch and his eclogues, and those of Boccaccio, leave no doubt upon this subject. Whatever besides was the multiplicity of doctrines and of different associations, the same spirit is everywhere visible, with the same precautions of language. The metaphors of the Apocalypse, the pagan fictions of Tartarus and of Elysium, furnish, alternately, images, of whose meaning none of the initiated could be ignorant. The Pope is the old serpent; his reign the visible reign of Satan and his rebel angels; the martyrs clothed in white robes, demanding justice on their persecutors at the foot of the throne of the Lamb, are the victims of the Inquisition; Rome, the seven-hilled city, is the prostitute seated on the waters, Babylon, the haunt of unclean beasts, whose certain downfall, celebrated by shouts of joy and of vengeance, is anxiously waited for.

Such a complication of vague allegories, of expressions intentionally obscure, not only imparts a certain dryness and stiffness to the Ghibelline poems, but often transforms them into a sort of cipher, now unintelligible, and which will probably always remain so, especially in what relates to the polities of the period. The philosophical symbolism did not require the same precaution; and we shall presently find that Dante himself furnishes most useful explanations, not only for the understanding of his earlier poems, but also for that of the "Divina Commedia," without however by any means dissipating all its obscurities.

Among the early works of Dante the "Vita Nuova" contains the history of the poet's love for Beatrice, from his first sight of her, when she was but nine, and her boy-lover ten years old, to her premature death in the bloom of youth and beauty. The lively and constant passion with which Beatrice had inspired him, seems after her decease to vibrate between the real object torn away from his earthly passion and an ideal type wherein was concentrated all that was most beautiful and sublime in the religious and philosophical contemplations of the poet. The woman becomes a symbol without ceasing to be a woman, and always, even in heaven itself, in the midst of the mystery which envelopes her, she appears under this double aspect. The remarkable poem in which Dante depicts, in such lively terms, the griefs of his irreparable loss, and the transformation which it wrought in him, is, at the same time, one of those works in which, under the disguise of symbols familiar to the initiated and understood by them alone, the Ghibellines, as we have already stated, concealed the secret of their political passions and opinions.

The "Convito," or Banquet, was written after the "Vita Nuova." It is a commentary on the canzoni previously composed by Dante; and in it the poet is principally occupied in developing his ideas on the relations between poetry and science. But there are also to

be found in it many details calculated to throw a useful light on the secret thoughts of the author with regard to the state of Italy, the factions which rent it asunder, and the causes of the evils under which it suffered. If the intellectual man, embracing the universe, soared with untiring wing over its immensity, rising from heaven to heaven even to the infinite and eternal source of the true and the beautiful; the man of this transitory world, drawn down to earth by the reality of the things of life, cherished in his bosom its sufferings and hopes, the bitterness of its regrets, its party-passions, its anger and hatred, which made his soul the permanent stage of a terrible drama whose catastrophe was a grave at Ravenna.

In the age of Dante theology reigned supreme over all the other sciences. Dante was throughout life a sincere and devout Christian; and the inscription on his tomb bears witness to his attainments in this master-science—*Theologus Dantes, nullius dogmatis expers.* But in order to comprehend rightly the spirit of his age and his own theological opinions, we must not forget that the Christian religion is made up of a doctrine which is the object of the faith required, and of the external institution of a sacerdotal body, the depository of that doctrine, and placed at the head of the society which professes it, a society which is termed the Church. Hierarchically constituted, the priesthood had for chief the Roman pontiff, whose power, increased by a succession of bold and persevering enterprises, had at first striven gloriously, and for the benefit of humanity, against the temporal power; which, on the one hand, tended to absorb everything in itself, and, on the other, to extinguish by the despotism of brutal force and gross materialism all that remained of enlightened morality, which had already become the sport of its most unbridled caprices. This was the truly grand and brilliant epoch of the Papacy, assisted in the desperate strife which it had to maintain by the infallible instinct of the nations. But, according to the inevitable tendency of human frailty, after having arrested the encroachments and repulsed the tyranny of the temporal power which had plunged society into the abject servitude of the brute, it strove to set itself up instead of the despotism it had conquered, to absorb everything in itself, to constitute an absolute theocracy, not less destructive of liberty, not less hurtful to the morality and the intellect of mankind. Then, the nations, by the same infallible instinct which at first led them to lend an invincible support to the Papacy, turned against it; they even ended by detesting it on account of its oppressions, its exactions, its insatiable avarice, its corruptions of every kind. Hence, especially among the better instructed classes, arose a bitter hostility, which the Papacy in vain sought to crush by atrocious punishments; but it only succeeded in rendering it secret, in driving it back into the depths of men's souls, where angry passions throbbed and heaved like lava in the entrails of a volcano. Dante's theology was, in the main, strictly orthodox; and even where he makes his bitterest attacks upon the Papacy, it is evident that these are directed solely against its abuses, its ambition, its rapacity, and scandalous venality. He respects its institution and the power—in his eyes divine—which he believes to belong to it in spiritual things. On theological questions he follows St. Thomas and the other doctors of the Church, and exhibits the most scrupulous care in treating of theological subjects, to be rigorously exact, not only in the thought itself, but also in the expression of that thought.

In Dante's days, natural philosophy, properly speaking, scarcely existed. The inductive method was unknown, and hypothesis was preferred to experiment. Nor was astronomical science in a much more advanced state. The Ptolemaic system reigned supreme; and with that system was mixed up a vast and crude melange of philosophical and theological ideas, which constituted what would now be termed the physics of the world, the science of life in all beings, their varied organizations, the causes on which their different aptitudes and inclinations depend, and, to some extent, the acts and individual destinies of men, and even the events of history. The poem of Dante is full of this then dominant doctrine; and it is therefore necessary to inquire what were his conceptions of it. According to his views then, all emanates from God, from the trinity in unity of his being. He has created everything, and his creation embraces two orders of beings—immaterial and material. Although all these beings, existing in time, have temporal relations among themselves, these relations, dependent upon their finite mode of existence, relate to themselves only. The creation of the world of spirits, and that of the world of bodies, were, with regard to God, simultaneous, for his duration is indivisible. The nine choirs of the heavenly hierarchy are composed of pure spirits, ranged around the immovable point of the Supreme Being in as many concentric circles, in an order regulated by their relative degrees of perfection—the seraphim first, then the cherubim, and so on down to the simple angels. Those in the first circle, receive directly from the immovable point, both the light and the virtue which they communicate to those in the second; and so on from circle to circle, like mirrors transmitting from one to the other the rays from a luminous point enfeebled by each reflection. The nine choirs, animated by love, turn unceasingly around their centre in circles larger and larger, in proportion to their respective distances, and it is through them that the divine movement and impulse are transmitted to the material creation. Above the latter, is the empyræum, the heaven of pure light. Below, is the primum mobile—*maggior corpo al ciel*—as Dante calls it, because it surrounds all the other circles and terminates the material world. Then comes the heaven of the fixed stars, then, still continuing to descend, the heavens of Saturn, of Jupiter, of Mars, of the Sun, of Venus, of Mercury, of the Moon, and, last of all, at the lowest point, the Earth, the compact and solid nucleus of which is surrounded by spheres of water, air,

and fire. As the angelic choirs revolve around the immovable point, the nine material circles revolve around a fixed point, moved by the pure spirits who transmit to them, reflected from circle to circle, the light which they receive from the immovable point, and the formative virtues, which impress upon each being the stamp of his peculiar nature, the imperfect image and limited participation of that which the Infinite Being contains in himself in an infinite degree. Thus, at the two extremities of the grand whole are two immovable points, one created, the other Creator; below, the earth or the most material part of the creation; above, the universal principle, self-existent, independent of time, or God hidden in the gloom of his impenetrable light.* Between these two extreme points—the one in immensity, the other in littleness, the one the plenitude of being, the other the lowest term of the least possible existence—is the creation, displaying its appointed marvels, from the angel to the grain of sand, in two symmetrically corresponding hierarchies—that of spirits, and that of animate and inanimate bodies. According to these ideas, the connexion of events in the universe depended upon a similar connexion of influences emanating from the Infinite Being, and modified from heaven to heaven according to their nature, and according to the nature of the beings who received them. One result of these doctrines was, a general belief in judicial astrology, which Dante, in common with the rest of the world, considered as a true science. To us, it seems difficult to understand how it came to be believed that all that should happen, all that each individual should do, all that should befal him of good or evil, was determined by the relative position of the stars at his birth. And yet this opinion, so singularly strange, is to be found prevailing in Italy, after the age of Dante, in Machiavel; in France, in Montaigne and Bodin; in England under the reign of Charles I., and even down to the end of the seventeenth century, when Dryden was a believer in it. An unhealthy curiosity, the restless desire of knowing and foretelling that in which we are so deeply interested, but which is hid from our view in the obscurity of the future, is the natural root of astrology. But it is, perhaps, not useless to observe that there is no system of fatality and necessity from which it does not result as an inevitable consequence, and that no materialist can logically reject it. For, if all is matter, and if all is connected in an eternal series of cause and effect, produced by unchangeable necessary physical laws, there is nothing in phenomena of all kinds, nothing in the events which compose the lives of individuals and of nations, which does not ascend by degrees, as to its originating cause, to great bodies floating in space; nothing which is not subjected to their influence more or less direct, and is not the inevitably predetermined effect of it.

Finally, we may affirm, with regard to the philosophy of Dante, that he had no system peculiar to himself. He adopted, without innovation, that received by the schools of his time. He was powerless to create a science of the universe, which could only arise and acquire breadth and development by the aid of a method directly opposed to his. That method, founded on observations and experiments, was to ascend from facts to their causes; while the method employed by Dante and the philosophers of his age, setting out from logical hypotheses, descended from supposed causes to the facts they deduced from them; whence arose a fantastic system of abstractions, instead of a system of real knowledge. Each age has its own work. Astronomy awaited Copernicus and Kepler; physics, Galileo and Bacon. However, there are two things worthy of remark with regard to the philosophy so poetically developed by Dante—the character of unity which it presents, and the connexion which it establishes between the spiritual and material world. There is indeed, no doubt that that connexion, such as he conceived of it, was fictitious, and that the intimate connexion of these two worlds was ill-defined. But the first idea was not the less true, and the void which actual science presents in this respect, the complete severance she has effected between two inseparable orders of causes and effects, by depriving her of one of her elements, which it was at first, perhaps, useful to pass over, surrounds her as it were with a mist, prescribes to her arbitrary boundaries, and can henceforth serve only to retard enlightenment and progress.

Having thus briefly glanced at the theological and philosophical doctrines of Dante, we shall proceed to consider his political opinions, which also present an interesting field of inquiry. His vast intellect had mastered not only the science of the world and of nature, such as it then was, but also that of society. And here, we may observe, that the same symmetry and compactness which characterize his philosophical views are also apparent in his political opinions. Thus, as in explaining the former, he represents God as above all, and the origin of all; then the universe under the double notion of spirit and matter, the latter subordinated in the order of perfection to the spirit which animates it, but existing distinct from and independent of it, according to its essence and peculiar laws; so, in developing the latter, he represents God as the beginning from which society emanates, and towards which it tends as its end; then a spiritual and a temporal order, the latter distinct from the former, subordinated to it in what relates to the spiritual life, but independent of it in the sphere of its separate existence and its peculiar laws. In a general and theoretical point of view, the parallelism is complete. Practically, however, the great facts of his age were in opposition to this symmetrical political theory of Dante. Italy was everywhere torn by strife, and rent by the struggles between the empire and the Papacy. Civil war was permanent; and every State, every city, was distracted by the contests of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. Government was constantly fluctuating as each faction al-

* The expression of Lamennais is "Dieu caché dans les ténèbres de sa lumière impénétrable."

ternately obtained the mastery. The exercise of justice was almost impossible, as party passions were substituted for impartial equity. And yet, in the midst of so many disorders and so much suffering, the spirit of liberty, and the power of self-government, which existed in many of the Italian cities, were productive of great results. There was a mighty current of public life. Industry created riches; commerce extended her arms over all the known world; the fine arts, cultivated with enthusiasm, covered the squares and galleries of every city with splendid monuments of genius, and literature dissipated the shadows of ignorance and barbarism. But, in order rightly to appreciate this epoch, so full of contrasts, and its connexion with the epochs which followed it, and to comprehend the theoretical and practical questions which so powerfully occupied the minds of Dante and his contemporaries, it is necessary to examine the effect of the papal influence upon the social development of the age. Was the influence of the Papacy favourable or unfavourable to the freedom of Italy? To what extent are the constitutions of the Romish Church, and the principles upon which it rests, compatible with liberty throughout the world? The last of these questions would, however, engage us in a discussion foreign to our present purpose, which is to explain the doctrines necessary to be understood before the great poem of Dante can be rightly comprehended. We may, however, observe in passing, that, according to the Romish theology, man, fallen from his original state of innocence, would have been for ever lost if he had not, by the incarnation of the Word and the redemption of Jesus Christ, been gratuitously raised from his fallen state and restored to the favour of his Creator, to whom the original sin of Adam, transmitted through successive generations without any act of his will, had rendered him hostile from the very commencement of his existence. But in order to profit by the redemption, it is necessary that man should believe with a firm and absolute faith certain truths above reason and supernaturally revealed, of which the Church is the depository, and which she teaches and interprets with an infallible authority; hence that fundamental maxim—"No salvation out of the pale of the Church." The faith which she exacts, under pain of eternal damnation, is then, according to the dogma in which she commands belief, the very negation of liberty and of reason. But this dogma in itself, and by the contents of the books to which it is consigned—books sacred as the Word of God—gradually embraces, either directly or consequentially, everything which can be the object of human thought. For although it is generally admitted that beyond revelation there exists an order of things dependent on pure reason, to whose domain they belong, it is also maintained that it belongs to the Church alone to determine what are the things about which men may reason; and that therefore when the Church has once pronounced any decision it is henceforth fixed that the thing so judged of belongs to her province, and that entire submission is due to her decision. Here, again, is the entire negation of liberty, since the intellect is only free to the extent which the Church pleases. An uncontrolled authority arrests thought arbitrarily, exactly where she chooses to arrest it. As the Creator has said to the seas, so she says to man—"Thus far shalt thou come, and no further."

With regard to the influence of the popes upon Italian liberty, we must distinguish between the liberty of each State and the liberty of Italy considered as a nation. At Rome, where the spirit of the Papacy is most clearly visible, what do we see? A continual tendency to absorb all the functions of government, all the municipal power, to destroy by degrees all that can oppose any resistance to the absolute rule of the pope; to constitute, in short, both politically and spiritually, an uncontrolled, irresponsible theocracy. The struggle was long, from Crescentius to Portinari; but at length the Papacy triumphed. But while thus enemies of liberty in their own State, was it possible that the popes could be friendly to her elsewhere? They everywhere opposed her with implacable hatred, in every state and city, and especially in Florence, the glorious centre of democracy. They paved the way for Charles V. and the Medicis. But the destruction of liberty in each State, was the destruction of the unity and independence of Italy, which could only be organised upon the principle of the national or collective sovereignty. But there were many obstacles opposed to the carrying out of the darling object of the popes, which was to re-create for their benefit the ancient Roman Empire under the new form of a Christian theocracy. They themselves had contributed to the existence of one of the most powerful of these obstacles by the erection of the Holy Roman Empire, as they termed it, which began with Charlemagne, and passed from him to the Germans. The respective rights of the empire and the Papacy, not having been originally defined, and not being capable of definition, soon became the subject of constant disputes and conflicts. The emperor at first claimed the power, on the death of the pope, to confirm the election of his successor. Afterwards, the popes claimed the right of confirming the election of the emperor. On both sides the sovereignty was disputed. Should the pope be dependent in temporal matters upon the emperor? Should the emperor be dependent on the pope? To resolve these questions, which were never legally resolved, a war of three centuries desolated the fairest countries of Europe.

Dante's political theories are set forth at considerable length, and with much dry and tiresome detail, in his book "De Monarchiâ," published during the residence of the Emperor Henry VII. in Italy. In this work he lays it down that universal peace is the first of blessings, and essential to the highest development of the human race in thought and action, in spiritual and temporal things. But unity is a necessary condition of peace, and God has therefore appointed a single head; to the spiritual order the pope, to the temporal the

emperor, the former having supreme authority over souls, and the latter over civil and political society. The right of giving amity to the human race, by submitting it to a single chief, the emperor possesses as heir of the Roman nation, who themselves possessed it in virtue of an immutable divine decree. Thus Rome, queen and mistress of all nations, is the seat of the two powers designed to bear spiritual and temporal sway over mankind, and is, in this sense, the centre of the world. The spiritual power, superior in its nature, directs the temporal power in what relates to the spiritual interests of mankind, but not in what concerns temporal affairs, which do not belong to its province; so that the two powers, each in its own sphere, are mutually independent. Such, in few words, is the theory which Dante develops in this work—a theory destructive of the very liberty which he wished to strengthen and establish, as it puts all power into the hands of two mere mortals, assuming that they could have no other interests than those of justice and the general good, an assumption which can be made with truth in regard to God alone.

The exclusion of the popes from temporal power, and the placing that power in the hands of the emperors, so strenuously contended for by Dante, was very distasteful to the mediæval popes, whose object it was to unite all power, both spiritual and temporal, in their own hands, and they therefore uniformly opposed the pretensions of the German emperors to supreme temporal dominion. The theory upon which they acted will be found admirably summed up in the dogmatic Bull of Boniface VIII., confirmed by Clement V., and inserted in the *Corpus Juris Canonici*. It may be thus succinctly stated:—Given the human race, the pope is the spirit, the intelligence; the rest is mere matter and force. Consequently, all men, of whatever class, ought to submit to the pope, and blindly obey his sovereign will. But what is this, if not a pure theocracy? From which result these two consequences: that the popes must necessarily strive to establish the theocracy; and that the theocracy, abstractly considered, implies, with regard to the human race, the destruction of all thought, and therefore the destruction of the moral principle itself. It reduces God's noblest creatures to the level of the irresponsible brute, to the rank of animals incapable of good or of evil, since they are incapable of all choice. Such is the character which history presents to us of all theocracies, whether originating in the absorption of the temporal power by the spiritual, or, as in Russia, in the absorption of the spiritual power by the temporal. In both cases, there is equally a negation of the laws of humanity and of nature; an execrable attempt to destroy the human race; a defiance hurled against the God who desired and desires it to live.

Having thus examined the life and times of Dante, his theological and philosophical doctrines, and his political opinions, the Abbé Lamennais passes on to the consideration of the "Divina Commedia," the greatest monument of his genuis. As in England with regard to "Paradise Lost," so in Italy with regard to the "Divina Commedia," the question has been much agitated whether it should be considered an epic poem. Our author declines entering upon this question, and contents himself with observing, with reference to those who deny its claims to that title: "It is not, if you please, an epic poem; but it is a divine one." The "Divina Commedia" presents two principal aspects, two poems interlacing, united yet distinct. It is an historical and political poem, and also a philosophical and religious one. Such is also the complexity of that unparalleled composition, that in each of these poems —where, of the two subjects of which the author treats, the one serves as the veil to the other—we can still distinguish several meanings, as Dante himself warns us in his dedicatory epistle to Can Grande, chief of the Ghibelline league. The poet was compelled to be guarded and enigmatical in his language, and especially in his attacks upon the Papacy, whose power it was at that time difficult to resist. He was obliged, therefore, in order to avoid drawing down upon himself the implacable vengeance of the Church, to use an emblematical language, a double sense, and to conceal his true meaning, and render it unintelligible to those who looked only to the simple letter.

We constantly find Rome and the empire placed in opposition in the "Divina Commedia" —the former being represented as the type of evil and the latter as a type of good upon earth, —but it is worthy of notice that Dante differs in one important respect from most of the contemporary assailants of the Papacy. He sincerely respects and recognises its purely spiritual power. No one indeed more thoroughly detested or more strenuously attacked its temporal pretensions, as destructive of what constituted, in his eyes, the divine right of the imperial power upon which depended the peace and happiness of the world. Any attack upon that power he viewed as the greatest of crimes; and therefore we find him placing Brutus and Cassius at the bottom of the Inferno, as the murderers of Cæsar, and Boniface VIII. and Clement V. in one of the infernal zones or circles; while he describes a throne in heaven prepared for the Emperor Henry VII., driven by them from Italy, and dying, of poison perhaps, at the moment when his arms appeared about to achieve the triumph of the empire. Throughout all the numerous perplexities of detail, all the darkness of imagery, all the ambiguity of language, all the obscurity of allusion, which render many parts of his poem so difficult of comprehension, the strong Ghibellinism of Dante conspicuously appears; and the political object of the work seems undoubtedly to be the exaltation of the imperial monarchy and the abasement of papal Rome.

The "Divina Commedia," considered in its various aspects—political, historical, philosophical, and theological—presents a complete picture of an epoch of popular doctrines; of true or false science; of the movement of the intellect, passions, manners, in short, of the life of the time in all its ranks and varieties; and it

has therefore from this point of view been justly termed an encyclopædic poem. Nothing, either in ancient or modern times, can be compared to it. In what does it recal the ancient epic, which, treating of a purely national subject, is only the poetry of history, whether it narrates with Homer the heroic legends of Greece, or celebrates with Virgil the remote origin of Rome linked to the destinies of Æneas? Of a different and more general description, the "Paradise Lost" itself displays only the development of a single, so to speak, dogmatic fact; the creation of man, driven to his fall by the envy of Satan; his disobedience, the punishment which immediately follows, the exile from Eden, the evils which, upon an accursed earth, are thenceforth the lot of himself and his successors, and, as consolation for so much suffering, the promise of a future redemption. What have these poems, restricted to a single special subject, in common with the vast poem which embraces not only the different conditions of man before and after the fall, but also, by the divine impulse which descends upon him from heaven to heaven, the development of his faculties and energies, his individual and his social laws, his varied passions, his virtues and vices, his joys, his sorrows; and not merely man in the plenitude of his own nature, but the universe, the spiritual material creation, the entire work of omnipotence, of supreme wisdom, and eternal love?

In that vast conception, however, Dante was unable to step beyond the limits in which his age was confined. His epic is an entire world, but a world corresponding to the development of thought and society at a single point of time, and upon a certain spot of earth—the world of the Middle Ages. If the subject is universal, the imperfection of knowledge limits it, when compared with subsequent science, to the very narrow sphere of the scholastic teaching. Authority traced around the intellect, both in religion and philosophy, an impassable circle. What was known of the origin of the human race, its early history, its first ideas of things, its ancient civilizations, its primitive religions? Nothing. Almost the whole of Asia, her doctrines, her arts, her languages, were as much unknown as ancient Egypt, or as the idioms, manners, faiths, and laws of the nations of the north and east of Europe. The existence of one-half of the habitable globe was not even suspected. The circle of vision embraced by the naked eye determined the extent of the heavens. True astronomy, physics, chemistry, anatomy, were still unborn. We must, therefore, transport ourselves back to the epoch of Dante in order rightly to appreciate the grandeur and magnificence of his work.

When the spring returned, after the winter of barbarism; when, by the rays of that internal sun which brightens, warms, and reanimates the soul grown torpid in chilling darkness, poetry began to flower again, her first flowers had a brilliancy and a perfume which we cease to find in those which have since expanded. The productions of art, less dependent on imitation and conventional rules, possess a stronger stamp of individuality, and an originality more marked and powerful. Of this Dante is a striking example. Doubly a creator, he creates at once an unrivalled poem and a magnificent language of which he has preserved the secret; for, whatever has been its influence upon the development of the literary language of Italy, it still preserves a character apart, peculiar to its great originator, and to be found in him alone. Clearness and precision, an indescribable conciseness and picturesqueness, particularly distinguish it. It reflects, in some measure, the genius of Dante—nervous, brief, an enemy of circumlocution, abridging everything, transmitting from his intellect to other intellects, from his soul to other souls, ideas, sentiments, and images by a sort of direct communication almost independent of words.

Having made these general observations upon the great poem of Dante, the Abbé Lamennais proceeds to the consideration of the Inferno, the first of its principal divisions, and it is in this part of his commentary that his peculiar theological opinions first crop out. He is no believer in the eternity of future punishments.

"If suffering," he says, "was eternal, the malady of which it is the punishment would be so also, consequently, moral evil, and that evil eternal, would constitute, in opposition to the good principle, the evil principle of the dualist systems. We should be compelled to conceive of it as independent, as subsisting by itself, or to admit something still more monstrous, for if it was not self-existent, if it depended on the divine will, God would be the direct author of evil."

Afterwards, he is very severe upon the hell of priestcraft, with its atrocious punishments, alike opposed to true justice and to the benevolence of the Supreme Being, invented principally to govern man through their fears. "Theological Christianity," he says, "has especially delighted in these sombre doctrines, has especially applied itself to the task of affrighting the imagination of men by terrible images, in order to lay them prostrate at the feet of the priest. This was always, indeed, the most powerful bulwark of his authority, the most assured foundation of his rule over the nations." In his subsequent commentary on the Purgatorio, Lamennais takes occasion to attack the doctrine of predestination in the following terms:—

"Of all the aberrations into which men have been betrayed by a false theology, there is none more frightful than those of certain Christian sects, who, denying purgatory, or an estate of purification after death, admit only hell; and, in that respect, draw a just consequence from another point of their doctrine, according to which, man is predestinated from all eternity to salvation or damnation, in virtue of an immutable decree of the pure divine will. This absolute decree, implying the necessity not less absolute of its accomplishment, it is clear, that at the moment when man passes from this life into the other, his destinies are for ever fixed, and that thenceforth for him there exists only an eternal heaven or an eternal hell, without the choice between them having ever been, in any degree, in his own power, or dependent upon the use of his free will, which the said doctrine radically destroys, and along with it the moral principle inseparable from liberty.

Of all the blasphemies against God, there is none which equals this in impiety."

In comparing the skill of Milton and of Dante, Lamennais displays much fairness and a just appreciation of the relative merits of the two great poets. The vast cone of the hell of Dante, with the frightful spirals, the abodes of lost souls, terminating at the central abyss where the chief of the rebel angels is frozen in eternal ice, was founded upon ideas generally received in the Middle Ages. Milton was obliged by the nature of his subject to place his hell beyond the bounds of the habitable creation, in the shadowy abyss of chaos. It contains only fallen angels, since his poem opens before the fall of man.

"These demons," says Lamennais, "of an equivocal intermediate nature, without determined forms, are little more than representations of abstract vices, except the spiritual vice of pride, of which Satan is the supreme type. His conception, narrow in its details, monstrous as a whole, has nothing in common with that of Dante. But the character of Satan, the highest, the most beautiful, of created beings, that indomitable pride, that haughty defiance hurled at omnipotence, that melancholy joy of an eternal revolt in the bosom of an eternal punishment, never has human genius produced anything grander. The Lucifer of Dante, flapping in the midst of the infernal cone his huge bat's-wings, crunching in his triple mouth Brutus, Cassius, Judas, and otherwise purely passive, is certainly far inferior."

The Inferno is, above all things, according to Lamennais, a satire—a gigantic epic satire. Hence its strange and startling contrasts; its mixture of the serious and grotesque, which would otherwise be so offensive. Dante has been able to take all tones, because satire admits of them all. He has been able to depict evil under one—and not the least remarkable—of its aspects; under its low, ugly, ignoble, almost ridiculous, aspect. He has been able to imitate the grand artists of the Middle Ages, who placed here and there upon the cornices of their magnificent cathedrals hideous figures of demons, and human emblems of vice in its most abject and repulsive forms.

In the outset of his criticism on the Purgatorio, Lamennais points out the absurdity of the belief in such a place of punishment and purification, and the heathen origin of the Romish doctrine—Pythagoras, Plato, Virgil, and many other ancient philosophers and poets having held the same belief. This belief, so universal in the Middle Ages, led to many dangerous consequences. Men became persuaded that suffering had in itself an expiatory virtue—in fact, that it washed away sin—which gradually led to the execrable opinion that God took pleasure in the punishment and sufferings of his erring creatures. Hence arose the persecuting zeal, and the perpetration of infernal cruelties, by which, among so many nations, a frantic piety sought to appease Divine justice.

The following observations on the distinctive character of the Purgatorio are characterized by much originality and eloquence:—

"The tone of this poem contrasts profoundly with that of the poem which precedes it. It has something mild and sad, like the twilight, something aerial, like a dream. The violent agitations of the soul are calmed. The material pains resemble those of hell. The impression is entirely different. They awaken a tender pity, instead of terror and bitter agony. The suffering soul not only accepts them because it recognises their justice, but it longs for them because it knows that it will be cured by them, and because, in this transitory pain, it anticipates a joy that will never pass away. Hence arises an indescribable calm and tranquillity, a serene melancholy. Remove uncertainty, doubt, fear, from this present life, leave it only, along with its sufferings, the hope which mitigates them, and an assured faith of reaching the goal of our hope, and that would be the purgatory which Dante has depicted. And, in truth, purgatory, hell, heaven, so far as we have the power of conceiving of them, are only the different conditions of man upon the earth where we live, mingled with virtues and vices, joys and sorrows, light and darkness, of which in reality the other world is only an extension in a larger and more elevated sphere. Separate from good and from evil the impossible absolute, and these things only remain, the common heritage of imperfect and indefinitely perfectible beings. We ourselves constitute our hell, our purgatory, our heaven, according to the state of the soul, on which necessarily depends the state of the body, and however low may be the point from which they start, all souls tend towards heaven, all will arrive there with more or less labour, because God draws all to himself, because God is love, and love is stronger than death."

Lamennais remarks that, at the first glance, the reader of the Purgatorio might perhaps be surprised at the extent of the circle at the foot of the mount, peopled by those souls who are waiting for admission into the place where their purification is to be accomplished. In this, however, we recognise a profound thought. For what is this waiting crowd, if not that in the midst of which we live, giddy, thoughtless, without decided attachment to evil, without active love of goodness; forgetful of the future, wooing the breezes of the present, entirely wrapped up in the transitory now, never occupied with that which shall be; expanding, like the flowers of the field, to receive each sunbeam, each drop of dew, till winter, or some sudden blast, tears them for ever from their stalks. This state of moral indolence, of which corporeal indolence is the image and often the effect, Dante has thus placed before our eyes with that picturesque truth which we cannot sufficiently admire in all his varied and living delineations.

Unfortunately, Lamennais was cut down by the hand of death before he had completed his criticism on the Purgatorio, so that his eloquent commentary on the "Divina Commedia" remains incomplete. The last lines traced by his pen were devoted to the illustration of the great trilogy of Dante, and we read his magnificent introduction with mixed feelings of regret and satisfaction—of satisfaction that he lived to do so much, of regret that he was not permitted to finish the work which he had so nearly carried to perfection. But although his commentary remains unfinished, it everywhere bears the marks of a master's hand, and undoubtedly forms one of the most eloquent, just, and profound criticisms ever written upon the "Divina Commedia." As such it deserves,

and will amply reward, the careful perusal of all admirers of the immortal poem of the great Florentine.

Art. V.—The Canadian Confederation and the Reciprocity Treaty.

Though disagreeing in many points from the views advocated by "The Westminster Review," the Editor has admitted the following article, in the hope that both sides of a most important question may be heard.

Whatever differences of opinion there may be as to the advantages resulting from the connexion between England and her North American provinces, and as to which side receives the greater share, it will be generally admitted that there are disadvantages likewise attending it, and that the provinces, while participating in the former, are not at all exempt from the latter; beside being in the hourly expectation of adding to their stock of experience on the less favourable side of the account. As part of the empire, the provinces have their peculiar trials. The Fenian conspiracy, which has made itself felt in Ireland, has caused considerable uneasiness to them. Whatever the real intentions of those money-loving patriots may be, they have not hesitated to declare at public meetings throughout the United States that they purpose to conquer Canada, if not the other provinces too, and make it the base of operations against England; to seize on its shipping, and send forth from its ports privateers to prey on English commerce. Their numerical strength must be very great; undoubtedly they have funds at their disposal; and the object they are presumed to have in view enlists many sympathizers among all classes in the States. Officers holding commissions from the United States government are active members of the organization, and many native Americans in high official position contribute to its resources without concealment. But British Americans have troubles to contend with other than those arising from threatened Fenian attacks. The treaty of commerce which has regulated trade between the United States and the provinces for ten years past has terminated pursuant to notice given by the former, and a new era in colonial history has been entered upon. Since this treaty, known as the Reciprocity Treaty, took effect, the trade between the two countries increased threefold; so that if it can be shown that such increase was occasioned by the treaty and is dependent upon it, it becomes a serious question to the colonists as well as to the empire, what shall be the consequence of forcing a trade amounting to $68,000,000 into new channels; and that, too, independently of the political troubles that may arise over fishery rights placed in abeyance rather than settled by the arrangement then entered into.

For some time before the existence of the treaty, the trade of the provinces was steadily growing in importance, though clogged with all the drawbacks incident to the infancy of a country having no capital, little population, and the most primitive means of communication. The sturdy backwoodsman was hewing out a home for himself and his family, with cold and hunger held merely at arm's length. Between him and his nearest neighbour miles of dark forest intervened. The traveller or trader picked his way across tangled brushwood and fallen timber, and found few finger-posts by the roadside to point out the direction in which he wished to go. The politician had his attention fully taken up with providing for the wants of the hour; in investigating and settling local disputes. The foundations of government were being laid. Those political contests, which have so happily ended in the full enjoyment of constitutional liberty and executive responsibility, were then at their height. But as farm after farm was rescued from the woods, and municipal institutions took shape, the consideration of local matters widened into deliberation for the general welfare. Schemes of internal improvement, formerly viewed as shadowy impossibilities, grew into realities, while bounteous harvests sent new life through every artery of trade. Scarcely had the impulse been felt, when English policy, impelled by Free Trade principles, well-nigh swept away every hope that had been inspired by glimpses of a dawning prosperity. The withdrawal of that artificial protection which had been accorded by the Imperial Parliament to the colonial trade, forced these provinces into the family of nations. Canada felt the shock the most, but, imbued with a spirit of self-reliance, at once looked about for means whereby she might strengthen her crippled commerce. England had discriminated in favour of colonial breadstuffs and lumber, and the provinces had imposed differential duties in the interest of the mother country. The commercial policy of both had thus been in harmony. The repeal of the corn laws threw open to the United States a market in which the colonies had been hitherto favoured, and left the Canadians to struggle with a rival abroad which at home used every means to prevent their trade getting any headway. Canada possessed canals, but the commerce which they had been built to facilitate died on its hands, and the navigation laws then prevented foreign vessels from using them. The subsequent repeal of the navigation laws gave another advantage to the States which they have never reciprocated. The United States shipowners were admitted to share the coasting trade of the empire, and the provinces saw, not without chagrin, American vessels both on the sea-coast and on their lakes enjoying benefits for which nothing was granted to British subjects in return. Notwithstanding the heavy duties imposed on Canadian products, a considerable trade existed between the two countries, defying every effort to retard it altogether. Canadian wheat, being to a certain extent a necessity to the States, found its way there even under a high tariff. During the eight years prior to 1855, the year the

treaty went into operation, the whole British American trade with them amounted to $138,000,000. The geographical position of the provinces, lying as they do along the northern boundary of the republic, and, wedge-like, dividing the north-western States from New-England and the sea, naturally suggested the mutual advantage of closer commercial relations than had existed, and the idea of reciprocity in trade met the approval of prominent men on both sides of the territorial line. Though heavily burdened, a nucleus had formed which needed but a slight stimulus to develop itself. In the then crisis of affairs, Canada looked to this source for relief from the difficulties it found itself so suddenly plunged into, and accordingly made advances to the United States government, but a proposition for the mutual admission of certain-named articles was considered by Congress as too limited. The desire was that the other provinces should be embraced in any arrangement that might be made; that the interest of the great north-west should be considered as regards the navigation of the St. Lawrence; and more particularly that the Atlantic sea-board should be appeased by concessions in respect to the fisheries. Ultimately all matters in difference were satisfactorily arranged, and the Reciprocity Treaty passed into effect in March, 1855.

The expressed object of the treaty was to avoid further misunderstanding in regard to the extent of the right of fishing on the coasts of North America, and to regulate the commerce and navigation between the British American provinces and the United States in such manner as to render the same reciprocally beneficial and satisfactory. By Article I. it is provided—

"That in addition to the liberty secured to the United States fishermen by the Convention of October 20th, 1818, of taking, curing, and drying fish on certain coasts of the British North American colonies therein defined, the inhabitants of the United States shall have, in common with the subjects of Her Britannic Majesty, the liberty to take fish of every kind except shellfish on the sea-coasts and shores, and in the bays, harbours, and creeks of Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and of the several islands adjacent thereto, without being restricted to any distance from the shore; with permission to land upon the coasts and shores of those colonies, and the islands thereof, and also upon the Magdalen Islands, for the purpose of drying their nets and curing their fish."

Article II. extended to British subjects the same rights of fishing on the eastern coasts and shores of the United States north of the 36th parallel of north latitude. This privilege has been of no benefit to the provinces, having been rarely used. In Article III. certain articles are enumerated, the growth and produce of the British colonies and of the United States, which are admitted free of duty, viz., grain, flour, animals, meats, cotton, wool, seeds, vegetables, fruits, fish, poultry, eggs, hides, furs, skins, stone, marble, slate, butter, cheese, tallow, lard, horns, manures, ores of metals, coal, pitch, tar, turpentine, ashes, timber, lumber, firewood, plants, shrubs, trees, pelts, wool, fish-oil, rice, broom-corn, bark, gypsum, burr or grindstones, dyestuffs, flax, hemp, tow, tobacco unmanufactured, and rags. Article IV. allowed the right to United States citizens to navigate the St. Lawrence and the canals in Canada. A similar right as to the navigation of Lake Michigan was secured to British subjects. It was further agreed "that no export or other duty shall be levied on lumber or timber of any kind cut on that portion of the American territory in the State of Maine, watered by the river St. John and its tributaries, and floated down that river to the sea, when the same is shipped to the United States from the province of New Brunswick."

The extensive market unclosed by this treaty turned the tide of colonial trade to the United States, and the relieving effect was instantaneous. Since then the flow has been steady, increasing in volume year after year. The total trade under the treaty for the ten years of its continuance is estimated at $307,806,922, made up of exports to the United States of $174,865,727, and of imports, $132,941,195. It may be taken for granted that the profits of this interchange were not monopolized by the provinces, as every year has brought with it an increased trade, and while they exported for the most part products of the soil, the States sent to them manufactures and foreign goods mainly. The Western States suffer to a greater extent than even Western Canada, from their distance from the sea-board. The producing capacity of their vast territory is far in advance of the means of transportation. The canals and railroads of the intermediate States are totally inadequate to relieve the bursting granaries of an area which is widening year by year. The West needs additional outlets for its products, and the most natural highway by which foreign markets may be reached at the cheapest rate of transport is through the St. Lawrence. Prior to the introduction of railways, Canada saw the necessity for improving the navigation of that river for its own purposes, and, at great expense, completed a system of canals amongst the most magnificent in the world. By the treaty, the right to use these canals was granted to American vessels, and the Western grain depôts, Chicago, Milwaukee, and Detroit, were permitted to enter into direct trade with Europe. While the West had its rights thus enlarged, the special interests of the North-Eastern States were partakers also of liberal concessions. By the convention of 1818, the United States government had renounced the liberty to take, dry, or cure fish, on or within three marine leagues of any of the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbours of Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and certain districts of Newfoundland and Labrador. The colonists construed this to mean three marine leagues measured from headland to headland, not from the coast line, and were supported in this construction by the British government. The United States fishermen contended, however, for the right to fish in any of the many bays which indent the shores, so long as they kept three leagues from the shore. Drawing

the line from headland to headland deprived them of a share in the most profitable fisheries. It was not always that this imaginary sea-line was respected by the adventurous mariners who frequented these waters, and the many detentions and confiscations which resulted, were productive of much bad feeling. Armed cruisers, both imperial and colonial, kept a strict look-out for delinquents, and the colonial authorities were not tardy in the infliction of penalties for trespasses upon their rights. Had this state of things continued much longer, it would undoubtedly have led to serious international complications. But the treaty swept away all disabilities, and the fishing vessels of Maine and Massachusetts again swarmed in British waters, and pursued their calling undisturbed. The value of fish taken by them in the fisheries of the Gulf and in Canadian waters increased from $280,800 in 1854, to $1,265,700 in 1856. Their mackerel fishery increased from 250 vessels, manned by 2,750 men, and securing a catch worth $850,000 in the two years prior to the treaty, to 600 vessels, employing 9,000 men and securing $4,567,500, within the two years subsequent. The maritime provinces were not well pleased to see their monopoly of a lucrative employment taken away, and very naturally grumbled at being forced to compete with daring and energetic intruders who had previously taken their chances outside their preserves; the more so, as the United States fishermen were backed up by bounties to the extent of four dollars per ton, while those of the provinces had no such assistance. Although the treaty was not applicable to the fisheries of Upper Canada, the vessels and fishermen of the United States were admitted to the waters and shores of Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Superior; and in 1865 took $157,504 worth of fish therefrom, while not a single Canadian vessel entered United States waters for the purpose of fishing, as the Canadian lake fisheries are by far the best. In looking back at the general results of the treaty, it will be seen, therefore, that it caused a vast expansion of a mutually profitable trade; it opened to the Eastern States a field for employment exhaustless in riches and unlimited in extent; it granted the privilege of using six canals which Canadian industry had been taxed to build; and brought into closer commercial relations two peoples, though living side by side, yet up to the time of the arrangement knowing little, and caring less, for each other. While it is acknowledged that the relief it brought with it was opportune and suited to the circumstances, it is not by any means admitted that the prosperity of the provinces will be seriously affected by its abrogation. At the time it went into operation colonial trade was embarrassed, but with the recovery from a temporary disturbance came a new era. The Crimean war enhanced greatly the prices of Canadian products, and thus contributed to the readjustment of business. The subsequent building of railways involved an expenditure within Canada alone of $120,000,000, so that more than one cause brought about the reaction, and more than one cause tended to its continuance. Before determining, therefore, that the commercial future of British America is at the mercy of the legislation of the United States, it would be well to compare the present with the past as regards the internal, as well as the external advancement of these colonies.

In 1851 Canada had no railways in operation; the ten years between 1850 and 1860, witnessed the construction of 2093 miles; Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have built over 300 miles also. Five years ago there were only two coal mines being worked in Nova Scotia; now there are thirty. In 1850, only 95,000 tons of coals were raised; in 1865, the yield increased to 653,854 tons. The gold product of 1865 was twenty-five per cent. over that of preceding years, the amount taken out in that year being equal to $460,000; the imports have risen from $8,448,042 in 1862, to $14,381,662 in 1865; while there were exported $7,000,000 worth of her own productions—more in proportion than Canada ever sent out in one year. And this enterprising province now has 3898 vessels of a registered worth of $13,347,500 engaged in trade. The revenue of New Brunswick in 1850 was $416,348; by 1860 it had doubled. In one year $175,000 had been expended in building roads. The other provinces have advanced materially, every year exhibiting an increase of exports and imports. Newfoundland, with its 130,000 people, of whom 30,000 are hardy sailors employed in the fisheries, has a revenue higher in proportion to the population than any of the British North American provinces.

To make the contrast plainer it will be better to take the testimony of two witnesses who cannot be charged with bias. Lord Durham, in his report to the British Government on the state of the British North American provinces, said—

"By describing one side of the frontier and reversing the picture, the other would be described. On the American side all is activity and bustle . . . . . But it is not in the difference between the large towns on the two sides, that we shall find the best evidence of our inferiority. That painful but most undeniable truth is most manifest in the country districts through which the line of national separation passes for a distance of a thousand miles. There, on the side of both the Canadas and also of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, a widely scattered population, poor and apparently unenterprising, though hardy and industrious, separated from each other by tracts of intervening forests, without towns or markets, almost without roads, living in mean houses, drawing little more than a rude subsistence from ill-cultivated land, and seemingly incapable of improving their condition, present the most instructive contrast to their enterprising and thrifty neighbours on the American side."

Keeping this fact in view, let us contemplate the change, as related in Mr. Derby's Report on the Reciprocity Treaty made to the Secretary of the United States Treasury, that has occurred since.

"From 1851 to 1861 the population of Canada has increased more rapidly than the population of the Union. . . . . The rate of increase in all the provinces was nearly equal to that of the Union.

. . . . In the fifteen years from 1851 to 1865, the whole exports and imports of Canada rose from $35,000,000 to $87,000,000. Her revenue rose also from $3,500,000 to $10,500,000. Between 1851 and 1865, her improved land increased from 7,307,950 acres to 10,855,854, or 49 per cent.; the value of the same from $263,516,000 to $466,675,780. The wheat crop, which exceeds that of Illinois and of each of our states, rose from 15,756,493 bushels to 27,274,779, or 78 per cent. The oat crop, larger than that of New York, the leading state of our Union, rose from 20,369,247 bushels to 38,772,170, or 91 per cent. During the same period the value of the lumber rose from an average of $7 to $10 per M.; and in the interval between 1851 and 1863, her exports of lumber rose from $5,085,628, of which but 23 per cent. reached the United States, to a total of $12,264,178. . . . . From 1851 to 1861 she has increased her miles of railway from twelve to nineteen hundred miles; she has increased her wheat and oat crops, her wool, the value of her forests, and wealth *more than we have*, although she is naturally inferior in climate, soil, and position."

But while the unwearying industry and praiseworthy self-reliance of the British provinces have born fruit in a prosperity wonderful, compared even with the world's wonder, that of the United States, they have awakened "envy—the vice of republics." Those struggling and much-despised colonists have emerged from their mountains of snow and masses of ice; from being objects of pity have attained the lofty position of rivals. Canada has been striving fairly to make her canals and railways attract the trade of the West. In so doing she has undermined the monopoly enjoyed by the canalling and forwarding interests of Buffalo and New York, and from this source came the first complaints against the Reciprocity Treaty. The outcry was that Canada was making "fruitless but persistent efforts to direct the trade of the Western States from the natural channels it had already formed." The aggrieved interests were powerful and active. The advocates of protection duties seized the opportunity to swell the chorus that the States had the worst of the bargain, until at length the combination of forces has succeeded in bringing to an end an agreement which had done so much for commerce, and substituted therefor a system of duties based on the exploded fallacies of protection. No complaint was urged against the maritime provinces: Canada has been the alleged transgressor. But the charges against Canada were coupled with objections which, according to the protectionist theories, proved the impolicy of reciprocity. Prior to the treaty, the exports from the States to Canada exceeded the imports thence, but in 1860 this was reversed, and since that time the balance of trade has been against the States. The exports to that province fell from $20,883,241 in 1856, to $12,842,596 in 1862, though they again rose in 1865 to $19,589,055. This decline in exports is attributed to several causes. It is alleged that heavy duties were imposed by Canada upon many of the articles the States had to sell; that discriminating tolls and duties were laid upon their merchants and forwarders; that the method of levying duties on merchandize of foreign origin has been for the avowed purpose of checking the trade of New York and Boston; and that the whole policy of Canada is avowedly restrictive and adverse to the interests of the United States. On the other hand the Canadians allege that the increase of these duties was not for the purpose of discriminating against the States, but was imposed by financial necessities, as British manufacturers were subjected to the same burdens; that if they have raised their tariff, they have not reached anything like the height of the United States tariff, which latter has mounted fully twenty-five per cent. over that of 1854; that the method of levying duties on foreign merchandize is precisely similar to that of the United States as regards goods generally; and that the policy of Canada has been liberal and calculated rather to attract than to force trade. The progress of the discussion has brought out three classes of opponents to the treaty in the States. Those whose interests were directly injured by it, and who contend that Canada has violated its spirit; those who looked upon it in the light of a political failure, separating more widely rather than bringing together the two countries, and who urge that its continuance is necessary to the existence of the provinces, at the same time viewing its abrogation as a sort of chastisement for the colonial aversion to annexation; and those, generally, who advocate a system of high protective duties. With faint hope of overcoming such a union of opposing forces, but anxious to give evidence of their desire to establish international trade on a satisfactory basis, the provinces sent Commissioners to Washington to negotiate for the continuance of the Treaty. In connexion with Sir Frederick Bruce, the British Minister, the Commissioners laid the subject of their mission before the United States government. Mr. McCulloch, the able Secretary of the Treasury, without any inclination to interfere with the freedom of trade, felt called upon to consider first the requirements of the revenue, but it was intimated that while a continuance of the treaty was out of the question, some arrangement might be made by legislation that would prove equitable. The Commissioners appeared before the Congressional Committee of Ways and Means, and after a lengthy discussion found that the demands of the Committee were so extravagant, according to provincial ideas, that it would be useless to negotiate further. While acknowledging the advantage of the treaty, the Commissioners would not admit its necessity to the provinces; and regarding the subordination of colonial legislation, in the matter of excise duties, to that of the United States, as too great a sacrifice for a very uncertain benefit, returned home to announce the failure of their mission. The firm stand taken in resistance to dictatorial arrogance, was fully approved of by the people of the provinces, and with a unanimity which must have astonished those in the United States who fancied they had got their neighbours "on the hip." From Lake Huron to the Atlantic, the result was accepted with calmness, if not with satisfaction, and the local press went earnestly to work to prepare the merchant, the farmer, and the mechanic

for a new order of things. The wisdom of confederation became apparent to those who before had looked upon that scheme with coldness; and the provinces now feel that they are no longer isolated settlements, but vigorous communities having interests in common which make the prosperity of one the prosperity of all. They know more of each other now, and the instincts of a common nationality urge them to provide against a common danger. Times have changed since they appeared first at Washington to solicit reciprocity in trade. Then they were weak and poor; now they are vigorous and well to do. Then they were insignificant and spiritless; now they feel that their country has a splendid destiny, and they are ready to lay a bold hand on the commerce of more than one continent.

But let us look more closely at the principal branches of the colonial trade likely to be affected by the infliction of vexatious duties on the part of the United States. At the time the treaty was made the United States tariff on the articles mentioned in the treaty was on animals, butter, pork, fish, eggs, pelts, wheat, flour, barley, oats, rye and corn, vegetables, fruits, lumber, and timber, 20 per cent.; wool, clover, and coal, 30 per cent. Subsequently the rates were raised on coal, tobacco, and wool. The Committee on Ways and Means, on the expiration of the treaty, proposed to increase the duties as follows:—Salmon, $2; mackerel, $1; herrings, 50 cents; all other pickled fish, $1 per barrel; coal, 50 cents per ton; timber, one half cent per cubic foot, to $2 per 1000 feet, according to variety; lumber, one quarter cent per cubic foot to $2 per 100 feet, according to variety; animals, 20 per cent.; barley, 10 cents per bushel; beef, 1 cent per pound; corn, 10 cents per bushel; wheat, 20 cents per bushel, &c. But the House of Representatives rejected the report of the Committee on the ground that the proposed increase was not high enough to afford protection to home industry. With this object, therefore, a scale of duties was insisted upon, which satisfied the advocates of "protective policy:"—Lumber three quarter cent per cubic foot to $3 per 1000 feet; stone 35 per cent.; animals, 30 per cent.; barley 25 cents per bushel; wool, 10 to 25 cents per pound, &c.; but the latest advices are to the effect that no Act has been yet passed on the subject. The staples of the provinces are grain, breadstuffs, lumber, wool, coal, and fish. As to the grain trade, Canada will be a loser. The treaty gave to her a home market, in which no large risks were run, and in which money was turned over very rapidly. But this branch of trade has curious features. In 1863 Canada imported from the States 5,338,095 bushels of wheat, and exported thither only 3,850,000 bushels, while its export to foreign countries was 8,969,304 bushels. A great deal of the wheat imported was exported as flour. Now, the maritime provinces in 1863 imported from the States 8,615,232 bushels, nearly the amount sent by Canada to the States. Nova Scotia alone, in 1865, received 2,520,819 dollars' worth of flour from the States for home consumption; so that if an intercolonial trade, hitherto neglected, can be built up, the loss of the United States market will be to a great extent repaired. Canada has the advantage, likewise, of having her flour 800 miles nearer to the lower ports than the United States, if the latter relied on the Western product. It is expected that a great deal of Canadian wheat will find its way across the lines, as its superior quality makes it acceptable to the wealthier classes. It should be considered that, owing to the ravages of the midge and the weevil, the Canadian farmer has been compelled to depend less on his wheat crop, and repeated losses have driven him to devote more attention to the breeding of cattle and the raising of the more hardy cereals, such as barley. Of barley and rye Canada sold to the States $4,500,000 worth in one year, and imported from thence $900,000 worth, while Indian corn was imported to the value of about a million. The Canadian barley is far superior to that produced in the States, and it remains to be seen whether a duty of 25 cents per bushel will keep it out, as it costs about 40 cents a bushel to transport it from the Mississippi to Buffalo, the point of competition. It is probable that the additional tax will be paid by the brewers of New York and Philadelphia. As a set-off to any loss in the grain trade, there will be the profit accruing to Canada from becoming its own carrier. Instead of sending wheat and flour to New York and Portland, to be distributed thence to Europe and the lower provinces, it will go in Canadian bottoms by the St. Lawrence route. The lumber trade possesses within itself the guarantee of continuance. The principal export is to Great Britain. In 1865 Canada exported products of the forest to the value of $14,283,207, of which $8,996,355 went to Great Britain, and $5,008,746 to the United States. Nova Scotia in 1862 exported $611,725, and New Brunswick $2,810,188, the latter province sending most of her lumber to foreign parts. The exhaustion of the supply of lumber in the States must render them in time dependent on the yield of the Canadian forests. It is estimated that there is, in this province alone, 287,000 square miles of pine forest and valuable wood on which to draw. The Western States, with their wide treeless prairies, cannot much longer have their wants supplied by the lumber of Michigan, nor can the Middle and Eastern States remain at the mercy of the Maine lumbermen, and must, despite of a high duty, purchase where the article is to be got. The manufacture of wool in the United States consumed 152,000,000 of pounds in 1864, nearly half of which was imported. Of the amount imported in 1865, Canada supplied $1,351,722 worth. In 1860, $15,000,000 of worsteds were imported by the States, principally from England. The Canadian wool has been found equal to the best English lustre wool, and far superior to any that can be produced in the States. So they must purchase somewhere, as the home supply is wholly inadequate to the demand, both in respect to quantity and quality. The wool going in free under the treaty has been of great assistance to their manufacturers, and its partial exclusion, if it can be excluded at all, will force the Canadians to manufacture and

send woollen goods into the States. The Canadian woollen manufacturers are rapidly increasing, and New York merchants found it profitable last year to import woollens from Montreal, and that, too, after paying high duties, and suffering from exchange being against them. The Nova Scotians knew that their bituminous coal can be laid down in the Atlantic cities at a price much lower than it can be brought from the United States coal districts, and a duty of $2 a ton will not exclude what can stand a $3 duty. The gasworks and factories of the Eastern States require this description of coal to heat their furnaces, so that an additional tax will only render their manufacturers less able to compete with those of foreigners, without being prohibitory, and will bring into the harbours of Nova Scotia the Atlantic steamers that have been wont to coal at Boston and New York. The duties imposed on fish cannot injure the maritime provinces to a great extent. The exclusion of United States fishermen from a valuable fishing ground will go far to reconcile them to the loss of the treaty, as they can find a ready sale in foreign countries for all the fish they can catch. They rely upon the enterprise of their own people to extend sales in the direction of the West Indies, Mexico, and South America. Last year Nova Scotia exported to foreign countries over $3,000,000 worth of fish; and the trade of New Brunswick with the United States in this article is now nearly equalled by its trade with the West Indies. Newfoundland has its greatest source of wealth in the fisheries, but its total exports to the States amounted only to $238,645, while it imported thence $1,728,985 worth of articles, which could nearly all be advantageously supplied from Canada. To counteract the policy of the United States, the provinces have sent out commissioners to the West Indies and to Brazil, seeking to substitute new markets for that from which it seems to be determined to exclude them; and so far the prospects are encouraging.

In addition to this, they contemplate a readjustment of their tariffs so as to make their country the cheapest to live in, and the most attractive to foreign labour and foreign capital. No retaliatory measures are threatened. The disposition is to throw off every shackle that fettered trade. It is thought, therefore, and with good reason, that the disturbance of colonial trade will be but temporary. Even taking it for granted that a high protective tariff will be efficacious in sealing up the United States against the staples of the provinces, the colonists can look confidently to the establishment of an intercolonial trade, and a direct foreign trade, which shall make up for all that they have lost, and relieve them from the embarrassments of a supposed dependency.*

The political consequences of the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty are worthy of serious consideration. No doubt the adoption of the treaty by the United States was owing in a great degree to their expectation that a reciprocal interchange of products would cause such a mingling of interests as to lead the British provinces to regard their prosperity as inextricably bound up with the fate of the great Republic. It is now seen that the desired effect has not been produced. On the contrary, the two countries are as distinct as ever, and we are not surprised to read in what may be considered a state paper, a paragraph devoted to the question, "Can the provinces be coerced into annexation?" Mr. Derby is certainly plain-spoken. "There are," he remarks, "gentlemen of intelligence, and possibly some statesmen, who think it will be politic to allow the treaty to expire without any efforts or arrangements for renewal, who predict that in such case the provinces will range themselves under our banner, and seek admission into the Union." Canada, with its 1000 miles of frontier, would be a valuable acquisition to them now, when they are attempting to wall themselves in by the imposition of protective duties. Canada and the lower provinces may become the distributing depôt for foreign goods over the whole Continent. If Canada went into the Union, the other provinces, and the vast Red River territory, could not long resist the pressure. And were Britain to lose her foot-hold in America, a non-intercourse policy, such as that advocated in the United States Senate by Senator Chandler, extending from the Rio Grande to Labrador, would carry with it serious consequences to British commerce.

It would seem that England's course in this juncture is marked out plain enough. Is it well to follow the advice of that school of political economists who would place her vast commerce—her very life blood—at the mercy of foreign nations? Who would sacrifice the advantages gained by a lavish expenditure of blood and treasure on the altar of speculative theory? Who would rely for freedom from attack on national amiability rather than on national strength? Jurists have worked out a code of international law, but their maxims, though admitted to be true and right, are not always acted on. So colonial emancipators may lay down general principles, and issue economic promises to pay, but their principles are too general to beget implicit confidence in their prophesied effects, and their promises are without guarantee. It surely is not politic for England to alienate her friends on the North American continent by leaving them to drift about at the mercy of chance. It is admitted on both sides of the Atlantic that the existing relations between the mother country and those American dependencies must soon or later undergo some change. When that change shall take place, or what shall be its nature, are questions yet to be decided. The decision may rest with the parties immediately interested; per-

* The maritime provinces will take Canadian flour, and will send in return coal and fish, without needing the United States merchants to act as middlemen. Instead of sending provincial lumber, grain, and fish to New York, to be thence exported by United States shippers to Brazil, Cuba, the West Indies, Hayti, Australia, Peru, and Africa, the colonist will henceforth have a greater share of the profits of the products of his own country.

haps it may be taken out of their hands. The tie so provocative of wrath on the part of Colonial emancipators has lost the character of a Gordian knot. Its intricacy and firmness are no longer a challenge to ingenuity. No oracle need be consulted as to the secret of its undoing, as all that is required is to destroy the mutual affection which keeps the line "taut," and there will be plenty of willing hands to cast off the shore ends. The writer does not propose to deal with those who advocate an immediate and total separation as being for the best interests of both parties, and have sufficient faith in their own logic to render them easy as to the consequences. However disinclined to admit the soundness of their arguments, we must accord them that respect which earnestness based on honesty of purpose commands. But, on the other hand, there are those who go half way with both sides in this discussion, not professedly for any great length of time, but openly enough and sufficiently long to earn the cordial dislike of all really in earnest. This Ishmaelitish class has its representatives in the press and in Parliament. Their ability is indisputable; their influence not to be despised. Their seeming impartiality in the distribution of favours, and their sprightly readiness to break a lance with all comers, render their specious logic and plausible statements all the more invidious and fraught with all the greater danger to those who adopt opinions second-hand on subjects not sufficiently interesting to induce personal investigation. What British Americans want is simply fair play. They have no desire to appear every other day at the bar of public opinion to answer charges that are without foundation, and at the same time do not wish that judgment should be taken against them by default. The majority of them view the existing connexion as mutually beneficial and worthy of preservation. They have a dislike to absorption in the American Republic; and the circumstances in which they are placed, as well as the recollection of what they have endured to preserve their allegiance, naturally prompt them to look across the ocean for some recognition of their steadiness of purpose. They find very little satisfaction in the dictatorial utterances, and still less in the scoldings that come from this side of the water. It is not unfair for them to ask that those who assume to lead public opinion in the mother country should avoid mistaking facts, whether intentionally or through ignorance, and guard against becoming uncharitable when they should be quiet. Lack of correct information can no longer be pleaded as an excuse for departure from truth, as the means of supplying it are available. Such books as that of Mr. Russell, the *Times'* correspondent, on "Canada, its Defences, Condition, and Resources," are well calculated to dispel those illusions which have led so many Englishmen to lavish their compliments on the United States and their satire on the British American provinces. Comparisons have been made to the prejudice of these colonies, and forcible lectures are still read to them on their want of energy, their mercenary spirit, their hysterical lip-loyalty, and their inclination to sponge on the imperial exchequer; the weak places in their armour are gloated over and pointed out to the world; and ready writers exercise themselves wonderfully to prove that the provinces are wholly incapable of defence. It is not difficult to ridicule hearty expressions of attachment, nor does it require great cleverness to fling off the words lip-loyalty. Those who so glibly utter the reproach forget what it is they are striking at. The citizen of the United States has a flag of his own, and a nationality of his own, but the provincialist has ever had to look abroad for his. British policy isolated the colonies to prevent their absorption in the Republic, and in so doing stunted the growth of a native national sentiment. The American revolution drove into the Royal provinces those who wished to preserve their allegiance to Britain, and the exiles carried with them the recollection of injuries and losses endured for a cause which they, foolishly or wisely, deemed worthy of the sacrifice. They gave up houses, lands, kindred, and the associations of youth, and exchanged comfort and ease for the dangers and hardships of an inhospitable wilderness. The chivalrous sense of honour which rendered them exiles was imparted to their children. Loyalty to Britain became to them a synonym for connexion with the mother-land and non-adherence to the Republic. When Englishmen, therefore, undertake to cast reflection on a loyalty that has so frequently proved itself a reality, they should first consider what the British American means when he makes boast of his "loyalty." Now that British America has become prosperous and united, and the traditions of the past are gradually losing their hold on the imaginations of a new generation, that sentiment which so long found an outlet in declamation over the glories of the mother-land, will draw a more natural nourishment from native sources. It remains to be seen what shall take its place, and whether the doling out of so much gratitude for so much benefit received will be more acceptable to English critics than the hereditary romantic attachment which allowed no danger, no loss, no neglect to sully its purity. Notwithstanding the assertion that Canada is incapable of defence, the very same persons who gave it currency are among the first to charge the colonists with an unwillingness to sink in fortifications the money they need to open up roads and deepen their canals. Although the provinces have more men in training in proportion to their population than England, and that too in a country where the duty of a volunteer partakes little of the nature of play, they are sneered at for not preparing to defend themselves. What is the fact? Military schools have been established in the provinces under the superintendence of officers of the regular army, and last fall Colonel McDougall inspected in camp, at Montreal, 2000 graduates who formed, according to his acknowledgment, as fine battalions, both in respect to physique and drill, as he, with all his experience, had ever seen. Throughout all the provinces the volunteers are regularly drilled by sergeants of the

regular army in the pay of the colonists. But it may be asked, Can the fighting material be furnished? It is not necessary to call the roll of British Americans who have done battle for Britain in all parts of the world, to point to Williams of Kars, or Inglis of Lucknow, or young Dunn, who bore off the Victoria Cross from the bravest of the immortal "six hundred," or young Reade, who, though a surgeon, won the same token of heroism at Delhi, or the many others who have died under the Red cross. Look back to the time when Maine called out her militia to settle the boundary question by force, and New Brunswick and Nova Scotia sprang to arms with but a regiment or two of British troops to assist them in rolling back the tide of invasion. In 1812, did any of the provinces quail? Or did those 1000 raw French Canadian militia under De Salaberry, when they defeated 7000 United States infantry at Chateauguay, show themselves deficient in bravery? At the time of the Trent affair, was there a display of timidity? At two o'clock in the morning of the eighth of March, 1866, a call was made by telegraph from the Canadian capital for 10,000 men to line the frontier, as an attack by American Fenians was apprehended; by night that number of thoroughly equipped and well-drilled volunteers were at their respective head-quarters. Stores and factories were emptied and farm houses deserted, and Canada, from Sarnia to Quebec, wore the appearance of a vast military encampment. Were double the number required, they could have been had on the same notice. And this is the Canada that has been so often scolded for not showing, according to the notions of British writers and British speakers, a willingness to defend itself!

It has been said that the provinces are mercenary and disposed to shirk taxation, but it is evident that the imposition of high taxes would be a deadly blow to their future prospects. They wish not only to retain therein our population, but to be able to offer inducements to emigrants; and now that the United States have been compelled to submit to an oppressive load, there is hope that the tide of emigration will turn in favour of the provinces. Their best defence, after all, is population. With an increase in the number of inhabitants will arise an increase of wants, and capital will follow in the train. The Republicans are determined, if they cannot totally exclude British manufactures, to make British capital invested in the States pay a share of their war debt. Massachusetts has imposed a tax of four per cent. upon the receipts for premiums of all foreign insurance companies doing business in that State. The State of New York passed an act whereby her foreign bondholders would be compelled to take their interest in United States currency when one dollar in gold was worth two dollars and a half in currency. The Supreme Court of this State has lately decided, under the Legal Tender Act, that a promise to pay in gold or silver dollars is fulfilled by a payment in "greenbacks" without the discount. British capital has been lavished on the United States. It has built their railways and canals, and sustained their different State governments; while, strange to say, American capital has sought investment in the British Provinces. The collieries of Nova Scotia, the gold mines of Nova Scotia and Canada, the copper mines of Canada, Upper and Lower, and the Upper Canadian oil wells are all for the most part in operation through capital invested in them by citizens of the United States. It is the best policy, therefore, for Canada to keep down taxation, and Canadian statesmen are wise in their generation in paying little heed to those who would urge them into spending their strength for nought.

But the cavils and scoffs, though based on fallacies, of those who have taken on themselves to lecture the provinces for alleged shortcomings, are productive of injurious consequences. A young country is particularly sensitive to outside criticism, and the fact of being a dependent, although but in name, does not blunt the edge of harshly-worded rebuke. Even the United States smarted under the attacks of a foreign press, so that the British American may be excused if he displays somewhat of a similar weakness. It is easy to laugh at him when with pardonable vanity he examines English opinion for some word of encouragement, some tribute to his industry and his endurance. The boy who leaves the home of his childhood in search of fortune, looks forward with eagerness to the day when he can return laden with the fruits of his labour; and, when he has secured the reward of industry, exhibits it nowhere with so much pride as at the old homestead. The emigrant in the backwoods feels a strange pleasure in writing "home," as he continues through life to call the land of his birth, the history of his struggles and his success. It may be a mere sentiment, utterly ridiculous in the eyes of the philosophic economist, but it is human nature. It is not difficult, therefore, to imagine the feelings of the British American as he thinks of his precarious position in the American continent; of the power of the Republic that well nigh overshadows his country with its greatness; of the strong inducements held out to ambition across the lines; of the mingling of interests that makes him a participator in the misfortunes of his republican neighbours, if not an equal sharer in their prosperity; and then reads in the columns of acknowledged organs of public opinion what they say in England of himself and his home. Far away from the motherland, three thousand miles across the sea, and a thousand miles inland, the Canadian tries to sift from the metropolitan press the real sentiments of the English people; and, within sight of the stars and stripes, peruses British journals and British reviews (not those of the United States) in which threats, ridicule, unfair comparisons, and even contemptuous disdain mark the passages that bear on his case. He may well ask, What is the object of such a mode of attack? Were British America convinced that Britain desired an immediate separation, objection from abroad would be silenced, however impolitic the step might be considered. But British America wants time. It

is not ready to stand alone, as that system of colonial rule which divided the provinces and discouraged intercommunication, has produced effects which cannot be got over at once. Besides, the locking in of Canada from the sea by Lord Ashburton, which, according to Mr. Russell, "weakened Canada at its weakest point, and conferred most signal advantages on the only enemy it had to fear," and further, "bit into the substance of the provinces, and at the same time cut the vein of communication with the sea for five long winter months," must, for some time at least, prove a tremendous disadvantage. But it is quite possible that a premature dissolution of the connexion may be forced on, and it is within the bounds of probability that the separation may be associated with bitter feelings; that wounded pride and rejected affection may smother the recollections of former benefits and sympathy. No British American wishes that it should be so; surely no patriotic Englishman desires it.

Art. VI.—The Dog: His Intelligence.

Researches into the History of the British Dog, from Ancient Laws, Charters, and Historical Records. With original Anecdotes and Illustrations of the Nature and Attributes of the Dog, from the Poets and Prose Writers of Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern Times. By George R. Jesse. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Hardwicke. 1866.

It is no very easy matter in the present day to write anything particularly new or original upon the character of the dog. So many authors, some of them of the very highest rank, have treated in prose or verse of the good qualities of the peculiar friend of man, that there is little left for their successors to do, except to gather up their scattered fragments into a more or less connected whole. This is exactly what Mr. Jesse has attempted, with the addition of a series of notices of the customs of our ancestors in connexion with the employment of dogs, and if many of the sections of his work appear a little disjointed, we must accept the apology for its "rugged form" put forth in his preface, and thank him for the great mass of information on an interesting subject which he has brought together in these volumes.

The old proverb, "Love me, love my dog," might certainly be adopted in its most literal sense by Mr. Jesse as his motto, although perhaps he would widen its acceptation, for the whole tendency of his book is towards the promulgation of a most extensive system of philocyny, if we may coin such an expression. Like Byron and several other writers, Mr. Jesse seems to think that if the Christian injunction to love one's neighbour as one's self, is to be observed, still more ought we to love our neighbour's dog. He recommends us to "take the dog in the aggregate, weigh him against ourselves in moral qualities, such as patience, trustfulness, unselfishness" (which are undoubtedly among the highest of neighbourly qualities), and adds, "How frequently the brute is our superior!" Indeed, when we look at the long list of virtues and good qualities of a humbler rank given by our author as pertaining to the dog (vol. 1, p. 92), we can find comfort under our own shortcomings only by the consideration, that as the whole of these virtues probably were never concentrated in a single dog, so we may hope that some of them at least are possessed by most men, and that all are manifested more or less by the human race in general.

And certainly, if people ever did follow a moral example anywhere, except in pious tracts and temperance novels, there can be no doubt that many points in dog-life duly pondered over, might have some effect in the improvement of human nature; but the misfortune is, that those who stand most in need of such improvement would be the last to see the conduct of their canine instructors in its proper light. And it must be confessed that to look upon one's house dog in the light of a perpetual, though dumb, moral lecturer, would in course of time become rather a nuisance.

But, in truth, if we were to seek for examples of unfailing love and devotion, of unshakeable faithfulness to trust, of strict and unswerving attention to duty, where should we find these qualities at least exhibited in such perfection as by dogs; and when we add to these the courage which these creatures will display in defence of their master's person or property, the generosity of their disposition in most cases, and their general companionable qualities, there is little to surprise us in the fact, that most men who are worth anything are fond of dogs, and that some who, like Byron, have tried the world, and found it full of hollowness, vanity, and vexation of spirit, should adopt a cynical view of human nature and magnify canine virtue at the expense of their own species. Nay, Burns, according to Mr. Duncan, as quoted by our author, places the dog on a higher pinnacle than that of a mere teacher of heathen virtues:—

"Man," said he, "is the god of the dog. He knows no other, he can understand no other; and see how he worships him! with what reverence he crouches at his feet, with what love he fawns upon him, with what dependence he looks up to him, and with what cheerful alacrity he obeys him! His whole soul is wrapped up in his god; all the powers and faculties of his nature are devoted to his service, and these powers and faculties are ennobled by the intercourse. Divines tell us that it ought to be just so with the Christian; but the dog puts the Christian to shame."

Burns naturally knew much of dog-nature, especially as presented by the Scotch colley, one of the most intelligent and faithful of the canine race, and his portrait of Luath, in "The Twa Dogs," is as perfect as either pen or pencil could make it. Burns also, like many other poets, expressed his indignation at the treatment which the dog so frequently meets with at the hands of a cruel or merely thoughtless master, and this feeling appears to have inspired Mr. Jesse to produce the work now before us; the character of the dog, and the services which he renders to man, being repeatedly contrasted

with the bullying he receives, and the frequent neglect with which he is treated when old age impairs his powers.

"The attributes of the dog," says Mr. Jesse, "show his possession of an extent of mind which is little suspected by the unreflective," and to prove this he gives a list of these attributes, extending over a page and a half of small print and double columns. These qualities are illustrated by a long series of anecdotes, from which we may extract a few.

A curious example of the reasoning power of a dog is shown in the following story, given by Mr. Jesse from the recital of a lady who witnessed the facts :—

"Below our house at Pembury, was a valley, in which were many hares, and in the neighbourhood was kept a pack of harriers. A favourite dog of ours, named Ness, a large, rough bull-terrier, used to lie on the lawn in front of the house, keeping watch all around, glancing occasionally into the windows to observe my motions, as he was always the companion of my walks. One morning I saw a hare run up the hill, and the cry of the harriers, as they followed on her track, was heard in the valley. Ness, too, saw poor puss, started up, seized her, and brought her in his mouth to me. I patted and congratulated him, and showed the hare to my father, who said Ness and I had done a very unsportsmanlike deed, of which we should soon hear more. So we did, for the pack rushed upon the lawn in full chorus on the scent, with the men after them, to the porch, where my father met them, gave them the hare, and expressed his regret that his dog had spoiled their sport; at the same time telling them that he valued his dog highly, but if the same thing occurred again, they should always have the hare. Ness stood by growling, and appearing much displeased. This was repeated several times. Ness always brought the hare to me in the house, and I always caressed and praised him, but was obliged, by my father's orders, to give it to the huntsmen whenever they traced it to the house; Ness invariably testifying his total disapprobation of the whole proceeding.

"One day he came to the window where I sat, but not, as usual, with a gladsome bark did he claim my notice. He capered, wagged his tail, grinned; by every silent means entreating me to come to him. I went, and still in perfect silence, but with great appearance of joy and fun, he bounded before me to a thick Portugal laurel about fifty yards from the house, and then stood looking eagerly into it. I looked too, and there lay the dead hare, the hounds being as yet in the valley. Ness would not touch it, but rejoiced exceedingly, as I took it up and carried it: he then resumed his usual station, to watch. I watched, too, from a window, and thence I saw the hounds come up on the scent to the Portugal laurel; there they were, of course, at fault. Ness barked aloud, rejoiced, capered, all but *said*, 'You are foiled now; I have outwitted you at last!' And so he had. They did not come to the house for that hare."—Vol. i. pp. 98, 99.

An instance of an almost equal exertion of intellect, also in a sporting direction, is cited by Mr. Jesse from the "Sporting Magazine :"—

"A dog which some years ago was at the White Hart Inn at Salisbury took his daily walk round the canal surrounding the close, in search of minnows, which he seized with wonderful avidity. When few or none were visible, he scratched up the gravel for a considerable extent, and then patiently took his station till some unfortunate gudgeon came in sight, on whom he pounced with all the ferocity of a hawk, secure of its prey."—Vol. i. p. 160.

A small Scotch terrier belonging to an officer of the Bombay army invented a singular and ingenious method of killing snakes. "He seized the reptiles by their tails, and ran off amongst stones, dashing their heads against the same, preventing them from turning round by the speed at which he ran."

Among the most remarkable examples of the sagacity of the dog, perhaps the most striking are those in which the animal shows a sense of the danger involved in occurrences which could hardly affect himself, and of which he certainly could have no experience. A good example of this is to be found related in Mr. Jesse's book (Vol. i. p. 120) from an original source, the subject of it being described as "a most faithful, favourite, black, curly-coated retriever." The narrative is as follows :—

"One day Charles was riding his pony, being very poorly at the time, and from weakness fell, when the dear old dog caught the pony by the bridle and held it quite still until he found his master could release his foot from the stirrup. No one was within hearing, so in all probability if he had not been watched by his faithful attendant the pony would have galloped on, dragging the master with his foot caught in the stirrup, and a serious accident must have ensued."

In other cases we find dogs saving their masters or members of the family from death by fire, although in general we might suppose that the destructive power of fire would be far beyond their comprehension. In illustration of this Mr. Jesse quotes a passage from Sir Walter Scott's diary, in which is described the preservation of Lord Forbes by his dog, after the fire had reached his bedroom. A striking instance of this is also related by Mr. Jesse, with regard to a large rough Scotch terrier, named Bolt, who saved a servant girl from being burnt, although from the description of the incident her danger could not, one would suppose, have been very manifest to him.

"As well as I remember, the girl was staying up much later than usual, baking bread; whilst sitting opposite the fire she fell asleep and her dress ignited, but being a woollen one it did not blaze. The fire was of peat, and in a grate. The girl's dress must have been smouldering for some time before Bolt was able to rouse his master, who was asleep; he always slept at the foot of his master's bed, but as my brother usually kept the door open, he could roam about the house as he wished. He succeeded in waking his master by running up and down the stairs from the kitchen to his room, and jumping on and off his bed, each time he did so pulling at the bed-clothes.

"When my brother awoke he lay quiet for some minutes wondering what could be the matter with the dog, who was then sitting on the ground looking up into his face, and appeared in such a state of excitement that, thinking something must be wrong, he got up. Then Bolt became quite quiet, and sat at the door wagging his tail. When his master went out on the stairs, he, as if to show him the way, ran down to the kitchen before him, and over to the fire where the girl was sitting fast asleep. On my brother entering the kitchen, Bolt was sit-

ting beside her looking towards the door, and seeing his master he ran over to him, and then back again to the fire. I think it very likely that had it not been for Bolt the poor girl would have been burnt to death, or nearly so, for the kitchen was down two flights of stairs, and she was a very heavy sleeper."

This Bolt appears to have been quite a character in his way. His earliest exploit consisted in killing his own mother, when the pair were shut up together in a stable. At a later period, when it was supposed that he was threatened with hydrophobia, he was chained up for the night in a small room, where he amused himself by howling, gnawing the leg of the table, and tearing some shoes and the Family Bible to pieces; but a chest to which he was chained, being his particular owner's property, was untouched, and in the morning he was found sitting upon it, looking complacently at the devastation he had committed, and wagging a three-inch stump of tail with which he was endowed. Chaining seems to have been quite necessary when it was desired to confine this dog; if he was merely shut up in a stable or out-house, he would gnaw a hole through the door, and thus free himself and any companion that he might have in his imprisonment. Another anecdote related by Mr. Jesse of this dog, although showing that he was somewhat demoralized in character, illustrates that power of making-believe which must be familiar to all who have had much experience of these animals. "A dish of rice was one day cooked and put on the table to cool; his owner coming in, found Mr. Bolt sitting on the table close to it, but pretending to be absorbed in catching flies, to disguise his having been nibbling at the dish round the edges."

In human society the employment of a wet-nurse is looked upon as one of the luxuries attendant upon a high state of civilization, and it is rarely to be regarded as indicative of great affection on the part of the mother towards her offspring, but in the following case of canine wet-nursing, recorded by Mr. Jesse, there is no doubt that the lady-mother was actuated by anxiety for the well-being of her progeny. "At Airth, in Stirlingshire, a greyhound, having a numerous litter of whelps, and deeming herself unable to rear them all, went to the village and *hired* a collie. The collie came regularly to assist, and as regularly received meat and bones which the conscientious mother had saved for her."—Vol. i. p. 172.

Considering all these instances of thought, of the appliance of means to ends, and of forming a judgment upon the probable course of events, it cannot but be admitted that the intellectual processes performed by the dog are the same in kind as those which are carried on in the human brain; that the dog, in fact, exercises a reasoning power differing only in degree from that of man. Perhaps the most striking evidence of this is to be found in those cases where dogs apply their acquired information in new directions. The present writer many years ago taught a young dog to beg in the ordinary way, by rewarding him with a piece of bread or biscuit when he performed the trick satisfactorily. He soon became an expert beggar, and if not attended to would sit upon his hinder end with great steadiness for a long time. But very soon after he had learnt to beg he began to employ the gesture of entreaty for all sorts of purposes. This was first noticed one day when he wished to get out of the room; he went to the door and sat upright upon his tail until some one noticed him, when he immediately jumped up towards the handle to indicate his desire of being released. After this he was constantly in the habit of begging for whatever he wanted, going so far on one occasion as to beg to the servants first at a dresser on which some crockery was standing, and then at the water-tap, to show that he wished them to take a basin from the former and give him some water in it. Such facts as these, although not so effective in the narration as some of those mixed incidents in which it is hard to say how much of the animal's performance may have been taught to him, are nevertheless of especial interest, as showing what the dog is capable of doing with his own mind. In the case just referred to, the dog had evidently spontaneously extended the notion of begging from the concrete form in which it was taught him in connexion with biscuit, to a more abstract idea of asking in general, and this most certainly at first without any assistance from his masters. It is questionable whether many human beings ever perform a higher mental operation than this in the whole course of their existence, and therefore the notion of drawing a line between man and the brute, on the ground that the one is rational and the other irrational, is hardly tenable. We have no particulars of that celebrated discussion upon the immortality of the soul, the termination of which is recorded by Boswell as having been so triumphantly in favour of Dr. Johnson; but if, as is most probable, the arguments in favor of the immortality of man and the annihilation of animals were derived from the possession of reason by the former, the nameless gentleman who took up the cudgels in favour of the dog may not have been such a "very foolish fellow" as the great doctor chose to think him. Mr. Jesse quotes the following anecdote from "Southey's Commonplace Book:"—

> "'What is become of your dog, Sir John?' said a friend to Sir John Danvers; 'Gone to heaven,' was the answer. 'Now, Sir John, he has often followed you, and I hope now you will follow him.' 'There are too many super-pious folks,' adds our author, 'who decry with indignation any such ideas as the above; desirous, apparently, to keep the good things of the next world, like those of the present, to themselves. Let them show as much charity as the owner of the above dog."

Mr. Jesse evidently has adopted something of the creed of the savage as described by Pope—

> "And thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
> His faithful dog shall bear him company."

Even the most determined vindicator of the right of the dog to a life beyond the grave, will hardly be inclined to maintain that he has any occasion to make use of those "means of grace" which are regarded by many as indis-

pensable to a Christian. Dogs themselves, however, sometimes appear to be of a different opinion, and display the greatest desire to attend at a place of worship. Southey says, "A dog at Congreve went regularly every Sunday to Pankridge church, during a whole year that the church was under repair, and, if he could get in, passed the proper time in the family pew." The same writer records a "Methodist dog, who regularly attended chapel alone, though pelted by the church boys. His master never went, and when he was drowned in a fit of intoxication, the dog ceased coming." John Nelson maintained that the attendance of the dog at meeting was designed to attract his master to come in search of the means of salvation, but added, that "the end to be answered being frustrated by his death, the means to secure it were no longer needful!" But the most curious of these church-stories is the following one, given by Mr. Jesse as original:—

"The Rev. Mr. L. had a large bloodhound which had been allowed to acquire the habit of accompanying the household to church, where he always behaved with the greatest decorum, lying at the foot of the pulpit stairs, till one unfortunate day when a stranger officiated in lieu of his master. The dog seemed to take no notice until the communion service; but when the stranger was within the altar rails and had just commenced the reading of the first commandment, then the dog uprose, placed his fore paws on the rails, and gave utterance to a fearful bay. The stranger, being of timid temperament, fled to the vestry-room, and the hound was ignominiously expelled, and for some time was kept chained up on Sundays during service. After a while this restraint was discontinued; but the hound did not attempt to re-enter the church, from which he felt himself excommunicated. It then soon began to be observed that he disappeared every Sunday, though no one knew or cared to inquire where, till one day Mrs. H., a married daughter of Mr. L.'s, was stopped in the street at Brixham by an angry-looking woman, who poured a flood of abuse on her, the drift of which she could not at first understand, until the woman openly accused her of sending her dog to disturb the devotions of those who attended meeting. Mrs. H., aghast, asked what she meant, and heard to her surprise that for some Sundays the ex-church dog had gone to chapel, and though most respectful and devotional in his demeanour, his presence was a trial to the nerves of the congregation to whose body he had tried to join himself. Mrs. H., being a High Churchwoman, could only express her regret that her dog should have so far lapsed as to let himself down to attend meeting. He was once more placed under strict restraint on Sundays, and thus debarred from attending any religious denomination whatsoever."—Vol. i. pp. 132, 133.

Singularly enough, it would appear from some statements that dogs not only occasionally manifest a fondness for church-going, but are also subject to another aberration of intellect, prompting them to commit suicide. An example of this is mentioned in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," as quoted by Mr. Jesse, who gives a second instance of the same kind "from an original source." The suicide in this case was a little Havanna dog belonging to the landlady of a hotel at Honfleur. It suffered from some complaint, to cure which a seton was passed through its neck. The pain and annoyance caused by this were so great, that the poor little brute evidently thought life was not worth having on such terms, so when it succeeded in making its escape from the house it "rushed frantically to the sea, close at hand, and swimming out a little distance, put its head under water and drowned itself."

To these two cases of suicide we may add a third, the following account of which went the round of almost all the newspapers in the country in April of the present year:—

"The dog, a fine animal, belonging to Mr. George Hone, of Frindsbury, near Rochester, had from some cause been suspected of having given indications of approaching hydrophobia, and was accordingly shunned and kept as much as possible from the house. This treatment appeared to cause him much annoyance, and for some days he was observed to be moody and morose, but still without any appearance of becoming rabid. On Thursday morning he was seen to leave his house, and proceed to an intimate acquaintance of his master's at Upnor, on reaching the residence of whom he set up a piteous cry on finding that he could not obtain admittance. After waiting at the house some little time, he was seen to go towards the river close by, when he deliberately walked down the bank, and after turning round and giving a kind of farewell howl, walked into the stream and kept his head under water, and in a minute or two rolled over dead. This extraordinary act of suicide was witnessed by several persons."

Of the strong affection manifested by the dog for his master, and the sagacity which, inspired by this feeling, he often displays, the recorded instances are so numerous that they must be familiar to every one. The stopping of the pony, already alluded to, by which a dog probably saved his master's life, is an instance of this, and the numerous cases in which people have been saved from drowning by canine agency may serve as further illustrations of it. Mr. Jesse cites one of these, in which, as he indicates, the strong affection of the dog for his master made him overcome a strong and probably well-founded aversion to the water. The dog, who had received the name of Neptune, was found on the beach near Lydd, in Kent, having, in all probability, swam ashore from some wreck. He was evidently not an engaging animal in appearance, being described as resembling a wolf so strongly, that when first seen, he was shot at. On the occurrence of another wreck on the coast, the dog's master, a Mr. Procter, of Lydd, rode down to the beach accompanied by the dog, to see if he could render any help. The remainder of the story may be given in Mr. Jesse's own words:—

"On arriving at the water's edge, Mr. Procter's horse became frightened at the furious seas washing over the *falls* of shingle, and fell suddenly backwards into an eddy, in a large deep hole cut by the sea, one side of which was nearly perpendicular. Mr. Procter disengaged himself, and vainly tried to get to land. Twice he went under water, and was nearly exhausted and insensible; when the dog, which had been jumping, crying, and barking from the beach as if calling his master, made in to him and repeatedly attempted, though fruitlessly, to seize him by the collar; but the smooth waterproof

coat his master wore baffled his efforts, his teeth slipping over without being able to get a hold. Mr. Procter was going down a third time, when he fancied he heard a voice shout, 'lay hold of his tail.' In a confused state he did so, the animal doubled round, licked his hand, turned, and struck out for the shore, which, with much difficulty, he reached, towing his master, who was then quite unconscious. That gentleman was then carried to the inn, and restoratives were applied; the dog never quitted his side, but laid himself on the bed, where he remained for a considerable time, and would move for no one, but at last was enticed down stairs. . . . . From the day of the wreck to the last day of the dog's life, he seemed to take possession of his master—would never let him go out alone, and when, in any of his journeys, he was obliged to pass through water, the dog would always go first to pilot the way."—Vol. i. p. 97.

Even after the death of his master the dog will often show his affection by watching the lifeless body, or even mourning over the grave to which it has been consigned. Napoleon, as is well known, was much struck by seeing on the field of Bassano a dog guarding the body of his slain master, and a similar incident occurred after the battle of Talavera. In more recent times the American papers have recorded the following incident of the war just concluded:—

"The widow of Lieutenant Pfieff, of Illinois, was enabled to find her husband's grave at Pittsburgh Landing, by seeing a dog which had accompanied the Lieutenant to the war. The dog approached her with the most intense manifestations of joy, and immediately indicated to her as well as he was able, his desire that she should follow him. She did so, and he led the way to a distant part of the field, and stopped before a single grave. She caused it to be opened, and there found the body of her dead husband. It appears from the statement of some of the soldiers that when Lieutenant Pfieff fell, his dog was by his side, and thus remained, licking his wounds, until he was taken from the field and buried. The dog then took his station by the grave, and nothing could induce him to abandon it but for a sufficient length of time each day to satisfy his hunger, until by some means he was made aware of the presence of his mistress. Thus had he watched for twelve days by the grave of his slain master."—Vol. i. p. 119.

Twelve days, however, are as nothing when compared with the three months during which the body of a tourist, who died from a fall on Helvellyn, was watched unburied by the little dog that accompanied him, an incident celebrated in verse by Sir Walter Scott and Wordsworth; and in the romance of "Syr Tryamoure," quoted by Mr. Jesse at considerable length, a greyhound is represented as burying his murdered master and watching the grave for the space of seven years, when he quits it to go to court and bring the murderer to justice, after the fashion of the well-known dog of Montargis.

In many instances, especially among that fine breed of dogs, the Scotch colley, and to a certain extent in the English sheep-dog, this affection for the master takes the shape of a strong sense of duty, and as this is seconded by perhaps the highest canine intelligence, the results produced are sometimes most wonderful. At a single word, sometimes without a word or even a signal from the master, these dogs will direct the evolutions of a large flock of sheep, although one wonders very often how their physical energies can hold up under the incessant fatigue to which they are exposed. Mr. Meyrick, in his little work on "House Dogs and Sporting Dogs," describes the proceedings of one of those dogs in a manner which sets in a striking light the faithful dutifulness of the animal. He says—

"I once saw a colley, in the highlands of Scotland, left in solitary charge of a flock of sheep which were feeding in a field separated only by a ruined wall, full of wide gaps, from a field of young corn. I watched the dog for some time: he had taken his stand on a hillock, from whence he could overlook the whole field, and check the slightest attempt to make free on the part of the sheep. I was told by the person who accompanied me, that the dog remained patiently and watchfully at his post from the earliest dawn until nightfall, and brought the flock home in the evening on hearing the shrill whistle of his master, who lived nearly a mile away. What extraordinary intelligence and what a strict sense of duty must this dog have possessed!"

Mr. Jesse enters at great length into the discussion of the various uses of dogs, and especially devotes a very considerable space to the description of the habits of the Esquimaux and other draught dogs of northern latitudes. Through this we need not follow him, as most of the incidents related are extracted from well-known works of Arctic travel; it will be sufficient to indicate that a great mass of dog-lore from these sources is here brought together in a very convenient manner for the future historian of the canine race.

As a set-off against the high character given to the dog by all these considerations, one or two matters are alluded to by our author in which canine nature does not show to advantage. The most formidable charge against this animal is that instead of guarding our flocks he sometimes takes to worrying them, and that with a wanton destructiveness which would hardly be paralleled by any wild animal, even his near relation the wolf. It is by no means necessary (although not unusual) in these cases that the dogs guilty of the crime of sheep-worrying should be in a half-wild state. A dog left to his own devices by the desertion of his master, or otherwise, may perhaps be excused for helping himself to a meal of mutton in order to ward off starvation, but the deed of blood is not uncommonly committed by well-fed dogs, occupying apparently a respectable position in society. In these cases several dogs appear to combine in a sort of sheep-battue, and after throttling as many sheep as they conveniently can, they disperse, says Mr. Jesse, "in different directions, and are never seen returning in a direct line from the place of murder to their respective homes, but invariably do so by a circuitous route, evidently with a view of preventing detection."

Another disadvantage connected with the keeping of dogs, and one which is a perfect bugbear to many timid people, is the supposed danger of these animals being attacked by hydrophobia. During the present summer the

papers have teemed with reports of deaths by this dreadful disease caused by the bites of dogs, but it may fairly be questioned how far these statements are to be depended upon. A century ago, Goldsmith, in his "Citizen of the World," ridiculed the absurd fears of his contemporaries by showing the small foundation upon which the most dreadful hydrophobia-stories may be raised,—and no doubt if a searching investigation could be applied to the cases which furnished such fine food for the penny-a-liner of our day, most of them would shrink into very insignificant dimensions. Many of them carry with them their own condemnation, in the form of evident exaggerations of certain circumstances to suit popular notions, or the introduction of others which exist only in the imagination of the public. Medical authorities admit that hydrophobia is one of the rarest diseases, and medical practitioners, even in localities where dogs are abundant and not unlikely to be affected with the disease, will generally declare that they have never seen a human being attacked by it, or even heard of an authentic case of its occurrence in their neighbourhood. According to Mr. Jesse, in 1861 there were only four deaths from hydrophobia in all England; but this is hardly a fair statement, as the average annual number would appear to be about twelve or fourteen. Nevertheless, in 1847 the number was only five, and in 1848 seven; but in 1851 twenty-five deaths are registered from this cause, and Mr. Jesse himself states that the number of deaths in London was four. The majority of the cases occur in subjects under fifteen, and males appear to be more subject to be attacked than females, which would seem to indicate that the circumstances leading to the attacks in most cases are to be sought in the children's habit of playing with or teasing dogs. Under any circumstances, even if we admit the highest annual average of deaths from hydrophobia, namely fourteen (although half this number would probably be nearer the mark), there does not seem to be any justification for the frantic terror which every summer seizes upon a considerable section of society, and leads to police regulations apparently designed expressly for tormenting our unfortunate dogs until their lives must be a burden to them. Any one who sees a dog newly muzzled will certainly be inclined to think that the infliction is sufficient to produce madness, and in many places a dog without this supposed safeguard is carried off by the police and destroyed. Some ingenious owners of these animals, however, manage to secure their dogs' comfort while complying with the requisition that they should have muzzles on,—at least, we have repeatedly of late seen dogs trotting along quite comfortably with their muzzles hanging down from their collars, a result which could hardly have been achieved without the complicity, at least, of those who put them on. Before we can obtain any wise legislation on this subject we must arrive at a more precise notion of the nature and cause of hydrophobia, the very name of which is a misnomer, and the unmistakeable occurrence of which is so rare that in all probability the majority even of the limited number of deaths ascribed to it in the Registrar's returns are rather due to the effect of popular beliefs upon the imagination of the patients than to any specific influence of the bite of dogs.

We have devoted so much space to the earlier and more general part of Mr. Jesse's book, that the latter portion, dealing more particularly with the history of the dog in this country, must be passed over more briefly, and although this part will probably be found the more valuable for reference, it will suffer less from a summary treatment, as its importance consists in the mass of curious details extracted from old records and other documents which the author has here brought together nearly in chronological order.

From a very early period, the dogs of Britain were famous, some of them even being sent to Rome, where they created a great sensation when exhibited in the circus. From the statements of Roman authors, it appears that the Britons during the Roman domination possessed at least three noted breeds of dogs—namely, a mastiff regarded as superior even to the famous dogs of Molossus, a small hound hunting by scent, which is probably the beagle, and the greyhound.

In the Saxon period of our history, hunting was a favourite amusement, and, as a matter of course, the dogs used in the chase were much valued. From recorded facts, it is clear that the sports of the great men at this period were secured by the infliction of considerable inconvenience upon the lower classes of the population; and it is during this, or the intercalated Danish period, that we find the first definite mention of anything like forest laws. Canute decreed "that every man be entitled to his hunting, in wood and in field, on his own possession; and let any one forego my hunting; take notice where I will have it untrespassed on, under penalty of the full wite." What the amount of this penalty may have been, Mr. Jesse does not inform us, but by the laws of Edward the Confessor the offender was punished with death. Even at this early period there seems to have been some difficulty in keeping the priest and monks from indulging in the chase and other worldly delights. Edgar enjoined "that a priest be not a hunter, nor a hawker, nor a dicer, but apply to his books, as beseems his order;" and the great Alcuin, writing to the monks of Wearmouth about their students, says: "Let the boys be accustomed to attend the praises of our heavenly King; not to dig up fox-earths, not to pursue the fleeting course of hares."

The various codes of the laws of Howel the Good, enacted at the commencement of the tenth century, show that the descendants of the pure Britons placed as much value on the dog as those of their conquerors. The chief huntsman was "one of the fourteen persons who sat on chairs in the palace," and he is elsewhere defined as holding the tenth position in the court of the Prince. His privileges were very considerable, and, with his duties, are detailed at great length. Amongst other things,

he could not be compelled to answer any claim upon him unless he could be taken in his bed without his boots. His dogs were of the same value as those of the king, and he could convey an offender under his protection as far as the sound of his horn could be heard. The value of the dogs varied according to the rank of their owner; thus the value put upon any dog belonging to an "aillt," or villain, was only fourpence; but the spaniel of a free man was valued at six-score pence, and that of a nobleman, or of the king, at a pound; the buckhound of a nobleman, or the greyhound of the king, at six-score pence; and the king's buckhound at one pound. The value of a stallion was also one pound. It is evident that in Wales also the poor men had the worst of it, but one exception is made, for "a herd-dog, that goes before the herd in the morning, and follows them home at night," which is justly estimated at the value of the best beast in the herd. A greyhound, a hawk, and a horse, are said to be one-footed animals, because if one of their legs is broken, they are rendered worthless, and therefore the compensation to be paid for laming one of them was equal to the whole value. According to the Gwentian code, "A man might scowl at a dog attacking him"—a privilege of which he would be very likely to avail himself. He might also "place his weapon between him and it; and if the dog went upon the weapon, so as to be killed, nothing was to be paid for it."

It is generally supposed that the oppressive Forest Laws originated with the Norman conquerors, but, as already stated, both Canute and Edward the Confessor enacted tolerably stringent laws for the preservation of their own game. The latter pious king, whose devotions and hunting were followed with equal zeal, allotted the punishment of death for hunting on the Crown domain; "and a man who even unintentionally put a wild beast out of breath, incurred a fine or flogging; if it was a stag royal, two years' imprisonment, or deprival of all privileges and exclusion from human society. If a serf caused the death of a stag, his own life expiated the crime." Under William the Conqueror, according to Roger of Wendover, "Whoever took a stag or a buck was deprived of his eyes, and no one dared complain; for the wild king loved wild beasts as though he were the father of wild beasts." In order to prevent interference with their favourite sport, even Canute's laws enacted that greyhounds kept upon the verge of the forests should be partially maimed by having their knees cut; but little dogs, and perhaps sheep-dogs, were allowed in the forest without having undergone this mutilation. Under Henry the First, who would not even allow his nobles to hunt on their own grounds without a special license, all dogs living near the forests were ordered to be maimed by having part of their toes chopped off, and during subsequent reigns many fines were paid by the owners of these animals who had neglected to bring them to the verderors for "expeditation." It appears that this practice prevailed down to the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.

Starting from these early notices our author brings forward a vast mass of extracts from authorities of all sorts, printed and manuscript, tending to show the habits of our ancestors as regards the chase, and especially the estimation in which dogs were held by them. English dogs appear to have kept up their value in the eyes of foreigners, for we not only find letters showing that in early times they were regarded as acceptable presents, even to kings; but in the comparatively recent days of James I., even Eastern potentates were desirous of possessing our dogs. Thus the East India Company sent out English dogs as presents to the Great Mogul, and Sir Thomas Roe, ambassador to the court of Jehan Ghir, notes in his journal that the Mogul was exceedingly delighted with the mastiffs, and told him that he "must needs help him to one of our large horses, to a brace of *Irish* greyhounds, dog and bitch, and other dogs of all sorts, for game; which, if I would procure him," adds Sir Thomas, "he protested on the word of a prince he would gratify me, and grant me more privileges than I should think of asking." The dogs so urgently requested seem to have been employed partly as public executioners, for Roe says,—"The 9th, a hundred thieves were brought chained before the Mogul with their accusation. Without further ceremony, as in all such cases is the custom, he ordered them to be carried away, the chief of them to be torn in pieces by dogs, and the rest put to death. This was all the process and form. The prisoners were divided into several quarters of the town, and executed in the streets, as in one by my house, where twelve dogs tore the chief of them in pieces."

The King of Ajmere was equally delighted with an English mastiff sent to him, which is described by Thomas Keridge as having so "pinched" a young leopard, that it died in a few hours, and disgraced some Persian dogs by seizing upon a boar when two or three of his Persian rivals declined the fight; whereby," says Keridge, "the king was exceedingly pleased." The writer adds, "2 or 3 fierce mastyfes, a couple of Irishe greyhoundes, and a coppel of well-bred water-spanyells would give him greate contentt."

About the same time (1631-32) Prestwick Eaton writes from St. Sebastian to George Wellingham, in St. Swithin's Lane, London, with the following request: "Pray procuer mee two good bulldoggs and lett them bee sent by ye first ship." He afterwards speaks of a dog sent to him as a "brave curr and too good for him thatt had him," and expresses his desire for a couple more, which were to "be good at the bull and cost what they will, but let them be fair and good curs," to which he adds, "they are better esteemed and go farther than a greater present." This, according to the author, is the earliest mention of the bulldog as a distinct race. At a later period this breed became only too well known, and the author quotes many curious particulars of bull-baiting, a barbarous sport which was only abolished in our own time. Bear-baiting, formerly so popular an amusement, had died out many years ago, but the bating of lions, in which that courageous monarch James I. took so much delight,

was continued until the year 1825, when the celebrated lion Nero was baited at Warwick, when a bulldog named Turk exhibited an amount of pluck and courage which led even the brutal spectators to cry out "shame," and insist upon his being taken from the lion. The bulldog indeed may be looked upon as a peculiarly English dog, and perhaps as the most courageous of all animals. There would seem to be nothing which he can by any possibility interpret into an enemy, upon which he will not fly, and any infusion of bull-blood into another strain communicates a pertinacity in following out its particular instincts which is not attained by other dogs of the same kind. The true bulldog, therefore, must be looked upon as a reservoir of staunchness, but the breed has considerably degenerated of late years. This, however, the sportsman must endure with patience, for it is certainly better that our breeds of dogs should suffer a little deterioration than that the public mind should be debased by such exhibitions as occurred in the bull-ring and the dog-pit.

In the preceding pages we have been able to do but little comparatively towards giving the reader even a taste of the great store of curious information laid up by Mr. Jesse in the volumes before us. They suffer, undoubtedly, as the author seems to have felt, by the very imperfect manner in which they are arranged and tacked together, and must be regarded rather as a magazine from which future writers may draw much valuable material, than a treatise on the British dog. The illustrations, from the author's own pencil, are generally of a more or less humorous character. Some of them are good, others very indifferent.

Art. VII. Our North-Pacific Colonies.

1. *Vancouver Island and British Columbia. Where they are; What they are; and What they may become.* By Alexander Rattray, M.D., R.N. Smith, Elder & Co. 1862.
2. *British Columbia and Vancouver Island.* By D. G. F. MacDonald, C.E., F.R.G.S., &c. Longmans. 1863.
3. *Travels in British Columbia, with the Description of a Yacht Voyage round Vancouver Island.* By Capt. C. E. Barrett-Lennard. Hurst and Blackett. 1862.
4. *Four Years in British Columbia and Vancouver Island.* By Commander R. C. Mayne, R.N., F.R.G.S. John Murray. 1862.
5. *Facts and Figures relating to Vancouver Island and British Columbia.* By J. Despard Pemberton, Surveyor General, V.I. Longmans. 1860.
6. *Vancouver Island and British Columbia. Their History, Resources, and Prospects.* By Matthew Macfie, F.R.G.S. Longmans. 1865.
7. *Prize Essay.—Vancouver Island. Its Resources and Capabilities as a Colony.* By Charles Forbes, Esq., M.D., R.N. Published by the Colonial Government. 1862.
8. *British Columbia.* An Essay. By Rev. R. C. Lundin Brown, M.A. New Westminster. 1863.
9. *Blue Books relating to Vancouver Island and British Columbia.* Parts I., II., III., IV. 1860–64.
10. "*British Colonist*," and "*Victoria Chronicle.*" 1859–66.

Vancouver Island and British Columbia, till within the last eight years, were regarded by the mass of Englishmen as a *terra incognita*, embracing a region of the globe wretchedly inhospitable and hopelessly given over to sanguinary encounters between savages and beasts of prey, having no claim to be improved by industry, or visited with the benefits of civilization. Considering the difficulty of access to these colonies, compared with our thriving dependencies in the South Pacific, the very limited knowledge possessed in this country of their topography and resources, and the conflicting statements that have appeared in books and newspapers respecting their adaptability for commercial, mining, and agricultural enterprise, it is not surprising that the most diligent efforts to reach a satisfactory conclusion as to their condition and prospects should have often ended in perplexity and disappointment. Lucky emigrants who make "rich strikes," looking at their adopted home wholly through the sunshine of their prosperity, extol it as an *Elysium*. The unsuccessful, on the other hand, wincing under "the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune," rush into print to cool their indignation, and execrate the country as a *Sahara*. The facts now to be submitted may possibly help to unravel this tangled skein of contradictions, and show the truth to be midway between the opposite exaggerations referred to.

Vancouver Island is situated in the latitude of Great Britain, and sustains to the Continent of North America, in the Pacific, a geographical relation similar to that which the parent country sustains to the Continent of Europe in the Atlantic. It is 240 miles long, by from 40 to 70 broad. Entering the Straits of Fuca, on a clear day the spectacle is peculiarly lovely. The Olympian range of mountains in Washington territory lift their rugged summits, capped with eternal snows; and beyond the rocky shore of the island, there stretches a mountain chain in a north-easterly direction, serving as a backbone to this colony. These heights are covered with thick vegetation, and the surface of the country is generally of an undulating character, containing lakes, rivers, inlets, forests, and prairies, in every variety. Masses of metamorphic, trappean, and sandstone rocks, fringed with lofty pines, crop out along the coast, and often in the interior. The Gulf of Georgia, between Vancouver and the mainland, is studded with islands from the size of a flower-pot upwards, presenting a scene rivalling

in beauty the celebrated "lake of a thousand islands," near the entrance of Lake Ontario.

The coast line of British Columbia measures 450 miles, and the breadth of that colony is from 350 to 400 miles, or about the size of France. Like the sister colony, its seaboard is broken up by numerous inlets of great extent. The geology and physical geography of British Columbia derive their character primarily from the presence of the Rocky Mountains. This great chain, running from north-west to south-east, forms the axis of elevation of the Western Coast of America. It is of volcanic formation, and is subject to eruptive forces, to which the craters of three neighbouring volcanoes answer as safety-valves. Granitic and trappean ridges extend in different directions, and terminate in peaks varying from 1000 to 10,000 feet high, timbered half way up to their tops. Some of the mining regions form spurs of the Rocky Mountains, and are generally so strangely contorted and erupted, as to be represented as a tumbled sea of mountains.

The insular position of Vancouver Island, and the China current (which exerts an influence corresponding to the Gulf Stream in the Atlantic), with other causes, combine to secure for it a climate singularly equable and exempt from the more rigorous extremes to which British Columbia is subject. From October to March frequent rains fall in the island, alternating with lengthened intervals of bright dry weather. Showers are rare during summer, and when they do fall are obliging enough to come at night, when no one is inconvenienced by their descent. But the limited fall of rain in this season is abundantly compensated by heavy dews, which cause the warmest days to be followed by cool nights.

The growth of vegetation is rapid, and reaches its annual maturity at the end of June. There is no naval station at which the crews of her Majesty's ships are so little liable to disease from circumstances of climate, and none where mortality is so light, as Esquimault in Vancouver Island. British Columbia presents every shade and variety of temperature. Certain belts of country are warm and dry, while others are moist; the character of the climate, in fact, being much determined by altitude.

Previous to 1858 these colonies were held by the Hudson's Bay Company, under lease from the Crown; and the white inhabitants, a few hundred in number, were chiefly employed by the Company in fur-trapping, or stationed at the Indian trading posts. For a dozen years extensive and valuable coal beds in the island had been worked by the company; vast forests of timber had been discovered; some of the baser metals were also known to exist; and in addition to these elements of wealth the capacious harbours of Victoria and Esquimault, in the south of the island, foreshadowed a bright commercial future for the colony. But for the discovery of gold, however, Vancouver Island might have "dragged its slow length along" at an imperceptible rate for many years. In 1857 a party of Canadians, impelled by vague rumours as to the existence of gold in British Columbia, started from Fort Colville, near the American boundary; and, "prospecting" on the banks of the Thompson and Bonaparte rivers on their way to the Fraser, were sufficiently encouraged in this experiment to devote themselves to the occupation of "digging." Intelligence of their success soon spread through Washington territory and California; and between March and June in 1858 steamers from San Francisco, crowded with gold-seekers, arrived every two or three days at Victoria. This place, till then a quiet hamlet whose shipping had comprised only Indian canoes and the annual arrival of the Company's ship from England, was instantly converted by the golden spell into a scene of bustle and excitement. In the brief space of four months 20,000 adventurers poured into the harbour. The easy-going primitive settlers were overwhelmed by this invasion of foreigners. Individuals of every trade and profession in the neighbouring American States, under the influence of what was called "the yellow fever," threw up their employments and in many cases sold their property at an immense sacrifice, and repaired to the new Dorado. This motley throng included those scouts of civilization, gamblers, "loafers," thieves, and ruffians, with others of a more respectable stamp. The rich came to speculate, and the poor in the hope of vaulting into sudden wealth. Every sort of property in California fell to a degree that threatened the ruin of the State. The limited stock of provisions in Victoria was speedily exhausted. Twice the bakers ran short of bread. Innumerable tents covered the locality in and around the town, far as the eye could reach. The sound of hammer and axe was heard everywhere. Shops, stores, and "shanties," to the number of 225, sprang up in six weeks. Investment in town allotments attained an extravagant pitch. The land office was besieged, often before sunrise, by the multitude eager to buy building land; and the demand so increased that sales had to be suspended in order to allow the Government surveyor time to measure off new divisions of land. Allotments bought at from 10*l.* to 15*l.*, were re-sold within a month at sums varying from 300*l.* to 600*l.*; and sections twenty feet by sixty in the central thoroughfare, fetched a rental of from 50*l.* to 100*l.* per month. The majority, consisting of Micawbers, brokers, merchants, and French cooks, finding that they were yet some hundreds of miles from the "diggings," remained in Victoria, anxiously watching the turn of the real estate market, which was the barometer of their hopes. But several thousands, undaunted by the hardships inevitable to crossing the Gulf and ascending the river, proceeded to the source of the gold. The difficulties to be surmounted in extracting gold from the "benches" and "bars" of the river never entered into the calculations of the unheroic spirits that tarried at the scene of land speculation; and as shipments did not come down fast enough to satisfy their wishes, most of them shook the dust off their feet on the country, heaped curses on everything English, and placed the reported discovery of gold in the same category with the "South Sea bubble." A check was thus given

to immigration, and a reaction in the price of land followed. But hundreds of indomitable fellows, soberly viewing as unavoidable the hindrances incident to locomotion in a wilderness previously untrodden for the most part by white men, pushed their way into the interior of British Columbia, animated by the expectation of their toils being ere long amply rewarded. Not a few were obliged to creep for many miles through underwood and thicket, with a bag of flour on their backs; struggle by turns under and over huge trunks of fallen trees, scramble up precipices, slide down masses of projecting rock, and wade up to the waist in swamps. For weeks together some did not taste flour or salt, but had to appease hunger with a meal of horse-flesh, salmon, or wild berries.

At length ocular demonstration of the richness of the mines appeared in the arrival of considerable quantities of gold-dust. In spite of the fearful difficulties that resisted mining progress, the yield during the first six months was much larger *in proportion to the number of hands at work*, than it had been in the same time and at a similar stage of development, in California and Australia. The gold product of California in the first six months of mining operations in 1849 was 46,000*l*. All the gold brought to Melbourne in 1851 amounted in value to about 333,290*l*., while the mines of New South Wales gave for the first *six* months of their existence about 144,600*l*. But in *four* months, from the end of June, 1858, when the mines of British Columbia were opened by a mere handful of actually working miners, to the end of October, the value realized in gold was 141,000*l*. Yet this was taken almost entirely from the beds of a few rivers. Other parts of the country have since been successfully explored, the richest districts being Cariboo in the north, and Similkameen, Kootanie, and Big Bend in the south. A space eighty feet square, in the first named of these districts, yielded in a few months 24,000*l*. From a second "claim" 1300*l*. was extracted in a day. Several partners in a third netted 1400*l*. to their individual share in less than half a year. In another instance—exceptional, of course—103 lbs. of gold was taken from a mine in a day. Between October, 1862, and January, 1863, three claims previously "unprospected" yielded 60,000*l*., each claim measuring 100 square feet. The gross yield of gold in the country for 1864 to two or three thousand miners, working with the rudest appliances, is given at about 560,000*l*.

A vast concourse of miners has flocked this year to the Big Bend "diggings," where fabulous returns are said to be obtained. Excellent roads to the auriferous centres have been formed, lines of steamers have been established on the great lakes of the interior, and the leading towns throughout the colony have been connected by telegraph with the United States; and are now, by the Atlantic cable, in communication with England.

The gold-bearing range in British Columbia is a continuation of the Sierra Nevada, which constitutes the chief source of the wealth of California; and by an effective application of capital and labor, there is nothing to prevent this part of our colonial empire becoming one of the most profitable fields for mining enterprise in the world. The population hitherto has been so sparse and migratory, that the country remains comparatively unexplored. But each successive year brings to light discoveries of the precious metal offering inducements for *placer* or surface diggings that cannot be surpassed in the northern or southern hemisphere; and when the colony is ripe for the introduction of machinery for quartz-crushing, steady and remunerative employment may be afforded to scores of thousands.

As many of our readers may be unacquainted with the process of mining adopted in the North Pacific, the principal methods in use will now be rapidly sketched for their information. The metallic sand, which contains the gold, is first sought; and the peculiar quality of earth in which the amalgam is found is known as the "colour." While engaged in the pursuit of this indication of the presence of gold, the miner is "prospecting." The requisites for this task are a "pan," and some quicksilver. When the miner comes to a spot on the bank of a river which he thinks to be auriferous, he proceeds to test the value of the "dirt" in the following manner:—Having filled the pan with earth, he gently dips it in the stream, and by the assistance of a rotary motion which he gives to its contents, loosened by the introduction of water, the black sand, with pebbles, is precipitated to the bottom. The lighter earth is allowed to pass over the edge of the pan, and after all has been removed except the sand and any specks of gold that may be in combination with it, the pan is placed by a fire, or in the sun, to dry; the lighter particles of sand are then blown away, and if the gold be very fine, it is amalgamated with quicksilver. By thus ascertaining the value of the remaining particles of gold-dust, skilful "prospectors" conclude whether the ground would *pay* to work. In this rough method of searching for gold, the superior specific gravity of that metal over every other, except platinum, is the basis of operation—auriferous particles on this principle settling at the bottom.

The readiest and most primitive contrivance for washing gold is the "rocker," which is still used by Chinamen and a few white men on the banks of the Fraser. The "rocker" is constructed like a child's cradle, with rockers underneath; this box is 3½ to 4 feet long, about 2 feet wide and 1½ feet deep; the upper part, and one end, are open, and the sides gradually slope towards the bottom; at the head is a section closely jointed, with a sheet-iron bottom, perforated so as to admit of small stones passing through; along the bottom of the rocker, "riffles" or strips of wood are arranged after the manner of a Venetian blind, to arrest the gold. This apparatus placed on the margin of a river, the upper box is fed by one miner with earth, and by another is rocked and supplied with water. The gold and pebbles passing down to the bottom, the water carries

away the latter and the riffles detain the former. In case the gold is very fine, part of a blanket is laid along the under box, covered with quicksilver, to attract the gold-dust. By this simple agency from 1*l.* to 10*l.* per day and upwards, to the hand, has been realised. In a rocker, from 8 to 10 lbs. of quicksilver is employed daily; but after the gold has been retorted from it, the same quicksilver may be applied several times over.

The next method—and one which prevails most in these colonies—is *sluicing*. This mode of mining can be conducted on any scale, and in connexion with the labour of an indefinite number of men. It is almost invariably found in conjunction with a system of "flumes," or wooden aqueducts of various extent, running parallel with the claims on a "creek" or river. To separate the earth from the gold that is mixed with it, it is necessary that each sluice should be supplied with a fall of water, and if the stream contiguous to the mine run on too low a level to supply this want, miners—as has been already stated—are often compelled to go considerable distances in quest of water sufficiently elevated to afford the object desired. Flumes are thus brought into requisition, and by openings made in that side of them opposite the mine, water is admitted to the sluice, which is placed at such an angle that the water may have force enough to carry off the earth while leaving the gold behind. Sluice-boxes are of various sizes, and are fitted closely together, so as to form a strongly-built and extended trough. The fall of the water in the sluice-box is adjusted to allow time for the riffles and quicksilver to arrest the gold as it passes; and the supply from the flume is regulated by a slide in the opening on the side of it. The bottom of each sluice is usually intersected with strips of wood, and in the interstices of this grating quicksilver is spread, to intercept the fine gold in its descent, nuggets and grains of coarse gold being caught by the grating itself. The sluice is supported upon trestles, so as to raise or lower it to the level convenient for shovelling in the earth. Several miners throw in dirt on either side, and others assist in loosening the heap and removing large stones, so that gold may be easily precipitated.

"Ground sluicing" is now a very general, as it is a very effective method of getting at the "pay dirt." When a section of the ancient bed of a stream was alighted upon in which the presence of gold is indicated, but over which a layer of barren earth had collected, the old plan was to sink a perpendicular shaft, or make an opening horizontally from the present river bank; but now, by ground-sluicing, a strong jet of water is turned upon the bank; the top dirt is thus removed, and with the help of picks and shovels the old channel of the river is soon laid bare. The force of the water carries off the *débris*, and the gold, by its own gravity, falls close to the hand of the miner, who washes it by the regular methods. Space forbids details of the process of mining by *tunnelling*, the *hydraulic* principle, and *quartz-milling*.

It is well known that the occupation of mining everywhere is a lottery in which *blanks* are the rule and *prizes* the exception; and it is not wonderful that so many pioneer emigrants in British Columbia and Vancouver Island—in some instances from causes that might have been avoided, but more frequently from contingencies beyond their control—have been ruined by the experiment. But in addition to the testimony of several among the writers whose works stand at the head of this article, we have the personal authority of the most trustworthy and skilful Columbian miners in support of the opinion, that if steam-power were introduced to master the water that is ever rising in the shafts, the yield of the miner would soon be increased twentyfold. Many places have been examined in which it has been unmistakeably proved that immense fortunes are imbedded. Yet, after toiling season by season, and spending their all in attempts to reach the bed-rock, or having reached it to take out gold, many companies of miners have been compelled to beat a retreat before this hostile element, which their imperfect machinery is inadequate to subdue. There is not enough capital in the colony at present to cope with this difficulty, and British capitalists have not a sufficiently accurate knowledge of the resources of the country to tempt them into investments at so great a distance. But if a few substantial companies could be formed in England, and send out steam appliances, under the direction of responsible managers, we have no hesitation in believing that the enterprise would be found highly profitable, and the colony receive from it an impulse that would start it in a career of steady and hopeful progress.

Over-speculation in land and trading has brought temporary commercial distress upon the port of Victoria; but its commanding geographical position, the varied and exhaustless resources by which it is surrounded, its convenience for receiving and distributing European merchandize to foreign countries on the coast, and its proximity to the naval station for our Pacific Squadron, combine to inspire the hope that it will soon emerge from the cloud that at present hangs over it. All who have had opportunities of observing the growth of trade in the great Western Ocean are agreed that commercial intercourse must eventually be developed between Asiatic ports and those of North-West America as extensive as that which is now carried on between Europe and the Atlantic States. Exports of timber and flour from Oregon, California, and Vancouver Island to China, and return cargoes of tea, rice, silk, and preserves, are rapidly on the increase, and the following able remarks of a leading American journal illustrate American sentiment in regard to the prospects of Victoria as a probable rival of San Francisco in the future struggle for commercial supremacy on the Pacific shores of America:—

"That England has great purposes to effect in this part of the world is no doubt true; that she has grand prospects on foot, looking to a union of her North-American Colonies, and the opening of a highway from ocean to ocean, she does not seek to disguise. That these new settlements [Vancouver Island and British Columbia] are yet to become

competitors for the trade of the East, if not the commercial supremacy of the Pacific, it were useless to deny. Entrepôts are soon to spring up on these hitherto undisturbed waters; there will be shipyards and fisheries, and to these lands will a numerous people go to dwell and to mine beyond a peradventure. . . . . But however we may regard the advent of England upon our shores, or whatever estimate we may set on the value of her possessions in this quarter, one thing is certain—we have now got to meet her on this side the globe as we have met her on the other, and encountering her enterprise and capital, her practical, patient industry, and persistence of purpose, dispute with her for the trade of the East and the empire of the seas."

The imports of the infant "London of the Pacific" for 1865 amounted to 3,000,000 dollars. It already numbers five thousand inhabitants, and contains many substantial buildings —warehouses, shops, hotels, churches, hospitals, schools, public offices, and private residences. It also supports two daily papers, and is well supplied with gas and water.

Besides gold, which is found in increasing quantities in the island as well as on the mainland, large coal seams are being developed; and a new company, engaged in working this article, exported last year from their mines at Nanaimo 32,818 tons, chiefly for foreign consumption. Copper, silver, lead, and other ores exist in both colonies in abundance.

Of the many varieties of wood with which the country is stocked, the Douglas pine (*Abies Douglasii*) is the most extensive and of most economic value. Sections cut from a tree of this description, 309 feet long, were sent to the International Exhibition of 1862. The bark for some distance from the base of the trunk is often a foot thick. In all the qualities essential for spars, this sort of timber is pronounced unrivalled. Sawmills have been erected for supplying masts to the dockyards of European Governments. Planks are also shipped for building purposes to countries in all parts of the Pacific, and one firm exports upwards of 15,000,000 feet of timber annually.

The bays and streams teem with fish—salmon in particular being incredibly abundant, and at certain seasons the *cañons* or gorges of the rivers are densely crowded with them. The Indians, who live chiefly on salmon in winter, catch them with a pole, attached to the end of which is a cross piece of wood; in this they stick tenpenny nails, and harpoon the fish in the rapids, impaling one or two at every descent of the pole. Trout are found from four to six pounds in weight, and sturgeon which often attain 500 lbs. and upwards. From a female sturgeon, killed in the Fraser a few years since, a bushel of *caviare* was taken. Halibut are caught in large numbers, and of enormous size, so that a vessel of 600 tons may sometimes be loaded with them in forty-eight hours' fishing. The catching of cod, too, has begun in earnest, and with great success. A kind of smelt, called by the natives *hoolakan*, is caught by them in immense quantities, and utilized for the production of oil. From the degree of oleaginous matter contained in the *hoolakan*, they are in very general use among the Hydah tribes as candles, being lit at the tail.

The country cannot boast the agricultural capabilities of the Western States of the Union, though there are broad tracts of meadow land in every direction well adapted for the growth of esculent roots and cereals. Turnips have been cultivated weighing 20 lbs., cabbages 15 lbs., beetroots 11 lbs., and potatoes 2½ lbs. each; but these specimens are not adduced as showing the *average* productiveness of the soil. Melons of prodigious bulk and excellent flavour grow in the open air, and apples, pears, &c., ripen to perfection. The superior quality of the pasture lands in British Columbia is proved by the thriving condition of the sheep and cattle grazing upon them. Farming is as yet followed to so small an extent that most of the produce consumed in the colonies is brought from neighbouring American States, and as prices rule high, the inducements offered to the settlement of hard-working farmers are tempting; 160 acres of unoccupied land is allowed to each *bonâ fide* settler, and when the Government survey shall have extended to the portion selected, payment at the low rate of 4s. 2d. per acre is called for in four yearly instalments. Military and naval officers of seven years' standing and upwards are entitled to free grants ranging from 200 to 600 acres, according to their rank and term of service.

Without attempting to enumerate all the species of indigenous wild animals, those may be named which are of special interest to the sportsman. Bears, racoons, martens, minks, otters, and foxes are not uncommon. The puma or catamount prowls in the vicinity of flocks, is exceedingly destructive to sheep and hogs, and is more than a match for any other animal in North America. The beaver is trapped by the Hudson's Bay Company. The stag and elk abound, and some have been shot equal to a small horse in stature, and weighing 600 lbs. Deer are found in large numbers, and generally are very tame. The mountain sheep is known close to the Rocky Mountains, and when full grown weighs several hundred pounds. It is covered with long, coarse, woolly hair, and provided with enormous crooked horns.*

For the last two years the Government of Vancouver Island and British Columbia has been administered by two separate bodies of officials. But as this double staff was felt by the mass of the settlers to be out of proportion to colonial wants, and to entail a more burdensome taxation than was agreeable, they memorialized the Crown to frame a new Constitution, and unite the colonies under one Governor; and the passing of a bill in accordance with the wishes of the colonists was among the first acts of the Derby Cabinet. These dependencies are not yet deemed strong enough to be entrusted with what in Canada and Australia is technically called "responsible government." In other words, there is no ministry, the sole minister of state being the Governor. He is assisted in the direction of public affairs

* An elaborate work on the natural history of these colonies, by Mr. Lord, naturalist to the late Boundary Commission, has just been published.

by a Legislative Council, one half of which is elective and the other half nominated by himself as her Majesty's representative. It is now resolved that Victoria shall cease to be a political centre, and that New Westminster, near the mouth of the Fraser River, shall henceforth be the seat of Government. The island ports have up to the present been free from all fiscal restrictions, the revenue of Vancouver being derived from a tax of 1 per cent. assessed upon the market value of real property, and a trading license levied upon the principle of a sliding scale. The income of the sister colony depends chiefly on an import tariff; but it is expected, when the basis of the union about to take effect is fully adjusted, that customs duties will extend to Vancouver, and become equalized in both colonies.

Colonial society in North-West America is necessarily of a mixed description, and comprises representatives of nearly every nationality under heaven. We have counted up at least thirty-five crosses in different degrees certain to result from heterogeneous unions of the Caucasian, Mongolian, Indian, Malay, and Negro in that part of the world. What will be the effect on posterity of this commingling of races, so varied in physiological, psychological, moral, religious, and political aspects? We know that circumstances of climate, scenery, race, and natural production determine the specific mould in which the thought and life of peoples ancient and modern have been cast. What then will be the *resultant* of the manifold and unequal forces operating in the formation of distinctive national characteristics on the British North American Coast of the Pacific? Does the presence so largely of inferior races forbode the tainting of the young nation's blood, or will the vitality of the governing race triumph over the combination with which more primitive types threaten it? This inquiry is being hotly pursued by ethnological theorists in the North Pacific. There are 45,000 Chinese on these shores, and their numbers are ever increasing with the improvement of their prospects. It is argued by many that to the Caucasian race has been assigned intellectual and moral supremacy over the rest of mankind; that in proportion as inferior races in considerable numbers mix with the superior race, must its degeneracy be hastened; that as under Ghengis Khan and his successors the Kirghis and Calmucs from the North of China were hurled upon Russia in the twelfth century, so hordes of Asiatics, attracted by the gold of California and British Columbia, may, in course of time, come over in overpowering numbers and blast these new lands, not with war, but with the physical and moral deterioration supposed to be attendant on their commerce. This apprehension—whether founded or not—is shared by leading minds in California, and the civil disabilities imposed by the State Legislature some years ago to check Chinese immigration, are justified by them in consequence. It is the same dread of amalgamation with the negro that is the root of the prejudice against *him*. It is maintained that by intermarrying with the descendants of Europeans we reproduce our own Caucasian type, while by sanctioning matrimonial alliances with the other races referred to we create debased hybrids; that the primary law of nature is self-preservation, and that such protective enactments as have been adopted are essential to the well-being of the country. In these colonies, however, the coloured races are as yet eligible with white foreigners for naturalization; but even on the British side of the boundary there is a disposition to look coldly on the immigration of "celestials." It must be acknowledged, to their credit, that on the North-West Coast of America an unemployed Chinaman is seldom to be seen, and a more industrious and law-keeping class does not reside in the country, notwithstanding that in their domestic and social habits there is room for improvement, especially in respect to cleanliness. They are, for the most part, Cantonese of the lower order, and imported by Chinese Companies established on the coast. San Francisco is their central depôt, whence they are distributed over adjacent British and American territory. The proper character of these associations, which form a marked feature of Chinese social life out of their own country, is something between a club and a *benefit* society. They were originally composed of persons from the same or some neighbouring district in a given province. Membership is in no way compulsory, but it has so many advantages that there are not a thousand Chinamen on the coast who are not connected with one or other of these companies. They have large houses for the reception of immigrants, in which the sick and indigent find temporary shelter and attendance, with the means of cooking. But those without funds must procure food from private benevolence. Agents are appointed by the company to find employment for new-comers, whose first savings are religiously sent home for the support of needy relatives. Nothing seems more odd to a European visiting one of these complex establishments—which include a theatre and a temple—than to find all the apparatus of a Buddhist ritual set up in the heart of a Christian community. As it is thought discreditable for the women of China to leave their own country, it may readily be imagined to what class the few belong who have found their way to America. Bonds are given to the Government of China, for the return, dead or alive, of every native that emigrates from the "Flowery Land;" and this obligation is sacredly kept. After death the corpse is left in foreign soil till considerably wasted by decomposition; it is then exhumed, and the flesh separated. When a large number of skeletons have accumulated, each of them is, we believe, duly labelled with the name and address of the deceased, and shipped to China, where it is claimed and decently buried.

There is a considerable muster of negroes in these colonies, who sought refuge from the social and civil oppression to which they were subjected in California, before the rush of immigration to Fraser River; and through the advanced value of the property they bought for a trifle, these worthy blacks soon took rank among the wealthier citizens. Nor did they

neglect the opportunity afforded by their suddenly improved circumstances on British soil of turning up their noses at the American arrivals, who represented their former oppressors; and for years a succession of *fracas* occurred between the whites and the negroes on questions of social standing. The bulk of Americans would only consent for a while to attend the same place of worship with them on condition that the inferior race should be confined to one side of the church; and the presence of even one person of colour among the whites at the theatre, more than once occasioned scenes of violence. A negro's signature in the list of subscribers to the first literary institute brought the movement to an untimely end; and one or two useful societies came to grief from a similar cause. The weak point in the policy of the negroes consisted in trying to extort, *nolens volens*, from the whites, sentiments which coercion was seriously calculated to repress. But there is at length a suspension, and we trust a cessation, of this social strife.

Several of the books on Vancouver Island and British Columbia treat minutely of the aborigines, who, as in all other parts of America and in our possessions in the South Pacific, would seem to be melting away at the approach of civilization. Stories of Indian feasts, medicine mysteries, incantation, courtship, marriage, sepulture, and religious traditions, have often been told; and to those familiar with the manners and customs of other native American tribes, there will not be found in the narratives before us much that is new. Catholics and Protestants are engaged in missionary labours among them, and not without some favourable result upon their morals. But so absolute is the physical, social, and moral degradation of the Indian, that after very many years of strict religious training he is readily tempted to conform to the vices of the pioneer whites; and thus the hard and self-denying toil of the missionary is soon neutralized.

"The rapid diminution and threatened extinction of the primitive inhabitants of the American continent and the islands of the Pacific, is a fact of melancholy interest to the Christian philanthropist and the man of science. . . . We naturally cling to the hope that India, China, and Japan will form a splendid exception to the ravages introduced by the superior races, under which so many millions of aborigines have elsewhere been effaced. . . . So limited is the extent, however, to which these seats of barbarism have been occupied by the whites, that we are unable as yet to determine whether extensive contact between them and the original inhabitants will be succeeded by tribal dissolution, as in the instances previously cited. . . . Past events bearing on this topic incline me to the impression that the chances of a barbarous people surviving the usually fatal consequences of their country being largely inhabited by the white race are simply in proportion as their degree of intellectual and moral vitality may be adequate to resist the demoralization to which they are inevitably exposed on their first contact with white society. Shall the barbarous tribes with whom we are, as yet, but slightly in communication, be prepared to stand the momentous test when, in future generations, it comes to be severely applied? . . . The empire of the Incas, the subjects of Montezuma, and the fellow-countrymen of Pocahontas, exhibited intellectual and moral qualities compared with which those of the most favourable African types are not worthy to be mentioned. Nevertheless, at the appearance of the adventurous explorers from the shores of Europe by whom their countries were severally invaded, they vanished like a dream. Is the fear, then, utterly groundless that under similar conditions, in future ages, a corresponding fate may overtake the negro race? For the Chinese, Hindoos, and Japanese, I anticipate a more promising destiny. Defective as are their respective systems of morality and religion, still Brahminism and Buddhism both contain moral precepts, and set before their votaries patterns of virtue, calculated to enkindle pure and exalted aspirations."—*Macfie's Vancouver Island and British Columbia*, pp. 487, 490, 491.

Vancouver Island being a sort of *Ultima Thule*, is an inviting retreat for human waifs and strays from all parts; and the anecdotes that might be told characteristic of colonial life would fill a volume. Immigrants used to class distinctions obtaining in old populations are soon made to feel how completely the social pyramid is inverted. Sons of admirals and daughters of clergymen are sometimes found struggling with hardship, while men only versed in the art of wielding the butcher's knife, the drayman's whip, or the blacksmith's hammer, are arrayed in soft clothing and fare sumptuously. One example of social transposition is too ludicrous to be withheld. A gentleman and his servant came out in the same ship together. The hireling having quarrelled with his master, resigned his situation, and obtained employment in the police force. The first transgressor with whom he was officially brought in contact in his new capacity was his former master, who unfortunately happened to expose himself to the suspicion of being "drunk and disorderly." Oxford and Cambridge men, arriving with light pockets, are obliged to turn "navvies" for a living. A respectable ex-missionary to the heathen earned his bread for a while as cook in a third-rate eating-house, and a "valued correspondent" of a well-known English *monthly* also earned his bread by plying the culinary art. Clergymen who did not emigrate to pursue their sacred calling turned "diggers;" and those gentlemen now rejoice in *incognitos* considerably less euphonious than their family names, at the same time wearing an exterior that might be apt to startle the proprieties of their late congregations.

Religious service at Cariboo was at first conducted in a bar-room, which was also a billiard saloon. At one end of this long apartment the preacher was surrounded by a group of rough, but reverent miners, while, close by, the traffic of the bar jingled on without a moment's intermission. At the opposite end of the room a band of desperadoes hung over the gambling table, staking the gains of the preceding week. Sunday was set apart for marketing and washing up, and the tumultuous scenes around the tents and "shanties" of the miners on that day would have given every scope for the unremitting application of Sabbatic discipline to all the Free Church Presbyteries in Scotland. Going to Church was usually spoken of as "the religious dodge," which was said to be "played

out." The slang in vogue in the mining districts is as expressive as it is original; "guessing," and "calculating" are exercises of perpetual occurrence. If one has the best of a bargain, he is said to have got "the dead wood" on the other party in the transaction. A mean and greedy man is "on the make;" where a claim is to be disposed of, the proprietor is "on the sell;" if he be hard up, he wants to "make a raise;" and if he be tricky—looking two ways at once—he is "on the fence." A conceited man thinks himself "some pumpkins," and when any statement is made, the truth of which is doubted, it is a "tall story." When a "claim" disappoints the hopes of the proprietors, it has "fizzled out." Credit is "jawbone," or as it is otherwise expressed, "shooting off the face." Deceit in business is "shananigan." When one has run off to elude his creditors, he has "vamoosed the ranch." British Columbia, from its extremely western position, is called "the jumping off place." The issue that seems likely to arise from a given course of events is "sticking out." Two parties playing into each other's hands for their mutual advantage are "log-rolling."

It may be imagined that in a country where so many are governed by impulse, and often rendered desperate by losses in speculation, cases of highway robbery and murder should sometimes occur. But the proportion of crime at present is decidedly small, considering the character and number of the population.

In this brief review of the colonies it is not intended to urge at so early a period of their existence, the *indiscriminate* emigration of either capitalists or artizans. Men of bold heart and strong nerve will carve their way anywhere, through difficulties that might appear insurmountable to persons less distinguished for *stamina*. But those destitute of indomitable energy and patience, especially if their exchequer be limited, are counselled to seek their fortune in an older and less exciting sphere. But there can be no doubt that the country offers powerful inducements to farmers, agricultural labourers, and female servants. Wages range four or five times higher than in England. Army and Navy officers and other gentlemen having a few thousand pounds at command, would find life there peculiarly enjoyable. Interest at the rate of one and a half and two per cent. *per month* may easily be obtained for loans on fair security. Most of the conveniences and even the luxuries of the parent country are to be had without difficulty. The climate is highly invigorating, especially to constitutions debilitated by residence in tropical latitudes; the scenery is exceedingly beautiful, and there is no lack of pleasant society.

ART. VIII.—THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

1. *L'Indicateur de Fontainebleau. Visite du Palais et de la Forêt.* Par C. F. DENECOURT. Fontainebleau.
2. *L'Indicateur Historique et Descriptif de Fontainebleau, son Palais, sa Forêt, et ses Environs.* Par C. F. DENECOURT. Fontainebleau.
3. *Le Palais et la Forêt de Fontainebleau. Guide Historique et Descriptif, suivi d'un aperçu d'Histoire Naturelle de la Forêt.* Par C. F. DENECOURT. Fontainebleau.
4. *Complément des Guides de Fontainebleau.* Par C. F. DENECOURT. Fontainebleau.

AMONGST the minor differences between the English and French character, none is better marked than the way in which each shows its love of Nature. The home-keeping quality of the French mind, and the English spirit of adventure, are amongst the great distinctions between the two nations. And this last has affected not only their destinies, but the destiny of the world. The results of English colonization are everywhere felt. In India and Australia, and the gigantic Republic of the West, English habits of thought, English love of freedom, English speech, are dominant. Of this we are not going to speak, but of that love of scenery, which is a minor form of that spirit of adventure. No two people travel with such different ideas. To the English, travelling is a pastime, to the French a labour. An Englishwoman takes a portmanteau with her, a Frenchwoman a wardrobe. An Englishwoman travels to see, a Frenchwoman to be seen. So with the men. A Frenchman puts on his best clothes for an excursion in the country, an Englishman his worst. With the former the dress makes the pedestrian. And a Panama hat on the head is supposed to add strength to the feet.

And each, too, looks on nature with very different eyes. The French garden and the English garden well represent the difference. A pair of compasses is the Frenchman's gardener. By the help of the shears he has developed a series of cabbage-headed shrubs, and a species of vegetable mop. He shaves the tops of his poplars as he does the tails of his poodles. He clips his limes into arbours. For a pole covered with flags is his idea of a tree. Everything, too, must be uniform. And so he puts fig-leaves on nature to cover such indecencies as rocks and thickets. What an English garden is, let the reader turn to Milton's description of Paradise. Here is—

> "not nice art
> In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
> Poured forth profuse on hill and dale and plain."

So also in life. The Frenchwoman prefers the smell of pastiles, the Englishwoman the scent of fir-woods after rain. The Frenchman loves his ice in the *café*, the Englishman his glacier on the Matterhorn.

We do not deny that there are great exceptions. We have seen people in England stare at a fine tree, as if it were a kind of wild beast. Englishmen, too, are undoubtedly selfish. If an Englishman had an echo in his garden, he would probably wish to keep it all to himself; but a Frenchman would certainly want to bring it to Paris. Be the causes, however,

what they may, we are simply stating a fact, that we Englishmen, who are compelled to live so constantly in-doors both by the weather and our commercial habits, have a greater love of out-door life than any other nation in the world. Formerly we showed our love of it by our deer-hunting, and latterly by our fox-hunting and bird-killing sports. These, we trust, will gradually disappear, and give way to the nobler pursuits of landscape painting, and botany, and geology, where the sure foot and the true eye and the clear intellect are more than ever required.

But look where you will, in every direction, in literature, and painting, is the contrast between the two nations shown. With the one, Cockney is a term of reproach, with the other Parisian is a compliment. The Frenchman's classical poet is Virgil, who values the beech more for its shade than for anything else; the Englishman's, Homer. And though Homer, too, values both the trees and mountains (*οὔρεα σκιόεντα*) for their shade and shelter, yet no one we think can doubt which is the poet of Nature, which of Art. And this artificial love for Nature is conspicuous throughout all French literature. Keats and Wordsworth, who represent two very different schools of poetry in England, are both in France impossibilities. Shakspeare in himself unites both. When, as in "The Tempest," he sings of—

> "The turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
> And flat meads thatched with stover them to keep;
> The banks with peonied and lilied brims,
> Which spongy April at thy best betrims,"

he writes in Keats' spirit. When, as in "As You Like It," he talks of "melancholy boughs," and "finds tongues in trees," he is the Elizabethan Wordsworth. These moods of thought are scarcely known in French literature. Most people would select Rousseau as the truest prose-poet of France; but his descriptions are greatly overrated. Too often, as in "La Nouvelle Héloïse," the country is only a place in which to make love; where the trees shall serve for parasols, and the grass for a green velvet sofa. (*See* Part I. Letters xxxvi. and xxxviii.) His pictures of the Alps (Part IV. Letter xvii.), which we do not happen to know, are decidedly weak when compared with well-known modern descriptions; whilst his account of Yorkshire scenery, which we do know, is simply ludicrous. (Part II. Letter iii.) His best piece of painting is that of the Haut-Valais (Part I. Letter xxiii.); but the finest part of that consists in the quotation from Petrarch:—

> "Quì non palazzi, non teatro, o loggia,
> Ma'n lor vece un' abete, un faggio, un pino
> Trà l'erba verde o'l bel monte vicino,
> Levan di terra al ciel nostr' intelletto."

That last line contains the true spirit in which to love nature. Beside that, Keats' "green-robed senators of mighty woods" sinks into sensuous verbiage. This is the true spirit in which to approach the woods, the spirit which puts to shame all Rousseau's sentimentality. For the trees, like Keats' waters, have, too, their "priestlike task," which is summed up for us for ever in that single line.

Of modern French writers, we should suppose that Maurice de Guérin would be universally selected as showing the truest love for Nature. Yet his is hardly a healthy, catholic love. It is very delicate; almost fastidious. He appreciates summer woods, but not the stern, bare forms of the trees in winter; he enjoys the blue sky of the South more than the wild cloud-scenery of the North. It is French at heart, but French in its most poetical shape; delicate, rather than strong; brooding, rather than active. To explain our meaning we will take a passage which has been so highly praised both here and abroad:—

> "J'ai voyagé: je ne sais quel mouvement de mon destin m'a entraîné sur les rives de la Loire jusqu'à la mer. Je ne prévoyais pas cette excursion la veille de mon départ. J'ai vu le long du fleuve des plaines où la nature est puissante et gaie; de royales et antiques demeures, toutes marquées de souvenirs qui tiennent place dans la triste légende de l'humanité: Chambord, Blois, Amboise, Chenonceaux, les villes des deux bords, Orléans, Tours, Saumur, Nantes, et l'Océan grondant au bout. De là, je suis rentré dans l'intérieur des terres jusqu'à Bourges et Nevers, pays des grands bois, où les bruits d'une vaste étendue et continus abondent aussi."*

This passage has received great praise from Mr. Matthew Arnold, whose critical taste in purely literary matters is always exquisite; but the passage will not bear examining. We can say, at all events, what attracted Maurice de Guérin to the valley of the Loire, even though he is unable. He was doubtless drawn there by the fame of those charms which cause Frenchmen so incessantly to proclaim to a stranger that it is the garden of France. So it is, but it is the kitchen garden; very fertile, full of maize, and hemp, and pumpkins. And when Maurice de Guérin calls the plains of the Loire "puissant and gay," he might as well apply the epithets to Covent Garden.

No river is so uninteresting as the Loire. We go down the Loire by railroad; down all other streams in a boat: for when you are on the river, the great bank—the famous levée—prevents you from seeing the valley, and when on land, from seeing the river. It is a torrent in the winter, and a ditch in the summer; half the year its bridges are dams; the other half, viaducts. What is of interest, as Maurice de Guérin says, are the towns and castles—"royal and antique dwellings" he vaguely calls them—each marked with its own fearful tragedy. But the mind which could see there nothing else but the "sad legend of humanity," is itself over sad. Few can stand by the cave-dwellings of the Loire, and not read in them the history of progress. Few can look at that Keltic burial-place at Saumur, with its rude, unhewn blocks of stone, and, comparing it with the carved west front of Tours Cathedral, not take heart at the thought of the stride which man has made, and rejoice with fresh strength over his destiny. These are the things which, like the trees, lift our minds on high. As for the "ocean rumbling," it is a mere rhetorical touch,

* "Lettres et Fragments," pp. 351, 352.

and the same may be said of the "woodlands of Bourges," which, as far as we have seen, are in no ways remarkable. The passage, however, is very beautiful, very graceful, but thoroughly French. It is, too, as opposed as is possible to the common English love for Nature, more especially for the woods; and if we were asked where we should find that love best developed, we should answer in that medley of ballads which are called after Robin Hood. Take the opening of "Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne:"—

"When shaws beene sheene, and shraddes full fayre,
And leaves both large and longe;
Itt's merrye walking in the fayre forrèst,
To hear the small birdes songe.

The wood-weele sang, and wold not cease,
Sitting upon the sprave,
Soe loude, he wakened Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where he lay."

The out-door life is here thoroughly brought home to us by "the wood-weele" waking Robin Hood, whilst the practical English mind appears in "the leaves both large and longe." Nowhere else as in these ballads is such a reflex of the common English love for Nature, especially of the woods. The greenwood ever rings with the sound of the horn, or the music of the birds, or else echoes with some broad joke: how the curtal dogs caught the arrows that were shot at them in their mouths; how one bishop was made to dance and another to sing. In Sherwood it is always summer, or else the merry month of May, even in the winter. To find such forest-pictures in French literature is impossible.

And an analysis of French pictures would give results not widely different. To do this as it should be done would require a volume, and not a review article. Too much of late years has, perhaps, been said of the shortcomings of Claude. Take, however, two other favourite landscape painters of the French, Watteau and Pater. "Les Plaisirs Champêtres" of the former generally mean clipped trees, a fountain, and a party of French ladies and gentlemen posing for admiration, or else dancing in shoes that wont turn the evening dew, and dresses which with the touch of a bramble, would leave them all like Adam and Eve in Paradise. "Les Plaisirs de la Campagne" of the latter—for the titles vary a little—are more material. The dresses are stouter, and the love-making often takes the more material form of kissing. But as to the poetry of the fields or woods there is absolutely none. It is all theatrical, wooden as the cut-scenes in a theatre. Compare their trees with those of Old Crome of Norfolk, moss-grown and bent with age, or with those of Winants, who is a minor Crome, and they bear the same comparison with them as the sentimentality of Rousseau with that mighty line of Petrarch.

Modern French art is indeed removing much of this reproach. It would be absurd to say that there are not great exceptions, especially when writing on the Forest of Fontainebleau, from whence Rousseau has taken his oaks, and Decamps his landscapes. But on the whole no one can look even upon modern French landscapes and wood-scenes without being more struck by the composition than by the feeling. Frenchmen, in fact, always rouge nature, and put her in kid gloves. They would lay down a boulevard by the sea-shore. And if Robinson Crusoe had been a Frenchman, he would have undoubtedly put up a *café* before he had built a hut.

Holding such views as these, it was with no small pleasure and surprise that we learnt that M. Denecourt had written no less than four works on the Forest of Fontainebleau—works which have received the highest praise from the French press, and whose author has been honoured with congratulatory odes by various French poets, and complimentary letters from Lamartine, George Sand, and Béranger. Few people, indeed, can fail to feel the beauty of the woods, their infinite grace of form, and infinite variety of colour. It is impossible for a wood to be otherwise than beautiful. Where there are trees there is always beauty. And the beauty is everywhere; not in the cloud of leaves alone, storing up both shade and water to keep the fern below green and fresh; but in branch and bole, which the sunlight ever loves to wreath with zones of gold. And in tree-forms, there is every variety of grace, from the strong, severe curve of the oak to the flowing lines of the birch—spire of poplar, tower of beech, and arch of chestnut. And in trunk and foliage there is every variety of colour, from the Scotch fir, whose bark glows red in the sunshine, but blackens when drenched with rain, to the silver rind of the birch; every colour of leaf, changing every hour in spring and autumn with each passing cloud and glimmer of sunshine, from the strong, stiff oak and beech leaves to those of the willow and the whitebeam, that shine like white flowers when shaken by the wind, and the fir-needles, on which the rain lies like hoar-frost. And think, too, of all the other delights which a wood brings. Its thickets are the home of the birds, its open spaces the garden of the flowers. Think, too, of all the sweet wood-paths, paved with the roots of trees; moss under your feet, and green leaves overhead; think, too, of all the wild sounds, not only of the birds, but patter of rain on the leaves, and the roaring of the fir-trees in the wind. Not only are the woods beautiful in spring and autumn, but in the winter. In the fields we garner up the corn when its beauty is at its highest, but the yellow sheaves remain on the trees, to hang as long as they may, and then at last, when winter comes, then each bough blossoms with new beauty of moss and lichen, which are its winter leaves.

We travel to see mighty cities, to gaze on the glories of castle and minster; but ever we discover some flaw, some failing. The artist's hand, perhaps, grew cold ere his work was complete. The pillar is defrauded of its full glory, and the tower marred of its height; or else in place of the aisle there is ruin; instead of the pillared strength, dust. And so we come back to Nature, to the forest and rivers and sea, and find there the ideal beauty for which

the soul sighs. There nothing is stinted; nothing lacks its full measure—the tree is not shortened of its height, nor the flower of its glory. Spring by spring the forest renews itself. Storms pass it by unscathed; for the summer ever repairs the ravages of winter with fresher beauty.

It was with thoughts like these that we turned to M. Denecourt's books. No better subject could be found than Fontainebleau, for it is really a forest, and not, as generally in France, a collection of scaffold poles with leaves, cut down for charcoal every fifteen years.

No better subject, we repeat, could be found than the Forest of Bierre, as it was anciently called, with its wild legends of the spectral huntsman, who, for some offence against St. Hubert, was condemned to follow through the night with torch and hounds a spectral stag that never could be caught; the same huntsman—the terrible Chasseur Noir—that appeared to Henry IV. just before his assassination, uttering the words, "Amendez vous." The favourite hunting ground of the French kings, its woods and glens are haunted with their memories; how Louis IX., hunting the stag, was attacked by robbers, and as a thanks-offering for his deliverance, built on the spot, still the Butte Saint-Louis, a chapel, which has long ago been destroyed; how Francis I. and Henry II. here held revel and masquerade, and how Henry IV., in spite of storm and rain, hawked and hunted wolf and stag all in one day.

Then, too, its palace is a chronicle of history from the time of Philip Augustus to Napoleon I. Here Francis I. brought that band of Italian artists, Rossi and Primaticcio, and Niccolo del Abbate, who founded the school of Fontainebleau; here Henry IV. laid out the grounds with the same magnificence that Francis had adorned the palace. Scene of revel and intrigue and murder, here royal refugees have sought shelter, mighty warriors died, and edicts changing the destinies of nations been issued; here courtezans ruled kings, and turned philosophers into fools.

But it is with the forest with which we are concerned. Guide-books have proverbially a bad name, but of all bad guide-books M. Denecourt's are the worst, not so much for what they have left undone, though that is bad enough, as for what they have done. To spoil such a subject as Fontainebleau proves a special genius for blundering. From beginning to end there is neither the scientific nor the true poetical spirit, nothing but a flux of big adjectives. The only approach to philosophy is a silly echo of Mr. Ruskin's sentimentality, which was first propagated by Wordsworth in his narrowest mood, that the modern spirit of science and industry is destroying the beauties of Nature. Now we tell Mr. Ruskin and M. Denecourt and all their school, that there never was such a blunder. Nature with her kindly hands soon hides whatever injuries man may inflict. The railroad gradually slips into the landscape, and fills it as naturally as the river. The embankment is in a few years grown over with trees, and changes itself into a wood. And here in the forest of Fontainebleau, the ravages made by the quarry-men, against which M. Denecourt so persistingly screams, are daily being hid. Moss is fast growing over the ballast-heaps, and the fern hiding the ruins. The worked-out quarry is again becoming a forest. But we take higher ground than this, and we tell Mr. Ruskin and M. Denecourt, it is better to see the desolation of the finest scenery in the world than the desolation of men, better to hear the din of a thousand machines than the cries of starving women, better Eden itself were turned into a quarry than that its children should eat the bread of idleness. And after all, the love of scenery is poor and vile when compared with that of freedom, which labour can alone win. It is not the Pass of Thermopylæ which we should admire, but Leonidas and his five hundred. But from the applauder of Eyre we can expect no sympathy with freedom. As for M. Denecourt, we tell him that he has violated Nature far more than all the quarry-men put together when he helped to build a *café* close to the old monastery walls at Franchard. As for his books, they are principally a catalogue of names. For he has actually christened out of "Lempriere" and the "Biographie Universelle" not only every large tree in the forest, but in some cases mere sticks of firewood. M. Denecourt has the reputation of being a Republican, and we suppose would not like to be disrespectful to the smallest tree. Further, he has christened every dirty puddle, which is dry in the summer time, with some sublime title. The smaller a thing is, the bigger are his words. In one place he terms a crack thirty feet deep, "une affrayante et profonde fissure," in another a tunnel, such as may be seen in many English gardens, "un tunel affrayant," and in a third, some ruts four inches deep, such as may be found in every English lane, "ornières profondes," which he deems to be quite impassable. He goes into ecstacies about stones that rock, and trees that are marked with excrescences, and artificial grottoes. He loves to exaggerate the age of the oaks, as a French lady to diminish her own. He calls every wild place a Calvary, and imagines the rocks were brought there by the Deluge. In one case we think him a little profane, in the other very unscientific. Bad, however, as his books are his labours in the actual forest are still worse. In his books he has been the tout to nature rather than an intelligent guide, but in the forest he has been her foe. With his trim roads and walks he has destroyed her wildness. In places he has even levelled the rocks. From a forest he has done his best to convert it into a cockney tea-garden. He has actually constructed artificial caves and grottoes, which are about as much in place in a forest as a fountain in the Atlantic. His white direction-posts are stuck about everywhere, looking like a cross between a washing-pole and a gibbet. We can only say that we would rather be lost twenty times over than be led in this fashion. The great charm in a forest is to be able to wander at your own will, with no other companions than the birds. Or if we must have a path, let it be the track of the cattle, or of the woodman, half hidden in

the heath. There is no fear of our not seeing the finest trees and views. If we only love them, we are sure to find them. Further, M. Denecourt, to carry out his design of naming every object, has rouged the trees as a Frenchwomen rouges her face, and daubed the rocks with blue as the Britons did their bodies. The little English boy cuts his name on the trees, but the big French boy paints his. He has not only done this, but in places scraped off the moss from the rocks to carve his names, and has planed the rough bark of the oaks so as to paint more conspicuously his red figures, letters, signs, and arrows. He has often piled a bank round the roots of the largest trees, thus hiding the great spurs which give such a character to the oak and beech. But this is, perhaps, as well, for he has already spoilt the boles. Latterly, too, he has varied his patterns by renumbering the trees and rocks, and smearing out the old numbers, so that some of the trunks of the trees look like hind legs of zebras. How he has been allowed to commit his work of devastation we cannot conceive. But committed it he has, and that, too, with the approbation of all Frenchmen. Hence we must conclude that French poets love tree-trunks striped, like their national flag, with red, white, and blue, and French artists, rocks with an irruption of blue paint.

After this, we shall, we trust, be thought to have spoken leniently of the typical French love for nature. The truth is a Frenchman does not admire nature so much as he admires the way in which he admires her. A Parisian thinks he is paying her a compliment, if not an actual condescension, when he goes into the country. A flower must be potted before he can really like it; and as for the woods, if trees budded with flags and blossomed with the tricolour, he would then probably love them.

So much for the typical French mind, of which M. Denecourt is a very fair representative. There are, of course, as we have said, great exceptions, and we believe that some protests have recently been made against his work of devastation. Luckily, however, some portions of the forest have escaped him. He has at all events not been able to disfigure the landscapes. The villages, too, on the borders of the forest remain untouched. We shall therefore endeavour to give a slight general account of the forest, with some sketches of a few of the finest parts. But before we speak of the woods we will say a few words about the town, famous all the world over for its carp, Chasselas vine, and palace. It is situated on the eastern side of the forest, and surrounded on all sides with hills. Its name is derived from a spring of water, just as a neighbouring village is called by the Keltic Avon from the same stream which flows by it towards the Seine. The carp, vine, and palace are now all, too, equally celebrated for the same thing, size. The palace, however, is large, without being imposing. We shall not go into details. They may be found in any guide-book. We should, however, warn strangers from putting too much faith in the works of the Italian masters that are shown. There is a story told in Hampshire, that a sexton, in answer to the question, "Who painted the picture in your church?" replied, "I don't know who painted it first, but I know who painted it last." The "who" in the Hampshire story was the village carpenter, and the "who" at Fontainebleau are Parisian artists, so that the pictures of Rossi and Primaticcio have, in the course of time, developed into the French school. The recent restorations, we may add, have been carried out as at the Castle of Blois, with great splendour, and everything, except taste, attended to. To make up, however, for the loss of the Italian pictures, most of them destroyed for very opposite reasons by Anne of Austria and Louis XV., there is as usual plenty of the bric-à-brac of history, such as the coat of mail Monaldeschi wore when assassinated, the table on which Napoleon I. signed his abdication, and the window-bolts made by Louis XVI. Some people fancy they gain a vast amount of historical insight by seeing such knick-knacks. An Englishman, especially, must touch a thing before he believes.

Besides the palace there is nothing worth seeing in Fontainebleau. Everything is new as in Paris, where the children look older than the houses. We must, however, say a word about the grounds. The English garden is very poor. The famous lake is small, and, with the exception of some silver-firs and planes, the trees insignificant. We are glad, however, after our strictures, to be able to speak more favourably of the French garden. It is a very good specimen of its kind. But Fontainebleau, with its French garden and cascades, and soldiers and bands, and brand-new church and Hôtel de Ville and barracks, is out of keeping with the old forest. The true forest town, though on its borders, is Moret, with its old churches and gateways, and castle. But first for the forest and first of all for its geology, for this it is which gives it so much of its character.

The entire district is Eocene, corresponding to our Hempstead series. The lowest formation is composed of beds of clay, which crop out on the banks of the Seine. Above these rests the fresh-water limestone series on which Fontainebleau is situated, and over which in one place is a marine deposit of marl. The former forms the base of the sandstone of the forest of marine formation, the top of which in places is capped with fresh-water limestone—calcaire de Beauce. All these, with their shells, have been so fully worked out by French geologists, that it is needless for us to restate their labours.*

* In the "Guide Historique" will be found a very good account of the geology of the forest, with lists of the plants and the Lepidopteræ and Coleopteræ. These, it is needless to say, are not by M. Denecourt. The map, too, may be recommended. The list of the plants, however, is very scanty. As for the birds, they are nearly all shot down by the forest-keepers, for the sake of the Imperial game preserves. The green woodpecker (*Picus viridis*) and the common buzzard (*Buteo vulgaris*) are the most common. M. Denecourt, indeed, gives a short list, on the authority of a forest-keeper, but as they are unaccompanied with any scientific nomenclature, it is quite impossi-

What we are concerned with is the sandstone, which gives the district its picturesqueness. In places, as at the Rocher des Cristaux, near La Belle Croix, it shows groups of crystals, caused by a solution of carbonate of lime, whilst in other places a hard glittering rock, known as "grès lustrée," and "Le Banc Royal," from its superior quality as a paving-stone, produced by a deposit of silica; and in others beds of sparkling sand called "sable d'or," from the presence of mica. In places, too, the rocks are richly coloured red and yellow, the effect of hydrate of iron, and patterned with dog-toothed edges and large scale-like markings, similar to the reticulations on Norman pillars, which have been caused by atmospheric influences. Right through the forest strike these long sandstone ridges, running nearly east and west parallel with one another, separated by deep valleys, their sides pierced by glens and gorges, into which masses of rock are tumbled pell-mell, one upon the other, making mighty cromlechs, Carnac and Stonehenge piled together. The valleys have been caused by denudation, and the rocks have been brought to their present position by the water carrying away first the beds of sand upon which they rested, and so bringing them down tier after tier one upon the other.

These sandstone ridges are never very high, not so high as our Derbyshire limestone hills, but quite high enough for the clouds at times to rest upon them, quite high enough to make the colour rise to the face, and the breath come faster after scrambling to the top. Their chief beauty consists in their wild gorges, hid deep in the hill-sides, like the Vallée des Fées, full of mighty rocks moss-covered, piled one upon the other, under which you walk amidst heather knee-deep and fern breast-high, shaded by juniper and whitebeam, through which rise dark column of oak, and fir, and white wand of birch. But besides these gorges, often so completely hid by the foliage, that you do not discover them till you find yourself in them, there run the great valleys, all looking to the rising and setting sun, and mighty fells, *platières* the French call them, whose precipices wave with plumes of juniper and fir, whilst down below rise the great beech and oak woods upon whose floor of leaves the sun throws bright patines of gold.

Most people who go to Fontainebleau will think of our own New Forest; but our Forest has nothing to show like these sandstone ridges, dark with juniper, here no longer a bush, but a tree—nothing like these rock-piled gorges and chasms; and yet, strange to say, ours is the wilder forest of the two. Even if Fontainebleau were not spoilt by civilization, by its roads, and *carrefours*, and signposts, it lacks the wild element of the forest of William of Normandy. Its beeches grow taller, but it can show no beech-wood like Mark-Ash, which is dark in the brightest summer day. Its oaks grow larger and heavier, but they miss the weirdness of those of the New Forest, with their trunks bent by the Channel winds, and their branches crusted with a white frost-work of lichens. In Fontainebleau, too, there stretch no wild plains of heather, and gorse, and fern, pastured with herds of cows and shaggy forest ponies. Fontainebleau can boast of no sea, and no streams —nothing but the Seine, which just touches its eastern border; and to a forest there is no such loss as that of water. For a stream is really a cloud flowing along the earth, a strip of wandering sky that inlays valleys and plains with its own sweet blue, bringing beauty wherever it comes.

In Fontainebleau, too, there are no villages, with the exception of Avon, like Burley, Brockenhurst, and Lyndhurst, in the New Forest; yet each has its own beauties. As you wander through the woods of Fontainebleau you will hear the clink of hammers in the quarries, and meet the dark-haired peasant girl, with her coloured handkerchief round her head, carrying a basket of yellow agarics she has gathered under the trees. Then, too, as you wander along, you come suddenly on the image of the Madonna high up on some beech garlanded with chaplets, and as you return home at night see the candles burning in front of her shrine in the lonely chapel at the foot of Mount Ussy. These things serve to remind us of some of the differences. Old customs, too, linger. Yearly, on the first of May, the Abbess of Lys brings, as forest dues, a ham and two bottles of wine, and lays them on the "Table du Roi," a stone table, like a dolmen, on the north of the forest; and at the same time every newly-married husband of the parish of Saint Ambroise of Melun brings a cake and five deniers. Further, the peasant regularly keeps his village fêtes in the forest—we need scarcely add, too, always on a

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ble to determine one species from another. An excellent article by M. Clavé appeared in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," vol. xlv., May 1st, 1863, p. 142, but it regards the forest chiefly from the political economy point of view, which would hardly interest the English reader. We may, however, observe, that though the timber is outwardly clean and well-grown to look at, a great deal of it is what woodmen term "shaky." A peculiar system of drainage has in places been of late years adopted, by running wide, open trenches between every sixth or eighth row, so that the trees stand upon elevated beds. But drainage is hardly necessary, as the sand soon absorbs the heaviest rainfall. The size of the forest is about forty thousand acres. Francis I. added to it largely by confiscations. A few local names point out where there may have formerly been villages, but the nature of the soil would prevent the district from ever having been populous. To Henry IV. is due the "Route Ronde," which makes a circuit of nearly the whole forest. Most of the roads, however, were constructed in 1684. The peasantry are allowed, except from the 15th of April to the 15th of July, to collect the dead wood. In the season, the wood-cutters, who are always employed by piece-work, can earn nearly three francs a day; but, as we have said in the text, the sandstone quarries furnish the staple employment. Valvins is the port of the forest, from whence the stone is shipped down the Seine to Paris, for paving the streets, whilst the fine white sand is exported as far as Liverpool, Newcastle, and Belgium, for making glass and porcelain.

Sunday; but soberness on a Sunday fête is better than drunkenness on a week-day wake in England. As for the peasant, he is far better off, as far as wages go, than his fellow in the New Forest, for the sandstone quarries give him constant employment; but the work is very unhealthy, and in winter is often stopped by the frost, which causes the rocks to split unevenly.

So much, then, by way of contrast. The New Forest is truly a forest in the old sense of the word, but Fontainebleau is, on the whole, too artificial. In the New Forest the oaks and beeches have space to grow, and free play to stretch their arms, and shake out their folds of leaves; but in Fontainebleau you often cannot see the wood for the trees. Too often the oaks spring up like masts, the boughs running out at right angles like yards. There are, however, some magnificent trees, as in the woods of the Gros-Fouteau, of the Vallée de la Solle, and of Bas-Bréau. Many of the large oaks, as the Pharamond and Henry IV., measure not less than twenty feet in circumference. Amongst the most famous is the Charlemagne oak, which stands—once a forest in itself, but now a noble ruin—in the valley of Ronceveaux, at the foot of Mount Ussy, amid a group of other oaks, surrounded on all sides with rocks, except just the space where it stretches its arms, throwing a league of shade; but many of the most famous oaks in Fontainebleau, as the Clovis oak, are completely decayed. An old tree is often confused by the popular mind with a fine tree; its monstrosities are mistaken for beauties; but an excrescence is to a tree what a wart is to a man's face. Besides, an old oak has something pitiably human about it, with its bent trunk and storm-broken boughs; it claims pity rather than admiration. A tree, for beauty, must be in its prime; but size here, like age in the former case, is often confounded with beauty. As we have said, many of the trees at Fontainebleau look as if they had been run up in a hurry by contract. Thus the famous oak, the Bouquet de l'Impératrice, in the Gros-Fouteau, is, though a large, by no means a fine tree. It begins to fork too early, as though it had outgrown its strength, and its head is deficient in grandeur; besides, its bole is too square-shaped, and wants that flowing line of the oak-trunk, which amongst trees is the idealism of the beauty of strength. The Bouquet de l'Empereur, in the Bas-Bréau wood, is far more beautiful; so finely is it proportioned that you do not at first sight perceive its size. The bole has a true oak character, rising with a slight curve, and then throwing up a fountain of boughs.

And now for a few words upon the scenery; but before the reader goes into the forest to see either its trees or its scenery, let us earnestly advise him to do so on foot. Going into a forest in a carriage is like going to bathe in a waterproof dress. A French driver, too, cares a great deal less for trees and scenery than for his horses. The only sympathy he ever shows for Nature is by violently cracking his whip at the finest views. The great show-places close to Fontainebleau are the Fort de l'Empereur, Point de Vue Amélie, and Calvaire. The first is decidedly the most extensive, the second the prettiest, and the last the poorest view.

From the Point de Vue Amélie you look westward to the town, where the palace seems itself a town, over wooded heights, beyond which the sandstone ridges roll wave after wave, whilst sheer down three hundred feet below bends the viaduct of the railway and the river flows; and beyond the river rise groups of white villages, and corn-fields, and orchards, stretching away to the east, and through a gap in the hills all dark with woods, Thomery appears, with its vineyards nestling by the side of the Seine. From the Fort de l'Empereur you see still further, still more villages and churches, but you miss the glimpses of the Seine and the gorge looking up to Thomery. From it, however, you gain a good idea of the forest. To the south run the jutting promontories of Butte à Guay and the Point de Vue Amélie, making great bays of wood; and to the west rise the Cassepot rocks, and the bluff headlands of Mont Chauvet, whilst the tor of the Butte Saint-Louis stands up like an island amidst the green sea of woods.

As we have said, Calvaire is decidedly the poorest. There is not so much an artificial as a Cockney air about this place. To Englishmen the name smacks rather of profanity. The nomenclature of the Bible is best avoided on the scene of picnics. A little parterre to enable a French driver to turn round at full gallop, and a great cross to enable French girls to pose in front, do not mend the matter. Further, the Scotch firs, to improve the view, have all been cut in half; and a tree without a head has much the same appearance as a man without legs. But the forest can show finer scenes than these. They probably owe their celebrity to being close to Fontainebleau, and being called by such grand names. The Vallée des Fées and the Valley of the Charlemagne Oak we have already mentioned. But there are plenty more as beautiful. Let the traveller go where he will, he is sure to find some quiet dell hid amongst the grey blue mist of the fir trees—some valley where the birch lightly shakes out its spray of leaves, and oak and beech wave their green aigrettes of foliage. One of the finest walks is that along the ridge which overlooks the Vallée de la Solle. Let the traveller quit the dusty road, putting behind him the jangling of the French horse bells, and the blowing of French horns, and all that swarm of pedlars who have seized on every well and perched themselves on every well-known rock, to convert them into markets for the sale of worthless knicknacks, strike into a footpath—not a walk, but a real footpath—so rare in Fontainebleau, which runs all the way as far as the Hauteurs de la Solle. It will take him along the heights, between walls of rocks fleeced with moss, and under old ragged junipers, sometimes leading him down into the valleys below, where rise oak and beech, clean grown, springing sixty feet without knot or branch, and then bursting into leafy canopies. And as you plunge into their deep green recesses out of the sunshine, it is like plunging into the cool-

ness of a river. And as you sit down to rest, and gaze upwards at the rocks seen through the screen of leaves, and around you on the flowers, the sweet wild thyme, and the pale yellow stars of the mullein, and hear perhaps the first autumn warble of the robin, or the laugh of the woodpecker, you better understand the meaning of the words, "Thou shalt not live by bread alone."

Nor must we forget, still further to the west, the valley of the Cuvier-Châtillon rocks, a valley of juniper and may, and birch and heather; and here and there, as at the entrance to the Gorge aux Biches, old oaks flanked by a long line of cliffs, now rising into tors, and now massing their rocks into fortresses, and now standing out with bluff headlands, where deep in their flanks quiet dells are hid. And at the far end rises the mighty Bas-Bréau wood, approached by a wide space of turf, set with old thorns and crabs. And beyond Bas-Bréau, to the south, runs the Gorge of Apremont, beloved by artists. In that valley the trees have had wide space to grow, the oak free play to throw its arms, and the beech full liberty to shake out its cloud of leaves. There, too, the heather blossoms thickest and the fern grows highest; and hills gird it round on all sides, on the summits silver-grey with fir, giving soft flowing lines to the ridges, but at the base green with juniper and birch, through which peep grey masses of rock. And here, too, at the east end, stands the oak of Henri IV., with its vast bole rent and torn, and the Sully oak, too, fast going to decay; and at the western end, on the top of the scaur, you look down upon the mighty oaks of Bas-Bréau, out towards Chailly, over leagues of cultivated land, to the setting sun.

And beyond Apremont, still to the south, lies Franchard, where, in 1197, a monastery was founded by some monks from Orleans, to whom Philip Augustus granted the site. But it has long ago shared the fate of the chapel on the Butte Saint-Louis. It was partially destroyed in the wars of the fourteenth century, and converted into a stronghold of brigands, and finally razed by Louis XIV., as the only means of suppressing them. A little piece of the garden remains, where Stephen, Archbishop of Tournai, in a very touching letter, advises William the hermit, and founder of the convent, to walk, and tend his bees, in order to soothe his mind. "Plora pro te ipso," he says, for we can not forbear quoting his words:—

"Plora pro te ipso, plora pro proximo, plora et pro Domino. Pro te ipso, recogitans annos tuos in amaritudine animæ tuæ. Pro proximo, pro vivis et mortuis cultoribus fidei Christianæ. Pro Domino, habens tædium vitæ præsentis et desiderium æternæ. In primo fletu, ut delicta juventutis tuæ et ignorantias tuas ne meminerit Deus. In secundo, ut vivi à malis desistant, et in bonis operibus perseverent, et mortui in pace requiescant, et ad vitam æternam perveniant. In tertio, cupiens dissolvi et esse cum Christo, dicens,—'Heu! mihi, quia incolatus meus prolongatus est.' Primæ lacrymæ, frater, compunctionis et pœnitentiæ; secundæ, compassionis et misericordiæ; tertiæ, congratulationis et fiduciæ. Ab oratione saltum facias ad lectionem, à lectione ad meditationem, ut quod legeris, salubriter concoquas et rumines, trajiciasque quod ruminaveris in memoriæ thesauros. Ne prolixitate autem legendi, aut oculos obtundas caligine, aut vertigine caput graves. Post modicam lectionem deambula per cellulam tuam, aut in hortulum egrediens, virentibus herbulis, quæ tamen pancæ sunt, et raræ, visum refice languentem, aut apud alvearia conspice, quæ tibi et solatio sint et exemplo. Inter has varietates, asperitatem Eremi pro deliciis habiturus es Paradisi."*

But the whole letter is equally beautiful, imbued with the deepest sense of myticism. He does not indeed penetrate to the beauty of the rocks and trees, as St. Bernard does in a memorable passage. He mentions the dropping well, which to this day still drops. But the whole scene inspires him with terror; its wildness and its huge rocks. His soul is filled with fear for the fate of his brother, whose two predecessors have been killed by robbers. And so he sees no beauty in the place.

Out of the ruins of the monastery a lodge for a forest-keeper has been built, where a Madonna is placed in a niche of the wall, and close by, in strange contrast to the hermit's cell, stands a café. But Franchard, when once you have escaped from its café, and the jingle of bells, and chink of money, is, perhaps, the sweetest of all walks. The fragrance of a past life lingers here, as at Beaulieu, in our own New Forest. But it is a very different scene—no broad river sweeping down to the sea, past mill and meadow, only grey rocks and weird junipers like yews—no cloisters, only a bit of buttressed wall. And yet still as we walk between the grey rocks, and see nothing but the lizard basking in the sun, and here and there a rosy gleam of heath, and hear nothing but the chirp of the grasshopper, and the dirge of the wind in the firs, the old life flows back. With our feelings we reclothe the past. The monks saw the rocks as we see them, and the glow of heath and dark shadow of juniper. But a wide gulf separates the modern mind from them. They, doubtless, saw, like the Fathers, in the fossil shells of the rocks, nature's testimony to the Deluge, and the truth of the Bible, where we now read only evidence of continuous law; saw, too, something miraculous in the dropping well, that turned their thoughts to Moses in the desert.

We have thus spoken of a few beauties of the forest. There are plenty of others, such as the Gorge aux Loups, with its wide *platière* at the top, where, as at Apremont, the oaks have room to grow, and down below its gorge, like some Derbyshire valley, shut in with hills, its flanks stewn with rocks, and covered with oaks which clothe, but do not conceal the broken lines. To them all the mere visitor cannot possibly go. Nor is there any need. To know Shakspeare, you need not read every play. One passage fully learnt, yields more than half a dozen plays hurried through. And so

* Quoted by Guilbert, "Description Historique des Château, Bourg, et Forêt de Fontainebleau," (1731.) Tome ii. pp. 213, 214.

of the forest, know one wood, one valley, well, and you know all.

We must now, however, say a few words about some of the border forest villages, for, as we have said, there are no villages, with the exception of Avon, among the woods. Barbizon, through its colony of artists, has a European reputation. In itself, the village is nothing, but it is situated close to the Bas-Bréau wood and Apremont, which accounts for its popularity. Here artists from Paris flock down to the little village inn under the pretence of painting. Here they turn the forest into Bohemia, in the day lying under the trees, reading novels and smoking cigarettes; and at night, burning not the midnight oil, but the candle at both ends. Decamps acted wisely when he refused to leave Chailly. No genuine result, no true inspiration can proceed from such work. The Muses love solitude. As the little inn has become so famous, we may say a word about some of the paintings which cover its walls. The gallery is a complete Babel of pictures, for every nation has contributed, and speaks with its own brush. Many of them are very clever, but the praise of mere barren cleverness is the worst which can be bestowed. What, however, we are most struck with is the absence of forest scenes—that here, in the very forest, the French mind should seek its inspiration from battle pieces and naked Cupids. We want no further evidence after this as to the general quality of the French love for Nature. Amongst those which are something more than clever, is "Les Canards," by M. Thom, in which the pool and the shock-headed willows show a great deal of feeling. "Les Chevaux," by M. Brendel, and the "Deux Chevaux à la herse," by M. J. Héreau, are both marked by dash and spirit. The truest poetry, however, may be found in "Une Famille de Moutons," by M. Gaston Lafenestre, and "Des Canotiers," by M. Morlon. But we ought not to look for any high poetry; if it comes, it is in spite of the genius of the place, for here is the country temple of Bohemianism, whose walls are written over with inscriptions like—"La vie est une cigare, on la fume à vingt ans," and "L'amour est un vin qui s'aigrit, quand il trop de bouteille." At Marlotte, too, close to the fine Gorge aux Loups, another colony of artists is established, where Murger himself used to stay, and where his portrait is sketched on the dining-room wall of the inn. Of the other villages, Avon may be mentioned for its church, where Monaldeschi, and Dubois, the painter, are buried, and where, on the west porch, are inscriptions to Daubenton, the naturalist, and Bezout, the mathematician. The church, too, at Bourron, is worth seeing, if only for its early Romanesque arches between the nave and south aisle, springing from massive piers, as if a wall had simply been pierced through. But the ruined church of Larchant, near Nemours, about six miles from the south-west boundary of the forest, is the finest in the whole district. Service is still performed in the transept and choir, but the rain falls through the rents in the roof on the worshippers. The nave is entirely roofless, and the upper part of the tower on the north and west sides has fallen; but what remains is very fine twelfth and thirteenth century work, especially the west and north doorways. The former is remarkable for its delicate tracery, but the latter is the glory of the church. On each side of it spring triple arches of figures—bishops, and saints, and angels—and over the doors a bas-relief of the "Last Judgment," with the blessed and the damned receiving their portions—of course inferior, but not unlike in character to that of Notre Dame. The Lady Chapel is also fine, with its rich arcading, and carved screen, and canopies, and sedilia, and grotesque carvings of animals, and monks, and devils.

Then, too, on the south-east border of the forest, lies the little village of Montigny, on the Loing, the view from whose wooden rustic suspension-bridge is perfect. Before you stretches a long reach of water, lost in the distance amidst woods; whilst half way down a bright flash proclaims the line of the weir. On one side are meadows and poplars, and on the other gardens, fenced with willows, and plum-trees, and vines, stretching far over the river, so that the fruit can only be gathered in a boat; and then a timbered mill, through which pours more water, flushed here and there with foam; and then a cluster of brown-roofed houses, and above them the high-gabled church, with its tower crowning all. But, as we have before said, Moret is the true forest town, and not Fontainebleau. It, too, is on the Loing, nearer its junction with the Seine. One of its churches has been turned into a barn, and the towers of its city walls into flower-gardens and summer-houses. In the streets stand timbered houses of the sixteenth century, with carved bargeboards and figures, and here and there a bit of renaissance-work. The old machicolated town-gates, too, remain nearly perfect, and the water-gate and the sally-ports still exist in the walls. The keep of the castle, too, remains, and the church which Becket consecrated, remarkable for the tracery of the west doorway, with its animals and grotesque figures, not unlike those at Larchant.

Nor must we forget to say a word about Thomery, famous all the world over for its Chasselas grapes. It is a village of gardens—a greenhouse without glass. As you approach it from the forest, the stone quarries are full of cherry-trees and apples, and the vines grow in the hedges, mingling their grapes with the flowers of the traveller's joy. And in the village itself grow hedges of roses, and vines, and rows of walnuts, and orchards of plum-trees, whilst the Seine flows on the other side under a steep sandstone cliff. No greater contrast to the scenery of the forest can be found than in the walk from Thomery to Fontainebleau, by the side of the Seine. Passing by the church, with its dovecote, and the old ferry, the river, just wide enough to call across on still summer evenings, rolls on through woods, its banks lined with yellow lilies and willow-herb, and beds of rushes all alive with the chirping of the reed-sparrow. And then, perhaps, there lazily floats down that oldest of roads a square-sterned barge, with its high-piled cargo of wood for

Paris. And as the hills gradually slope away, the water glides on with the dark forest on one side, and on the other breadths of cultivated land, yellow cornfields, and green vineyards, and groves of orchards, and rows of poplars, hung with clumps of mistletoe, which in the distance look like rooks' nests.

But we must return to the forest. In spite of all the injuries it has received from M. Denecourt, its gorges and woods are still very beautiful. But it has received other injuries. The French nation has a trick of copying our English vices. They once cut off a king's head because we did. And now they are imitating our worst sports—our game preserving and our horse-racing. And so the magnificent Vallée de la Solle has been turned into a racecourse, whilst the Emperor has seized a large portion of the most beautiful part of the forest for his private game-preserves. The injury done by the despot, however, is not so great as that done by the republican. But men must learn a lesson from Nature. Yearly she brings back the flowers to the valley, and yearly rolls back her wave of green over the sandstone ridges, and tries to forget, as best she may, alike the injuries of republican and emperor.

Contemporary Literature.

The Foreign Books noticed in the following sections are chiefly supplied by Messrs. Williams & Norgate, *Henrietta-Street, Covent-garden, and* Mr. Nutt, 270, *Strand.*

Theology and Philosophy.

The Church of England, halting in its Reformation, hankering after the mediævalism which it professed to abandon, has vainly pretended to conciliate freedom with submission to authority. It has generated at one time a liberality of which it forthwith checks the development, and at others an ecclesiastical sentiment of which it repudiates the legitimate consequences. Half Roman, half Reformed, it tempts the adhesion of most differently constituted minds, in order to shock and disappoint them; it entangles intellects of no mean order in logical inconsistencies, and consciences not without sensibility in a network of conflicting obligations. As a national machinery it rests upon State enactment, but it affects to combine with its civil character a claim to a divine origin, and supernatural sanctions. Ministers who enter its service as a practical organization for the moral and religious improvement of the people, find themselves made parties to the superstitions of an episcopal succession, and a miraculous sacramentalism; others who conceive themselves to be a priesthood responsible only to a Divine Master, find themselves subject to mere human laws, and obliged to hold communion with those whom they esteem no better than infidels or heathens. Calvinists and Arminians, Zwinglians and ultra-Sacramentalists, Church-and-State men and High Episcopalians, Latitudinarians and Gorhamites, Rationalists and Supernaturalists, have all more or less experienced at various times the inconsistencies in which they have been involved by their connexion with the Established Church. But among persons of all parties who have thus found themselves lauded through their connexion with the Church of England in positions which they could neither successfully maintain, nor creditably retire from, Dr. Pusey is most conspicuous. We refer, of course, to the controversial situation in which he has placed himself by his writings. And above all things, his recent attempts at peace-making have revealed an entire deficiency in ordinary sagacity, an incapacity for setting forth even the terms of the problem which he undertook to solve, a complete misunderstanding of the constitution of the Church to which he belongs; above all, the loosest possible appreciation of the doctrines, the philosophy, the claims of the Roman divines, and of the Roman Court. In order to the realization of Dr. Pusey's theories of Catholic Union, it would be necessary for the English Church to become what it is not, and never can be, and necessary for the Roman Church to stultify the traditions, the developments, the policy of a thousand years. The consistency of a blameless life has entitled the Canon of Christchurch to a large share of personal respect, and he has thereby lived down much prejudice which the *odium theologicum* formerly attached to him, but he has not thereby grown logical, methodical, or judicious. Evangelicals are incapable of testing the Professor's arguments, or following him throughout his citations; Broad Churchmen, if somewhat more capable, are disinclined to the wearisome work; it has, however, been effectually done on the Roman side in the volume called "Peace through the Truth," by Professor Harper.[1] A more triumphant demolition of the scheme of the Unionists, and a more merciless exposure of inaccuracy of literary statement, of misunderstanding of doctrine, of inconsequence in argument, cannot easily be imagined. The author moves freely, as thoroughly conversant with the questions he discusses and the authorities on whom he relies; he writes with a vigour sometimes approaching too nearly as we think, to invective; but there can be no doubt that he really means what he says and that the learned Jesuit far more nearly represents the realities of the Roman position than Dr. Pusey and his Unionist friends can set forth the possibilities of the Anglican one. And as two combatants, at least, are necessary to make a fray, there must be at least two parties to a peace. The notion of a peace on equal terms, on terms of negotiation or of mutual concession, of a federal union between the Roman and the Anglican Churches as independent corporations, or as "Branches," or co-ordinate constituents of One Catholic Church, with

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[1] "Peace through the Truth; or, Essays on Subjects connected with Dr. Pusey's 'Eirenicon.'" By the Rev. T. Harper, S. J., Professor of Theology in the College of S. Beuno, N. Wales. First Series. London: Longmans. 1866.

whatever concession of dignity or priority to the See of St. Peter, is here repudiated with the utmost scorn. The more sober-minded English Churchmen, and those who have not been blinded in their reading of history by fanciful theories, have always been perfectly aware that the only reconciliation with Rome is by submission. It has not been the fashion with the more respectable Anglicans of late years to fan the embers of the old controversy with Rome; and they will certainly not thank Dr. Pusey for having reopened it at the greatest possible disadvantage, for having as far as was possible for one man to do, covered his own communion with contempt; at one time tendering an olive branch which is broken and flung in his face, at another brandishing the puniest weapons of offence which are shivered in the very first attack on the old Roman armour. It is one thing to preach a University sermon which no one cares to contradict, and to publish it with notes which no one will trouble himself to verify; it is another to constitute oneself the representative champion of a Church, and to set up as a challenge to all other churches a new theory of Catholicity. This challenge has been accepted in a manner which will be far from agreeable, we apprehend, to the personal admirers of Dr. Pusey, or to the projectors of the so-called "reunion."

The present volume consists of four essays. The first two are principally directed to explaining the difference between "unity," as the Roman Church understands it, and "union," as dreamt of by Dr. Pusey and his friends. According to the Roman view, there can be only one true Church, governed by one visible representative of Christ upon earth; there can be no such thing as a federation of churches, equally deriving their existence from their Divine Head, but mutually independent: the Church is a monarchy. Reunion with Rome can only come to pass by means of submission. Submission can only take place corporately or individually. Any prospect of the corporate submission of the Church of England to the chair of St. Peter is too hopeless to engage any practical attention. The Erastianism of the English Established Church, its heresies, the utter irreconcilableness of its Articles and formularies with Catholic truth, its repudiation of the greater part of the Divine sacraments and mutilation of others, forbid any such expectation. But individual submission is in men's own hands;—dreams about future federal reunion when they are dead and gone touch them not—they have to save their own souls, and be reconciled to the one true Church of Christ before they fall into eternity. The third essay is on the doctrine of transubstantiation: only a few pages of Dr. Pusey's "Eirenicon" are devoted to that subject, but he has treated expressly in another work on the Real Presence in the Eucharist. He and those who mainly think with him regard the presence of Christ on the altar as the central fact in Church life; and agreement in acknowledging the reality of his presence in the wholeness of his person in the sacrifice of the altar they fancy to be the one essential wherein branches of the Church now severed may be brought to an effectual concurrence. Moreover, Dr. Pusey and others appear to imagine they have discovered in some theory of consubstantiation a *tertium quid*, a doctrine not condemned in the Thirty-nine Articles, and in which the Roman and Greek Churches might concur; and thus the principle contended for in "No. 90" would be carried out to a practical issue in the reunion of Christendom. Hence the importance of a thorough discussion of the Eucharistic question on the Roman side; and it has been discussed by Professor Harper in this essay in the most masterly way. He admits at starting the applicability of the principles of "No. 90" to the Anglican Articles to a certain extent, but he distinguishes between the principle which presided over the composition of the Thirty-nine Articles and the principle which governs, according to him, the definition of the Creed of the true Church. The former is the principle of inclusiveness, the latter the principle of exclusiveness. We might say, indeed, that the principle of inclusiveness does not characterize even the Thirty-nine Articles equally throughout—they are not equally inclusive where they have condemned as where they have been silent. The English Church is not open as to transubstantiation, which it repudiates in terms (Art. 28), but it is open as to any theory concerning the inspiration of Scripture, of which it has said not one word. But although particular Roman doctrines or parts of "Catholic truth" may fairly be held on the inclusive principle under the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, the whole of "Catholic truth" could not be so held; and "to endeavour to arrange a compromise between formulas so essentially opposed, by stretching the Thirty-nine Articles in one way, and the decrees of the Council of Trent or the creed of Pius IV. in another, till they both meet in a sort of common focus, is to waste strength for nothing, and to play at an impossibility." (p. 181.) This essay on transubstantiation will prove, we imagine, extremely humiliating to Dr. Pusey and the Consubstantialists: his whole pleading is shown to be founded on the gross mistake that the schoolmen confounded "substance" (οὐσία), with "matter," and his particular authorities are found upon a detailed examination to prove the very contrary of that which he has asserted. The judgment which Professor Harper expresses of the workmanship of the great Anglo-Catholic champion must be given in his own words:—

"We have been compelled during the course of our argument to expose a mass of inaccuracies and gross errors into which Dr. Pusey has fallen. And it is, of course, natural to suppose that even his own co-religionists would learn to distrust the competence and guidance of a writer with whom errors and misquotations are a rule, accuracy the rare exception, and whose elaborate notes on this subject are one vast congeries of blunders; and, to speak the plain truth, it is only because theology is not, cannot be, studied as a science outside the Church, and because, in consequence, the best educated Anglicans are utter strangers to its vast and fertile fields of thought, that a disaster has not befallen

the writer by reason of the publication of these works on the Eucharist, similar to that which would inevitably have befallen him had his book been a new edition of a Greek play, and his numerous and grave inaccuracies figured within the well-known range of classical literature. And if such should be the result; if Anglicans should learn to distrust one who shows so little sense of the grave responsibility that is involved in opposing himself to the Catholic and Roman Church, and in assailing an article of her creed—the faith for centuries of hundreds of millions of her children—as to content himself with unverified quotations, borrowed from the bitterest enemies of the Church, and which, on examination, are proved to be partly fictitious, partly corrupted, and not unfrequently falsified, we assuredly shall not grieve."—pp. 257, 258.

But the prime motive of the author is declared to have been the convincing dispassionate inquiries that "there can be no union, no peace save through the truth;" "they must submit themselves unconditionally to the infallible chair of Peter."

The last essay is on the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, which the author, as an obedient Catholic, rejoices to have been now declared as the faith of the Church. It need not be said that throughout the doctrinal discussions in this volume, the principle of development is recognised and applied, and undoubtedly with much more consistency than it can be employed by the Anglo-Catholics. Here the evolution of doctrine is maintained to belong to the Church in perpetuity—there it is supposed to have been cut short at the end of some period arbitrarily fixed, possibly according to the Reunionists to be recovered when the broken unity of the Church Universal shall be restored. Dr. Pusey does not fare much better in this essay than he did in the preceding one. Nevertheless, while the author is very successful in showing that the tendency in the Roman Church had long been towards an acknowledgment of the Immaculate Conception of Mary, and that the time was ripe for a declaration of the doctrine, he has not shown the mode of the promulgation of so important an Article of faith to have been in accordance with Catholic precedent. In this essay Protestants will meet with a definition of original sin, and a description of its necessary consequences, as little capable, it may be, of demonstration or verification as those which meet them in their own Confessions, but undoubtedly less shocking. To the minds probably of most persons who are likely to read this notice, the whole of the discussions in this volume will appear to be carried on in a region of unrealities; and exception may no doubt be taken by Roman Catholics of other schools to some of the author's statements, and to the policy of some of his arguments. But the perusal of the book will in any case prove an intellectual exercise not without fruit.

Not very many years ago—that is to say, when the questions of Reunion or Reconciliation were agitated in the English Church on the first publication of the Tract No. 90—Rome filled the entire field of vision to those who were looking out for an authority, a dogmatical system, a ritual more complete and more in accordance with primitive antiquity than their own Church could supply. It was a question simply of going to Rome, or of staying where they were. But since that time the Eastern Churches have risen into notice, partly from increased intercourse between the East and West, partly because Rome itself has been endeavouring to bring about a reunion in that direction, whereby the submission of the West—that is, of England and Protestant Germany, left thereby in a small minority—would be greatly advanced. But the Greek Church has shown no disposition to fall into this policy. The Czar of Russia is even less likely to surrender an ecclesiastical supremacy than the Queen of England; and ecclesiastics who can trace a succession to a Chrysostom and a Gregory of Nazianzus are little likely to acknowledge a supremacy in the Pope of Rome. So that the project of Catholic Reunion has now assumed the appearance of a triangular duel. There is the old contest between the Roman and Anglican, the still older one between the Roman and the Greek, and the Greek and Anglican are now beginning to debate validity of sacraments, continuity of succession, and orthodoxy of creed. Or perhaps we should compare the poor Anglo-Catholic to Garrick between the Muses, or to the captain in the old opera, "How happy could I be with either," &c. But neither by the "Orthodox" Church of the East nor by the "Catholic" Church of Rome could the English Church be readmitted to communion as she is. It is only fair, as we have allowed the Jesuit to plead on the one hand, to set forth that which Dr. Overbeck on the side of the "Orthodox" Church has to say on his.[2] He puts the question whether the Orthodox Church "*may* enter into transactions with the English Church at large?" and he says—

"As long as you harbour heresy in the bosom of your Church, without being able to *secrete* it from the system, either this system is *no Church at all*, or a Church *infected, degenerated, and disabled by heresy*, an empty, hollow Church which the Holy Ghost has left. It is hard to choose one side of this sad alternative; but I know no sincere, pious, and open Orthodox Catholic can disavow that alternative. There is no mistake about that question. Let it only be put in such a concise, plain, and straightforward manner. The Orthodox Catholic Church does not recognize the English Church to be *a Church* in her own meaning of the word, no more than the Lutheran, Reformed, or any other Protestant Church. If we, nevertheless, use the term 'Church' in this controversy, it is only a conventional mode of speaking, adopting the usual nomenclature of a 'fait accompli,' while disapproving the fact and denying the truth of the underlaid idea."—pp. 89, 90.

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[2] "Catholic Orthodoxy and Anglo-Catholicism; a word about Intercommunion between the English and the Orthodox Church." By J. J. Overbeck, D.D. London: Trübner. 1866.

"Die Orthodoxe Katholische Anschauung im Gegensatz zum Papstthum und Jesuitismus, so wie zum Protestantismus." Nebst einem Rückblick auf die päpstliche Encyklica und den Syllabus vom 8 December, 1864. Von J. J. Overbeck. Halle. 1865.

Nothing can well exceed the contempt with which the English Church is spoken of—

"No other Protestant Church was ever so full of contradictions, so full of variegated heresy, as the English Church was, and is, and will be to the end of her existence. With *such an heretical Church* the Orthodox Church never would allow her bishops to transact. With *individuals* belonging to the English Church she will be most happy to treat, but an *English Church* she does not know, and may not know, as long as she preserves pure Orthodoxy."—p. 94.

The English Church in its corporate character is thus put out of the way, and with the most supreme contempt. The English Church, as such, cannot speak, nothing could be done without the State, but if it could speak, it would not speak as Dr. Pusey and a few others of the same "opinion" with himself would have it. Dr. Overbeck then turns to the question between the Eastern Orthodox and the Roman Catholic Churches. He lays down that there can be no true Church without a primitive episcopal succession: originally this succession constituted the Universal Church as an aristocracy of particular Churches; this aristocracy degenerated into an oligarchy under the patriarchs of Rome, Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem: under the Papacy it would be a monarchy. There may be allowed to the Pope a certain ecclesiastical precedency, but no monarchy *jure divino*. It is this monarchy *jure divino* for which it has been consistently struggling, and Dr. Overbeck illustrates the manner in which the Order of the Jesuits has forwarded that design from the tactics pursued by them in order to bring about the publication of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary. For in truth much more important than the dogma itself was the fact that it should be declared on the sole authority of the Pope.

"The Protestants," says Dr. Overbeck—and we apprehend he there hits a blot—"have entirely misunderstood the reason and the significance of this fact. Much has been written and spoken about the infringement of Christ's dignity as our only Redeemer, by means of this exaltation of the blessed Virgin, about the freedom of Mary's ancestors from original sin necessarily following from it, &c.; but all this is partly an incorrect view of the dogma and partly an exaggeration. *The true centre of gravity of this event lies not in the present, but in the future*, in so far as this new method of deciding on doctrines, which has actually been tried with success, affords a sure guarantee that the next dogma to be set up—that of the infallibility of the Pope—will be proclaimed without difficulty. The Catholics allowed the doctrine to be proclaimed, and held their peace, because they deemed this article of faith of no great moment; and now they discover that they have allowed their hands to be tied, and that they will justly be chargeable with inconsistency when they shall want to reject the same course of procedure in the case of the next dogma."—p. 183.

In fact, the infallibility of the Pope in matters of doctrine, without the concurrence of a council, has thus been practically asserted, and the prerogative proclaimed by exercise. But although corporate reunion with Rome is thus as much out of the question, as for other reasons it is with the English Church, the "Orthodox Church" is willing to receive into her communion Westerns of either Confession, who will accept the Orthodox faith. And it is proposed to build up a "Western Orthodox Church" "stone by stone, individual by individual, congregation by congregation." It is suggested that those who desire reunion on the basis of the Greek Confession of faith should address themselves as *petitioners* to the "*most Holy governing Synod of the Russian Church*," which might license a Western priest, validly ordained, and conforming to Orthodoxy, to minister, under certain regulations, to the newly-formed "Western Orthodox" Congregations. The "*indispensable* arrangements" would be made by the Russian Church before founding the "Orthodox Western Church," and all proceedings of the Westerns would be "*salva Sanctæ Synodi approbatione.*" And so Dr. Overbeck concludes — "Dear Anglo-Catholic brethren, consider and reconsider your untenable position in the English Church, and look where God's finger points to" (p. 200.) And so we think we may very well take leave of Anglo-Catholic prospects of Reunion.

Perhaps the most noteworthy matter in the present part of Dean Alford's "New Testament for English Readers,"[1] is his examination of the claim of the Epistle to the Hebrews to Pauline authorship, which he decides to be unsubstantiated; and, although with some hesitation, attributes the epistle to Apollos. The date of the epistle he places at 68–70. He supposes it to have been addressed to the Church at Rome, and possibly to have been written from Ephesus. The important question, however, then arises, If the epistle be not Paul's, what authority belongs to it, and how can it properly be a part of "Holy Scripture," of "God's Word"? Dr. Alford calls this the question as to its "canonicity," a term which he uses with considerable looseness. He states, however, fairly enough, that if the Pauline authorship were assumed, the "canonicity" would follow. The Pauline authorship being denied, the "canonicity" might not necessarily be denied at the same time; and the object is therefore to ascertain in what light the epistle was regarded by those who were not persuaded of its apostolicity. In the earlier Christian period Dr. Alford makes much more of the citations in Clement, or rather of his adaptations, than they can properly bear; and his reference to a single passage in Justin is at least far-fetched; but he concludes fairly on the whole that the recognition of the canonicity of the epistle did, as a matter of fact, hang, as with the Church at Alexandria, upon the supposition of its Pauline authorship, and down to the period of the Council of Trent only spread along with it. So

[1] "The New Testament for English Readers, containing the Authorized Version, with a revised English Text: Marginal References, and a Critical and Explanatory Commentary." By Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. In two vols. Vol. ii. Part 2. The Epistle to the Hebrews, the Catholic Epistles, and the Revelation. London: Rivingtons. 1866.

that we might reasonably put the question as being this—How can the edifice of this canonicity be maintained, when the basis on which it was reared is taken away? The Dean's impartiality obliges him to say, that to allege the Holy Spirit as the "primary author," is nothing else than judging of the authority of the book according to our own appreciation or approbation of its contents; and "any reasoning is not only insufficient, but logically unsound, which makes the authority of a book which is to set us our standard of doctrine, the result of a judgment of our own respecting the doctrine inculcated in it." How then are we justified in receiving this book as "canonical," and of the same authority as the rest of the Scriptures? "Tradition, pure and simple, will not suffice for our guide;" besides, tradition, in anything like uniformity, is not to be had. "The question of origin comes in here as most important;" if we could but prove the apostolicity we should be sure, according to the sentiment of the early Church, of the canonicity also. But this is to go back to a question already settled and disposed of, for the Pauline authorship—the apostolical authorship, properly so called—has been already given up; rightly so, no doubt, yet it is the only apostolical authorship for which any primitive or ecclesiastical tradition can be alleged. But, says Dr. Alford, "we have reason to believe"—that is to say, Luther suggested, others have followed his guess, and the guess may be as good as any other—that Apollos was the author. "Paul planted, Apollos watered." Apollos, it is said, was "mighty in the Scriptures;" he "helped much them that had believed through grace;" and "he mightily convinced the Jews, showing by the Scriptures that Jesus was the Christ." "Secondly," proceeds Dr. Alford, "having, *as we believe* (the italics are ours), from his pen such an epistle, we find it largely quoted by one who was himself a companion of the Apostles"—that is to say, by Clement, in his first Epistle to the Corinthians. Now, it is extremely doubtful whether that Clement is the Clement referred to, Philip. iv. 3; but, at the most, his quotations merely imply that the epistle was already extant: he adapts phrases from it, seizes nothing of its purport or argument, and in no way defers to it as of apostolic authority. Then, indeed, it is "almost without question" appealed to as Scripture "by Justin"—that is to say, that in one place Justin says, Christ is called in Scripture Apostle; and in one place he is so called in the Epistle to the Hebrews. Further, "in the subsequent history of the Church," there is a growing consent as to the canonicity of the Epistle, but mainly—as Dr. Alford more than once acknowledges—on the false ground that it was Pauline; and lastly, the contents of the Epistle powerfully come in aid of these considerations. This is an exemplification of what Dr. Alford calls "cumulative evidence." The epistle would be canonical if it were apostolical, but it is not—*ergo, nihil probatur;* it would be canonical if it was quoted as such by a *catena* of authors from early times. It is doubtfully quoted by two, and without reference to canonicity—*ergo, nihil probatur;* it would be canonical if the sense of the Church deliberately declared it such, irrespective of a supposed Pauline authorship; but the ecclesiastical councils mainly proceeded on that mistaken supposition—*nihil probatur.* "These considerations," all of them strongly negative, Dr. Alford then transmutes into "probable authorship," "early recognition," and "subsequent consent," and proceeds to confirm them by pointing out the Evangelic character of the doctrine of the Epistle; and so concludes that it is entitled to be regarded with "the same reverence as the rest of the Holy Scriptures." Other exemplifications of the author's habitual method of leading his readers backwards and forwards, and landing them in no conclusion, or after marshalling the evidence, of deciding in opposition to it, might be taken from his discussion on the genuineness or spuriousness of the second Petrine Epistle; or again, from his determination in favour of the identical apostolic authorship of the fourth Gospel, the three Johannean Epistles, and the Apocalypse. Indeed, the Dean of Canterbury has filled up a gap in our English literature in reference to New Testament criticism in the most unfortunate possible manner. What with the bulk of his authorities, the confusedness with which he arrays them, the *hysteron-proteron* fashion in which he argues from them, he leaves his readers in a state of utter weariness and bewilderment; beyond that, he leaves them exactly where they were before. He has meant well; he has expended great labour; he has produced considerable material and mechanical results; but he has shed no light, for he has no critical light in himself; and he is incompetent to be the guide of others, for he walks always in shackles. We cannot, indeed, be otherwise than touched with the feeling of regret with which he now takes leave of the labours of many years. At the close of his Introduction to the "Revelation"—wherein we may remark in passing, he finds, like a good Protestant, Rome Papal in the mystic Babylon—he sums up with these words:—

> "I have now only to commend to my gracious God and Father this feeble attempt to explain this most mysterious and glorious portion of His revealed Scripture: and with it this my labour of now four-and-twenty years herewith completed. May He spare the hand which has been put forward to touch His Ark; may He, for Christ's sake, forgive all rashness, all uncharitableness, which may be found in this book, and sanctify it to the use of His Church; its truth, if any, for teaching; its manifold defect for warning. My prayer is and shall be, that in the stir and labour of men over His Word, to which these volumes have been one humble contribution, others may arise and teach, whose labours shall be so far better than mine, that this book and its writer may ere long be utterly forgotten."—Introduction, p. 363.

Appreciating as thoroughly sincere the humility which dictated these somewhat lacrymose expressions, we are the more sorry that our duty obliges us, in the interest of the "English reader" especially, cordially to re-echo the prayer with which they are concluded.

We are sometimes inclined to despair of the prospects of theology within the bounds of the regularly constituted and creed-bound churches. The appearance of such a book as Mr. John Hunt's, on Pantheism, is therefore the more cheering.[1] The account of its origin is very interesting. In the year 1859, when he had been four years in orders, he became painfully sensible of his ignorance of theology. He set himself to master the systems which have been set up in antagonism to Christianity. He was led on to project a treatise on Pantheism, Atheism, and Deism, and the Church of the Future; but acting under the advice of a friend, he has published an Essay on Pantheism separately. That subject was especially brought to his notice by a passage in a sermon of Dr. Caird's, which is worth repeating here :—

"A human mechanist may leave the machine he has constructed to work without his further personal superintendence, because when he leaves it God's laws take it up; but when God has constructed *His* machine of the universe, He cannot so leave it, or any the minutest part of it, in its immensity and intricacy of movement, to itself, for if He retire there is no second God to take care of this machine. Not from a single atom of matter can He who made it for a moment withdraw His superintendence and support."—p. 212.

Very early in Mr. Hunt's inquiries he began to study Spinoza, not through his critics, but in his original works; proceeding from him to Malebranche, he perceived how similar doctrines might be held along with the faith of the Catholic Church. He read Theodore Parker, and, notwithstanding his defects, was greatly impressed by him. It was now necessary to study the German Transcendentalists :—

"I was warned," says Mr. Hunt, "of the danger of the study. I was told that the power of the Transcendentalists was so seductive, that over the study of them might be written what Dante inscribed over the gate of hell—'No one who enters here will ever return.' It is true that no one who enters here will take the same view of Christianity which he had before. He will believe it more or less. It is the furnace of mind where men's thoughts are tried. It is good for a man to go there, but he must go in earnest. There is wisdom there for the wise, but only confusion for him who 'reads to scorn.'"—p. 20.

Mr. Hunt then found that the entire field of theological thinking had to be gone over. He had, as he describes it, to work backwards, and to master the ancient Greek and Oriental philosophies. He has thrown his treatise, in consequence, into the historical form. It is written to answer the question which is the heading of the last chapter—"What is Pantheism?" by setting forth the doctrines of Pantheists in all ages, and of different schools. It might not unfairly be entitled a defence or justification of Pantheism. Mr. Hunt has counted the cost of what he has done :—

"I am well aware of the danger to which every man exposes himself when he writes and inquires freely on any great subject of theology. There is still intolerance in science, but that is nothing to the intolerance that proverbially clings to theology. Many will be offended that I have given a fair hearing to theologians and philosophers who have long, by universal consent, been placed without the pale of the Church. I have been guided by no motive but a desire to make a full and free examination; to receive what seemed to be true, or as containing truth, and to reject what seemed false. I have made it altogether a question of reason. A believer in the impotence of thought has no business anywhere but in the infallible Church. There let him rest. We have another vocation. We acknowledge no blind submission to authority. To the earnest man there is no reward but the truth itself. The external reward in theology is not to the truth-seeker or the truth-finder, but to those who tread its beaten back, and who pledge themselves even to the phraseology of a party."—p. 23.

Mr. Hunt's historical method carries him over a great deal of ground; he cannot be equally full throughout, nor equally successful; in some parts of his work he has been more dependent on second-hand authorities than in others. For particular commendation we should select his account of the doctrine of Scotus Erigena, and especially his vindication, for it amounts to that, of Benedict Spinoza. Mr. Hunt's is a very good style, and well suited for setting clearly before the reader intelligible summaries of philosophical systems which might be laboured into any degree of obscurity. It is concise without being peremptory. In the course of the work it may be supposed that Mr. Hunt clashes more or less with received Christian docrine; to some extent he may do so with Trinitarianism—or at least with the harder forms of it, for a Divine Trinity, as he says, almost all theologies have in some sense recognised. What he says concerning the efficacy of prayer will be distasteful to very many, and so likewise his observations on the subject of miracles. But he manifests no hostile spirit, and his object is evidently to conciliate. Christianity and Pantheism must be reconciled, otherwise it will be the worse for Christianity :—

"Pantheism is on all hands acknowledged to be the theology of reason—of reason it may be in its impotence, but still of such reason as man is gifted with in this present life. It is the philosophy of religion—the philosophy of all religions. It is the goal of Rationalism, of Protestantism, and of Catholicism, for it is the goal of thought. There is no resting-place but by ceasing to think or reason on God and things divine. Individuals may stop at the symbol, Churches and sects may strive to make resting-places on the way by appealing to the authority of a Church, to the letter of the Sacred Writings, or by trying to fix the 'limits' of religious thought where God has not fixed them."—p. 375.

But if Pantheism be thus the goal of all religious yearning, of all philosophy—what is it? Some of the widest spread religions of humanity, many of the first leaders of human thought, have in some sense been Pantheists—the name should no longer be allowed to be a nickname—can we define Pantheism proper and legitimate, distinguishing it from materialism, which is no theism at all, and from mystic

[1] "An Essay on Pantheism." By the Rev. John Hunt, Curate of St. Ives, Hants. London: Longmans. 1866.

caricatures. "It is," says Mr. Hunt, "ontological Theism—another and a necessary, and an implied form of rational Theism. The argument from theology proves a God at work; the argument from ontology proves a God infinite." (*ib.*) It might be better, indeed, to get rid, if it were possible, of the term Pantheism; but we cannot get rid of the thing, for it emerges in all systems as it has emerged in all ages—

"The argument from final causes proves the existence of a world maker. It demonstrates that there is a mind working in the world. It is a clear and satisfactory proof of the ordinary understanding of man; but it proves nothing more than a finite God. We must supplement it by the argument from ontology. The one gives a mind, the other gives being, the two together give the infinite God, impersonal and yet personal—to be called by all names, or if that is irreverent, to be called by no name."—p. 378.

Such sayings as these will no doubt be thought in some quarters very suspicious, or worse; but Mr. Hunt, without hesitation, throws down the challenge to the bigots in such a passage as this:—

"Is what is called Pantheism anything so fearful that to avoid it we must renounce reason? To trace the history of theology from its first dawning among the Greeks down to the present day, and to describe the whole as opposed to Christianity, is surely to place Christianity in antagonism with the Catholic reason of mankind. To describe all the greatest minds that have been engaged in the study of theology as Pantheists, and to mean by this term men irreligious, un-Christian, or Atheistic, is surely to say that religion, Christianity, and Theism have but little agreement with reason. Are we seriously prepared to make this admission? Not only to give up Plato and Plotinus, Origen and Erigena, Spinoza and Schleiermacher, but St. Paul and St. John, St. Augustine and St. Anthanasius?"—p. 379.

In other words, the God of Christianity must be allowed not to be a God creating a world and acting on a world from without, but a God immanent and energizing in the universe which is co-extensive with Him as its source; and dogmatic formulæ and Biblical representations irreconcilable with that doctrine must be explained as metaphors or shadows, or cast aside—or otherwise Christianity itself must cease to be the religion of civilized humanity.

The difficulty, however, with which any acknowledgment of Pantheism can make its way, as being in any proper sense a Theism, may be judged of by the following extracts from a volume of reprinted essays by the Rev. Dr. Rigg.[5] Dr. Rigg is a Wesleyan minister, but not without a capacity for appreciating good in other ecclesiastical systems than his own, able also to recognise a Divine education of the world in the matter of religion—an education which he believes to be still going on, although the "seed plot" of all future progress is now to be found in the Bible. When Dr. Rigg deals with questions on which Wesleyans or other Dissenters may be at issue with Churchmen, he deals with them with at least no more show of prejudice than the Churchmen would exhibit. His style generally exhibits little of that diffuseness and ponderousness which are too frequently the product of the denominational "colleges." But on the mention of philosophy and Pantheism he becomes wild.

"The endeavour of philosophers," we read, "from first to last, was to imagine how the organized universe might be [query, could have been] developed out of pre-existing rude and formless matter, by means of some inworking power and principle of movement and order, which they choose, as I may say, figuratively to call God. This power and principle, this heartless and impersonal Divinity, they tried to imagine as somehow identified with the material universe, and as influencing and moulding it by a sort of universal omnipotent and omniscient instinct—by a sort of instinct, I say, not by conscious wisdom, voluntary power, or loving Providence. They had various theories, they gave their speculations different forms; but this was the common character of all the attempts by which they vainly essayed to bridge the gulf between the Eternal Self-Existent and this shadowy and changing world. Thus has human speculation on this subject, in seeking to wing its way from the earthly region of sense and matter-of-fact to the empyrean of ultimate truth and of original causes, ever fallen down ingloriously into the weltering chaos of Pantheism."—pp. 350, 351.

What would have been the result to Dr. Rigg if he could have been dipped in the Spinozist waters we would not presume to say, but we think he would not thereafter have drivelled about the "weltering chaos" of Pantheism, and would have wisely held his tongue about that which he could not understand.

Our readers may recollect a notice of Dr. Candlish's "Cunningham Lectures on the Fatherhood of God," in which the author had put forth a very harsh development of Calvinistic doctrine, maintaining that the Divine Fatherhood is only made known in the Gospel, was not revealed under the Old Dispensation, and that it is to the elect only in Jesus Christ that the filial relation belongs. Professor Crawford, in the lectures which he now publishes,[6] affirms rather that the relation of the Father of God generally to the whole human race is not inconsistent with a special relation to those who are the "children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." In making good this intermediate position he has to controvert the views of Dr. Candlish on the one hand, and of Mr. Maurice and the late F. W. Robertson on the other. On ground of Scriptural authority he seems to us to have the advantage of Mr. Maurice, but not so clearly of Dr. Candlish; on argument of reason, Mr. Maurice appears to have the better of him—as he, if he pressed it sufficiently, would of Dr. Candlish. The ques-

[5] "Essays for the Times, on Ecclesiastical and Social Subjects." By James H. Rigg, D.D., Author of "Modern Anglican Theology." London: Elliott Stock. 1866.

[6] "The Fatherhood of God considered in its General and Special Aspects, and particularly in Relation to the Atonement, with a Review of recent Speculations on the Subject." By Thomas J. Crawford, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. London: William Blackwood. 1866.

tion as to the efficacy and extent of the Atonement is intimately connected with the foregoing. Dr. Candlish holds the strict Calvinistic view, which confines it to the elect who apprehend Christ by faith; Mr. Maurice and his followers, besides modifying or rejecting all notion of substitution on the part of Christ, extend the efficacy of it to the justification of all mankind in him as their federal head or representative. Dr. Crawford takes a view of the universality of the redemption of this kind, that the offering of Christ is potentially adequate to procure the salvation of all mankind, and that the Father willeth all men to be saved thereby; but this universality belongs only to the freeness of the offers of salvation, and the benefits of the redemption are actually limited to those who embrace the Gospel through grace. Here Dr. Crawford appears to us to be involved in inextricable confusion and contradiction:—

"Convinced though we be, on the authority of Scripture, that the sacrifice of Christ was specially offered in behalf of those whom it is the Divine purpose to make partakers of its benefits, we cannot and never will thence deduce any conclusions tending to obscure the brightness of that manifestation, which the Great Father hath made of His love to a sinful world in the mediatorial work and sufferings of His beloved Son, or to cast a shadow of doubt on the earnestness of His desire, as indicated in the calls and invitations of the Gospel, that all men should come to the knowledge of the truth, that they may be saved."—p. 122.

Mr. Goodsir was formerly a minister of the Established Church of Scotland. He appears to have entertained a conscientious conviction of the unlawfulness of the practice of infant baptism, and to have been at variance with the Westminster Confession and the general current of theological opinion in his Church on the subject of justification by the imputation of the merits of Jesus Christ to the elect.[7] Consequently he made up his mind to resign his office. The Presbytery of St. Andrews, in which his parish of Largo was situate, appointed a committee to confer with him in order to remove his difficulties, but, as may be supposed, without effect; and in the end his resignation was accepted, and he was declared no longer a minister of the Church of Scotland. This took place in 1850. Mr. Goodsir's conscientious motives seem to have been thoroughly appreciated, and he retired into lay communion, to the regret of his ecclesiastical superiors and his parishioners. Being now a layman he seems to have become possessed with the somewhat curious notion that it was the duty of the Kirk Session to solve his difficulties, and to show him how certain portions of the "Confession of Faith" could be reconciled with the teaching of Scripture. The Kirk Session, however, found that—

"While to them belongs the duty to inquire into the knowledge and spiritual state of the members of the congregation, whom they are to admonish or encourage as they see cause, they are bound, in the competent discharge of that duty, to conduct this inquiry in accordance with the recognised standards of the Church, as compared with the authorized English version of the Scriptures. The Session, therefore, respectfully decline to go beyond their constitutional province, and the more so, as in the inquiry prayed for a minute knowledge of the Greek language, of the rules of philological criticism, would be needed—qualifications which all the lay members are not to be presumed to possess."—Vol. ii. p. 370.

A practically wise and even necessary conclusion, although the throwing the onus on the lay members who were not to be supposed to know Greek is "canny." The Synod and General Assembly being appealed to would not reverse the decision of the Kirk Session, and Mr. Goodsir found no help towards "reconciling" the Confessions of his Church with the Holy Scriptures. He has accordingly now drawn out his statement of the points in which he conceives them to be at variance, together with his arguments and proofs at length. Mr. Goodsir is somewhat diffuse, but really earnest and frequently cogent; his publication adds one more to the proofs which are accumulating on all sides—1, of the impossibility of tying down the thoughts of religious men by forms of Confession drawn up, whether in the Patristic, the mediæval, or the Reformation period; 2, that it is altogether unsafe for any one who has a regard for his peace of mind, or for his reputation as an honourable man, to entangle himself in the relation of minister to any Christian Church or congregation whatsoever which is bounded by the old Creeds or Articles, or any equivalent profession of Faith.

Mr. Gill undertakes to tell in the "Papal Drama,"[8] a story which has often been told before—not the history of the Roman Church in its doctrinal and ecclesiastical development, but the story of the Popes and of their Empire. Mr. Gill writes, it is true, from the Protestant point of view, but we do not think the colours of his picture are overcharged. He may be taken as a fair guide through the mazes of that wonderful drama, even by those who would not follow him when he predicts the coming catastrophe.

Mr. Baldwin Brown's "Home Life"[9] can be very well recommended as a practical application of Christian principles to the guidance of men in their social relations. Mr. Brown presupposes no doubt the Christian creed, but these discourses are eminently practical, and, which is of chief importance, truthful, going much more to the root of the matter as concerns every-day life, than if they had been more ostentatiously founded upon the current dogmatisms.

Mr. Bray would have done much better to

[7] "The Biblical and Patristic Doctrine of Salvation." By Joseph Taylor Goodsir. In two vols. Edinburgh: Maclachlan and Stewart. 1866.

[8] "The Papal Drama: a Historical Essay." By Thomas H. Gill, Author of "The Anniversaries." London: Longmans. 1866.

[9] "The Home Life, in the light of the Divine Idea." By James Baldwin Brown, B.A., Minister of Claylands Chapel, Clapham-road, London. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1866.

have confined himself to the subject of the former part of his essay.[10] We are ripe perhaps for a doctrine that mental and moral manifestations are manifestations of Force; but the phenomena of what is called Spiritualism are still subject to so much debate, that it is premature to endeavour to embrace them in any scientific theory.

The work of Dr. Bodichon, on Humanity,[11] is composed from the Positivist point of view; the merit of it is that it especially illustrates the relativity of all existences, and in particular the relativity of man to other beings, and to the conditions in which he is placed. While acknowledging that we can give no account of origins, he infers an original power of creator, which ever has been and is energizing. "Dieu de toute éternité a créé, détruit, et renouvelé des mondes, sous des modes aussi variés que l'infini. Dieu est essentiellement actif. Il ne se repose jamais." Assuming certain antecedent conditions of the solar system, which seem to be implied by the present astral relations of our globe, there are traces in the structure of the globe itself of the processes by which it became prepared for the development upon it of animals in various gradations, and lastly for the appearance of human races. M. Bodichon infers the occurrence of specifically different creations, because in different species of animals the vital principle must be taken to have been prior to their respective organizations, and to have been the principle of differentiation, whereby they have severally become what they are. The deposition of each specifically different vital principle is due to the Creator. If species were due to the evolutions of matter, we should behold new species arise before our eyes. We are ignorant whether the vital principle of man is essentially identical with the vital principle of animals; we know not whether the vital principle emanating from the Deity is an integrant part thereof, or essentially different and distinguished. It is most reasonable to suppose, not only that there have been new creations upon the earth in succession, but creations having distinct centres, geographically speaking; and this applies not only to the creations of inferior animals, but to those of men. It would be absurd to think that a Bosjesman and a German had the same ancestors. The inferior races preceded the superior, but have not grown into them; for that process would occupy periods too enormous to be supposed to have elapsed since the first appearance of men on the globe; nor are there any traces of such transition; nor, however their conditions of life might be altered, is there ground for believing that an Australian, or even an Negro, could acquire the type and attributes of an European. The process which is even now actually going on, in continuance, as we may well suppose, of what has taken place previously, is that the inferior races give place to the superior; partly because they are not so capable of resisting the unfavourable action of the natural forces, and partly because when they are brought in contact the more highly endowed man exterminates or absorbs the lower. In reference to the plans of Aborigines Protection Societies, M. Bodichon observes:

> "Toujours les races, supérieures, en contact de colonisation avec les races inférieures, ont été la partie souffrante, la victime. La race inférieure se détruit elle-même par l'ivrognerie ou les maladies nouvelles. Toujours avant son extinction il commet dix fois plus d'assassinats, de trahisons, de vols, sur la race supérieure, qu'elle n'en subit elle-même de la part de la supérieure; il est donc injuste de plaindre, de préférer la race inférieure; la philanthropie est de hâter sa destruction, parce que, comme race comparée, elle est certainement un principe de mal."—Tom. i. p. 92.

But for what purpose has man been created, for this world or for another? A positivist *pur sang* could hardly put this question. Nevertheless M. Bodichon recognises that religion, and an expectation of a future life, have been developed among mankind in the higher races, and as humanity has made progress. Still, of a future life, and of its modes of existence, if there be one for human beings, we have no proof. While, therefore, it may not be denied, the practical life of man has its proper end in ameliorating the condition of humanity on this globe, which is our own present dwelling-place, and which will in all likelihood be occupied by our descendants for countless ages; for there is far more reason to think humanity is in its infancy than in its decadence. The belief in another life and future recompense is not indeed without its use, as a motive to good deeds (ii. p. 152); but the knowledge of the natural laws and of humanity will be most effective in operating the improvement of mankind. This improvement will in the end transform this dwelling-place of man into a paradise. In order to this consummation M. Bodichon supposes that by continual *crossing*, "il y aura an jour une race metisse composant tout le genre humain." (ii. p. 153.) Moral and physical pain will disappear, human oppressors, poisons, noxious reptiles, wild beasts and vermin will be extirpated. Their material interests will no longer cause enmities among men; equality of the sexes, perfect freedom of press and speech will be established; force will be replaced by moral suasion; everybody will be sufficiently acquainted with the physical and physiological laws; everybody will be sufficiently, because proportionately, endowed with property or wealth. All truths of science, philosophy, and religion will be made intelligible, and no longer enveloped in symbolic doctrines. The Deity will be adored in his works, not by means of forms of worship, superstitious or absurd, as at present. Priestly go-betweens between God and man will no longer exist. The knowledge of the external world being complete, the reign of Positivism will be universal. Machinery will replace manual labour;

[10] "On Force, its Mental and Moral Correlates; and on that which is supposed to underlie all phenomena; with Speculations on Spiritualism." By Charles Bray, Author of the "Philosophy of Necessity," &c. &c. London: Longmans. 1866.

[11] "De l'Humanité." Par le Docteur Bodichon. Bruxelles. 1866.

the whole of the cultivable surface of the globe will be under cultivation; the earth will be converted into an immense garden; and men will occupy it in villages, with few populous cities. Epidemic influences will be foreseen and neutralized. All sciences will be formulated in concise axioms, and the least instructed in those days will know as much on all subjects as our first-rate *savans* do. In order to attain this paradisaical state, we need pass through no Deluge; the earth will remain as it is, with no new Sun to rule it by day, or Moon by night, with no new Creation either of herb or beast. "Il suffit d'accumuler le progrès, d'ajouter la découverte du jour à celle de la veille." (ii. pp. 153–156.)

We need not add any criticisms of our own. The work of M. Bodichon abounds, it is true, in suggestive reflections and in pregnant hints for practical progress; but it is smitten with the same vice of inconsistency which characterized the works of the founder of Positivism. Positivism should be the most patient and most humble of all philosophies, it is the most impatient and ambitious; it is especially given to prophesying; it recompenses itself for its professedly enforced ignorance concerning causes by a pretended illumination concerning ends. The imagery of the Hebrew prophet does not mislead us. The "lion and the lamb" may feed together in some "holy mountain," but not here; "righteousness" may dwell in "the new heavens and the new earth" of St. Peter —but not in those which we inherit. And it is surprising that M. Bodichon, while expecting the mundane conditions in which man shall continue to exist to be the same as at present —for no cataclysm shall prepare a new world for a new humanity—and while he can draw such a picture of humanity as in his fifth book ("Coup d'œil à travers l'humanité,")—can yet think it worth while to amuse his readers with such a far distant, shadowy prospect as that of which we have above given a slight sketch. The mission of Positivism should be as much to disperse vain speculations as to a distant future as vain superstitions concerning the past. At times it has parodied Roman Catholicism; at others, as it seems, it parodies Millenarianism, thus abjuring its own essential principle and falsifying its name—substituting mere pictures of the imagination for painstaking observation of the present, and by visions of the possible, but remote, drawing off attention from that which might be capable of immediate realization.

Mr. Maguire's is a well-considered "Essay on the Platonic Idea,"[12] but not easy to the uninitiated. His purpose is to show that the objectivity of the Idea was essential to Plato's System. "It is the completed act of the Deity, when he submits himself to the relations which are determined by Supreme Intelligence, and effectuated by Supreme Will. The Idea is God in the act of manifestation." (p. 65.) The Idea is in God self-existent, and separate from sensuous objects; the things created, as we should say, participate in the eternal forms, and in sensible perception there is a twofold element, or a double process. In every sensible presentation the Idea is the main constituent cognisable by the intellect, and the matter the object of mere belief or opinion, but not of knowledge. "Plato resisted," says Mr. Maguire, "the claims of the senses to be the sole witnesses to the facts of consciousness; but he largely availed himself of their testimony when they were confined to their proper sphere. In fact, the end of the Platonic philosophy was to relegate the senses to their due position." (p. 75.) "The scope, moreover, of Plato's philosophy was essentially ethical;" and the peculiar feature of it, the doctrine of the Idea, will be best understood by a study of the Platonic Ethics. The ethical subject is, as it were, a moral calculator, and the ethical objects are his items; the proper object of the moral intelligence is the Idea of the Beautiful or the Good. The Essay, Mr. Maguire mentions, was written before the appearance of Mr. Grote's "Plato;" but though not composed with reference to that work, it is intended substantially to controvert such a proposition as this, that "the theory of objective Ideas, separate and absolute, which the commentators often announce as if it cleared up all difficulties—not only clears up none, but introduces fresh ones peculiar to itself."

[12] "An Essay on the Platonic Idea." By Thomas Maguire, A. M., of Trinity College, Dublin, and of Lincoln's-inn, Barrister-at-law. London: Longmans. 1866.

POLITICS, SOCIOLOGY, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

On the title page of a volume containing seven essays on international policy,[1] the following oracular utterance of Auguste Comte is adopted to indicate the general scope of each essay, and the common purpose of all the writers: "The fundamental doctrine of modern social life is the subordination of Politics to Morals." This is only a lofty way of saying Right before Might; a sentiment that certainly existed in the world before it was expressed in the above grandiloquent formula; so long before, indeed, that we cannot suppose any society at all to exist except upon the more or less clear conception of the notion on which it is founded. But if there is no novelty in the general conception thus put forward as the connecting doctrine of these essays, there is quite as little doubt of its truth as of the high desirableness of a state of public opinion in which Right should take the precedence that is so justly due to it. The limits of agreement between the different writers are further defined by Mr. Congreve in a short preface as follows. They are united in thinking:—"First that the international relations of mankind are a fit subject for a systematic policy." Of this

[1] "International Policy—Essays on the Foreign Relations of England." London: Chapman and Hall. 1866.

there can be little doubt, and in fact the whole proposition would amount to an empty truism were it not for the hope held out, but certainly not satisfied, in the course of the volume, that the desirable system was at last made evident to all men. Secondly, "That such systematic policy is to be based on the acceptance of duties, not on the assertion of rights; that it ought to have a moral, not a political or purely national foundation," is as vague as the general motto above. Without a systematic revision of our moral sentiments, and a scientific basis for our conception of duty, it seems that the third position held in common by the seven contributors, "that the arguments advanced are in all cases drawn from considerations of a purely human character," is likely to give them but a very slight internal accordance. The proper study of the International Relations of Mankind affords an opportunity of establishing how much of our personal and moral relations are purely human, and how much dependent on supernatural sanctions, which may one day lead to important results, but such results are not to be found in vague generalizations like those just quoted. In international law the society of nations displays on a grand scale that conflict which by some political machinery or other has been long since to some extent fought out within each particular community. The importance of some agreement being so great, any argument has been held good by which it could be brought about, and no argument can long be relied upon without its acquiring a moral force which is by no means wholly inherent in its cogency. Every political organization is founded on some moral notion to which it gives expression and extra force so long as the notion itself remains adequate to the needs of the community. What then is the new moral notion which is offered in these seven essays which can be looked upon as adequate to the purely human needs of mankind at large? We find, indeed, a moral precept, far from new, inculcating universal benevolence; but this mode of procedure can hardly prove effectual in the hands of the followers of Auguste Comte, when it has so lamentably failed in these of the disciples of one whom even they would, we suppose, allow to be as great a teacher. While our own moral sentiments are a confused mass of hereditary prejudice and misconceived self-interest, while they repose on unnecessary sacrifices of personal liberty to a social system, the elements of which are subject to daily change, we are but little likely to make any very great progress in laying down those principles of international policy which, as they can be enforced only by the common allegiance of mankind at large, and can find support in no sanction external to themselves, must appeal to the heads as well as to the hearts of all, and reconcile the claims of each, instead of subordinating either to the other. No one will feel inclined, for one moment, to deny the remarkable ability of most of the contributors to this volume, but it is an ability which partakes to the full of all the qualities they so violently declaim against. Their critical remarks are for the most part just; and their denunciations, though very frequently one-sided, are frequently called for by the circumstances of the particular cases. These criticisms and denunciations, however, do not flow, as they would lead us to suppose, from the particular system of which they offer themselves as the advocates, but have been from time to time pressed upon the attention of the public by men who are radically opposed to the most cardinal doctrines of the system in question. It might be supposed that there could at least be no very fundamental difference between the upholders of the principle of Altruism and those who maintain that to love your neighbour as yourself, goes far towards the fulfilment of every precept contained either in the Law or the Prophets; but a very cursory perusal of these essays will show that for the full application of the new principle your neighbour must stand at a sufficient distance from you to be made the object of grandiloquent phrases on the origin and progress of society, to entitle him to that full sympathy which seems to be called for in the statement of the doctrine. These writers are full of admiration when they have before them the phenomena of initial or arrested development, and overflow with scorn and hatred at some of the deficiencies of its more advanced stages. They are full of appeals to philosophical views of history, and yet are ready to assume that those stages of progress through which the nations of Europe have painfully fought their way, may be dispensed with in the development of nations who are a hundred generations behind them. Their neighbourly love demands that the object of it should live in the next street, or better still in the next town, but is quite compatible with the utmost uncharitableness towards him who lives next door to them. They are constantly exclaiming, We are not as that Publican. It would be some consolation if we could be sure they also gave tithes of their mint, anise, and cummin. Indeed, nothing is more remarkable than the general absence of this practical tithe-giving, even though it be of such small herbs as charitable constructions of their fellow countrymen. Their talk is of organization and construction, but their performance is limited to bitter criticism. Not that criticism in itself is objectionable, or that the extreme form it takes in their hands is entirely worthless, but it is certainly unjustifiable, unless for the purpose of setting in a strong light a well-defined principle of action which gives some promise of a moral renovation in those addressed. The first of these essays, which is on "the West," as Comtists affectedly choose to call Europe at large, contains the fullest statement of the peculiar doctrines of the sect —if it can be so called. The West being a new general term, admits of a fresh definition better than could be easily supplied of that for which it stands. Why certain influences to which Europe has been subjected in the course of its history should be excluded, and others determined by the school as not only the really civilizing ones, but those absolutely necessary to any complete civilization, it would be quite impossible for any one not a Comtist to imag-

ine, or for any one of that belief to prove. It is sufficient, in Mr. Congreve's opinion, that he should state the fact. That it seems a fact to him is only explainable by the inveterate tendency of his school to accept any general conception as a fact; and indeed, it is abundantly evident from the writings of the most intelligent Comtist, that what they call *un fait général*, is in England simply looked upon as a more or less successful generalization, and that these defenders of the relative character of all human knowledge are strongly tempted to withdraw from that limitation the results at which they have themselves arrived. It is most remarkable that, after destroying the ground of all dogmatism, they should yet look upon certain of their own dogmas as the final utterance of human wisdom on the subjects to which they refer. The very idea of Humanity, or the *grand Etre*, which may be called the Comtian fetish, is surely one that is subject to daily change, and the connotation which is at the mercy of every fresh discovery, whether in science or morals. The notion indispensable in this school, that progress is dependent upon an hierarchical co-ordination, is so thoroughly French that it is not likely to find much acceptance with any nation less *bien réglémentée*. In the present condition of Europe it is difficult to determine on what ground its primacy is to be defended, except that it actually exercises it. We have already alluded to the arbitrary manner in which every European influence is discarded from the definition of "the West" that cannot be traced back to the times of Imperial Rome, and through her to all that affected her development. And as for the necessity of a continuous development, there is no doubt that the development which harmonizes the most various conditions and antecedent circumstances will be a higher and nobler one than that which is restricted to comparatively poorer and simpler elements. The second of these essays, by Mr. Harrison, on "England and France," is an endeavour to show that England and France, if they could but once agree upon the principles which ought to govern its exercise, are manifestly called upon to take up the active office of teaching the nations how to live. It can be easily supposed how engaging a topic this may be made in the hands of a man of his ability. This ability is so well known, and his style, which we should not like to praise as we have seen others do, by comparing it to the leaders of the *Times*, is so sound, full, and ample, that we feel as it were defrauded when at last we are obliged to confess that after so much pleasure we can trace so little profit from the time we have spent with him. Of Professor Beesly it will perhaps be enough to say that the main object of his essay on "England and the Sea," seems to be to make manifest his title to an Enlarged Humanity by showing with what a truculent and bitter scorn he can treat that portion of mankind with which he is by necessity best acquainted. "England and India," by Mr. Pember, has very little of the peculiar colour of Comtian speculation. It is chiefly devoted in the first part to a severe criticism of the administration of the Marquis of Dalhousie, in which he follows Mr. Arnold very faithfully, but is little influenced by the reclamations which that gentleman's volume called forth. The second part of this essay contains a warm pleading for the policy of employing native talent wherever it can be found, which has been so often advocated in this review, but which stands in no particular relation to any Comtian principles whatever. The most able, and by far the most interesting in every way of these essays, is Dr. Bridges on "England and China." It opens, as might be expected, with a thorough-going condemnation of the character of our Eastern policy, which, indeed, does not admit of justification, but is susceptible of many excuses, which in common fairness ought not to be kept so studiously out of sight. The interest and value of this paper, however, depend upon its second division, which contains an epitome of Chinese history, and an attempt at a determination of Chinese character from the expressed sentiments of its best writers. The exhortations of Confucius are made to do duty as a type of Chinese morality. The process leads to results as well founded as a construction of the Christian character from the deliverance of the Sermon on the Mount. The unfeigned admiration of a convinced Comtian for a form of society in which there are no priests, but which is absolutely at the mercy of a *pouvoir spirituel*, might have been anticipated; and we thank Dr. Bridges for the timely warning—more valuable out of his mouth, than from any opponent of the system—of what we may expect when Europe has in like manner put a stop to any further development on its part by the constitution of an intellectual hierarchy. The sixth of these essays, "On the Consequences and Character of our Efforts to open a Commercial Intercourse with Japan," is very favourably contrasted with the rest by an absence of that tone of uncompromising denunciation for which the rest are so remarkable. Mr. Cookson is willing to allow something for the mistakes of a necessary ignorance, and has done much by his careful collection of all that is at present known of the complicated political organization of the country to guard against similar errors in the future. The isolation of the Japanese, and the singular peculiarities of their social life, their remarkable and peculiar taste both in art and manufactures, make them a most interesting study; and there is hardly a better introduction to the subject than Mr. Cookson's review. He is not at all less full in his allegiance to the common master looked up to by his companions, but he is favourably distinguished from them by a willingness to look on both sides of the question. The last of these papers, by Mr. Hutton, which treats of our relations with uncivilized communities, is necessarily more desultory than the rest. Principles which will suit Celts, Kaffirs, Hindoos, Maories, and Negroes, must be so denuded by their generality of all practical efficiency that it is not surprising they have been found unequal to the purpose to which they should be applied. Indeed, Mr. Hutton is fain at last to confess "that it must be long before Western Europe, regenerated in heart, head, and life,

can assume her final leadership in relation to uncivilized communities." This a fatal confession, and disposes of the practical usefulness not only of his own inquiries, but of the major part of the conclusions of the volume in which they appear. While such *grass* is growing the horse starves. It is a lamentable conclusion to which we are afraid we must in some fashion reconcile ourselves, and one inseparable from any kind of growth, whether physical or moral, that "to him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath." This hard saying finds its justification in the most cohorent theory of development, and the only practical conclusion that can be drawn from it is that our attention should be concentrated rather upon what is best in ourselves, than upon what is wanting at the end of the earth. This, above all things, let us to our ownselves be true, and it will follow, as the night the day, we cannot then be false to any man.

Mr. Lewins' comprehensive history of the rise, progress, and present condition of the Savings Banks[2] of the kingdom, is a most valuable contribution to the social history of the last half century. It seems at first sight incredible that these institutions should, in less than fifty years, have brought about all the improvement in the class from which they draw their depositors, which is involved in the fact that they, at the present moment, possess in these banks fifty millions sterling! The early struggles of these institutions, their gradual emancipation from the charitable element of bonuses and high interest which at first recommended them to their depositors, are admirably recounted by Mr. Lewins. A full history of the grievous and shameful frauds by which so many of these institutions have suffered, will be found in this volume, as well as the most complete account of that plan by which Mr. Gladstone has carried their advantages into the remotest corners of the kingdom, and offered to the industrial classes a complete immunity from the risks which have been shown to attend those in the hands of private trustees. The full parliamentary history of the progress of legislation on the question of Savings Banks, which is brought together by Mr. Lewins, affords of itself a singular example of the growth of public opinion, and enables him to give credit to many intelligent and benevolent men, whose reputation and fairly-earned renown seem likely to be forgotten in the completeness of their success. It is somewhat curious to find how early the ideas given effect to by Mr. Gladstone's employment of the Post Office machinery were seized upon, and comforting to many who look forward to other reforms, to find that a forgetfulness as complete as that which has fallen on the project of Mr. Whitebread, is yet compatible with a success as great as that at present enjoyed by the Post Office Savings Banks, which, after all, are only in the third year of their existence.

[2] "A History of Banks for Savings." By W. Lewins, author of "Her Majesty's Mails." London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co. 1866.

The subject of Miss Davies' little volume, on the higher Education of Women,[3] is to some a stumbling-block, and to others foolishness; but those who are neither as prejudiced as Jews nor as supersensuous as Greeks, know that no change could be greater or more desirable than that which would be brought about by the measures she advocates. There is so much temperance, good sense, and originality in her treatment of the question, that it would be a most regrettable thing if she failed to ensure a wide circle of readers. Many things are most forcibly said by her, out of the fulness of a perfect personal knowledge, on the weary and vacant hours to which young girls are so often condemned after their education has been what is called "finished," at eighteen. Some of her suggestions for increasing the sphere of female employment are as ingenious in their defence as original in themselves. Since most of our large textile industries have been taken out of the hands of women, employment which of old filled much of their time, why should they not now be allowed a greater share of the superintendence of that which was at one time their peculiar work? It would be difficult to give an adequate reason, or to deny, that if educated women were allowed to undertake the charge of girls in factories, that both girls and women would be better for such change. The chapter in which she answers the objections which have been raised against the probable effects of giving professional education to women, of course involves a reference to the supposed unfitness for domestic life which it is assumed would be one of the consequences of such education. She contents herself with what is probably a very fair answer—viz., that any woman with medical or other special knowledge would in all likelihood marry a medical man, or whoever else had a sympathy with her peculiar accomplishments. This is as good an answer as is deserved by the usual tone in which such objections are generally urged. Such objections do but cover a deep feeling, and are too often made use of to obviate a more serious discussion of the certain consequences of education, and material independence in women. The ultimate result of so great a change as this would be a complete revolution of the marital relations. No man would then venture, and no woman would consent, to marry with a fractional part only of themselves. Nothing but a real and genuine personal sympathy would then be admitted as a ground for the most important of human contracts. So long as women have no other career they cannot choose, but are naturally ready to take their opportunities by the forelock, lest another should not offer. And while men look to marry in this way, and are content with unions that are recommended by merely external considerations of property or position—and while ineradicable social prejudices prevent their ever having much chance of arriving at a deeper and better judgment of those they take as wives, it is no wonder that they, when young, so often prefer connexions

[3] "The Higher Education of Women." By Emily Davies. London: Alex. Strahan. 1866.

which, lower and baser in every other respect, are at least founded on some sort of direct personal liking, or even that they hope to find a refuge from unions incomplete in one sense, by forming others which have no recommendation but a passionate desire for that intimate sympathy which they too late find so absolutely necessary to their lives. Thus one error balances itself by another, and a quiet and rational life, that shall be at the same time a full and joyful one, becomes a rare and isolated case. This is as much a man's question as a woman's, and is only shirked because its solution calls for as much reformation in masculine conduct as in female education.

Mr. Matthew Brown's volume of essays,[4] which he calls "Views and Opinions," is the work of a highly-sensitive and cultivated mind. There is a rare and original vein of sportive humour which runs throughout its pages, the key-note of which is struck in the first of the essays, on Nervousness, which he accepts as but another name for delicacy of organization. In the following extract he italicizes a profound remark, which, spite of its undoubted truth, we do not remember to have seen elsewhere :—"All I say is, don't let us have any abuse of the nerves. Don't confound nervousness with the megrims or the doldrums, or any other complaint. Do not confound it with cowardice, or ill-temper. And when you come into practical relations with it in daily life, put it upon its defence as seldom as you can. *It never forgets.*" Mr. Brown, like all men with a fine sense of humour, has a most excellent feeling for a good story ; his pages abound with them ; and the setting he gives them, though sometimes elaborate, is never in a false key. He has one strange peculiarity in a habit of letting his imagination loose, as it were, and observing as from an external point of view the combinations of images and ideas which it presents to him. Sometimes this vein yields him excellent feeling and poetry, but vague and a little mystical, to which he is curiously inclined to allow a kind of prophetic validity. These are rare qualities, and the book in which they are displayed has few, if any, recent equals in a claim to a place in the window library of a happy country house.

The fashion of making collections of papers that have been printed in periodical magazines has at least one good result—it sometimes shows us, in a very striking manner, how much higher are the demands of the public of to-day than were those insisted upon even fourteen years since. We do not know any magazine of the present time that would willingly give admittance to so much common-place, essential vulgarity, affected humour, and wretched taste as is accumulated in a collection called "Free Thoughts on many Subjects."[5] The only freedom we can discover in these Thoughts is that which they take with their readers. Absurd nicknames take the place of wit, and the oldest jokes are quoted as though they received a new grace from the verbose manner in which they are recounted. There is a constant undercurrent of that peculiar clerical jocularity which always reminds us of the tone in which girls will indulge in talk which they think nice because it is a little naughty. These are a couple of wearying volumes, in which the little that is good arises from the author's enforced acquaintance with the poorer classes in Manchester ; but that little is so alloyed by the style in which he conveys what he knows that few, we think, will have patience to separate the one from the other.

The object of the meeting of the London Indian Society,[6] held on the 19th December, 1865, was to discuss the recent reduction in the maximum age of admission of candidates for the Indian Civil Service Competitive Examinations. This maximum has recently been reduced from twenty-two to twenty-one years ; and it was objected by the members of the Society, who consider paramount the "convenience and capability" of Indian candidates, that this age would close the competition to members of the Indian Universities who had taken their M.A. degree, and they therefore proposed that twenty-three should be the maximum age of admission. On the other hand, it was argued that the disadvantages under which Indian competitors laboured might be removed by other means than the raising of the limited age ; and this opinion, in the form of a resolution, was eventually carried. The meeting finally resolved to ask the Secretary of State for India not to enforce for the future any alterations in the rules of the examinations for the Indian Civil Service, until after two subsequent examinations ; and also that the marks for Sanscrit and Arabic should be restored from the reduced number, 375, to 500, the number originally fixed. The first of these requests is reasonable enough, and will no doubt be granted ; but the second is open to objections which cannot easily be got over.

It is *apropos* to the question of the reduction of marks for the Oriental classsics at the Indian Civil Service examination, that Mr. Manomohan Ghore,[7] who spoke on the subject at the meeting of the London Indian Society above mentioned, but whose speech was not reported, argues at some length, and in excellent English, that Sanscrit and Arabic should "score" equally with Latin and Greek. Though he does not consider the study of these latter "really and absolutely necessary for the thorough cultivation of the intellect," he thinks that of the two former quite as "valuable and necessary." It appears that in 1863, a Mr. Satyendra Náth Tajore, a native of Lower Bengal, competed successfully for the Indian Civil Service. Mr. Tajore scored altogether 1574 out of a maxi-

[4] "Views and Opinions." By Matthew Brown. London : Alex. Strahan. 1866.

[5] "Free Thoughts on many Subjects." By a Manchester Man. London : Longmans and Co. 1866.

[6] "Report of Proceedings of the London Indian Society, December 19, 1865, and January 19th, 1866."

[7] "The Open Competition for the Civil Service of India." By Manomohan Ghore, of the Calcutta University and Lincoln's-inn. London : Trübner and Co. 1866.

mum of 3375. The marks of Sanscrit and Arabic were then 500 each; and out of this 1000 Mr. Tajore obtained 728. So that the four other subjects—viz., English Composition, English Literature, French, and Moral Science, divided amongst them but 846 marks. In writing of this gentleman, Mr. Hodgson Pratt says that he went into the Civil Service "with a smattering of Moral Philosophy, a smattering of French, and a very slight knowledge of English Literature." Subsequent to this examination, the marks for Sanscrit and Arabic were reduced to 375 each; and to this reduction Mr. Ghore chiefly attributes his failure at the examination of 1865. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.* Mr. Ghore's animadversions on the "cramming" system are not new, and he forgets that cramming was born before competitive examinations. We fear as it is found to be the most profitable method of teaching, it will remain an irrepressible evil. But notwithstanding the cramming, Mr. Ghore may congratulate his countrymen on having in the Competition Wallahs a very superior class of men to the unfledged dunces of Haileybury, who, on obtaining their appointments, knew about as much of Sanscrit and Arabic as (to use a comparison of Mr. Ghore's) of the literature of Kamskhatka.

The writer of a pamphlet "On the Permanent Settlement" is a lover of that peculiar justice which favours might against right. After writhing for some six years under the restrictive operation of Act X. of 1859,[8] an Act having for its title "A Bill to Amend the Law relating to the Recovery of Rent," he can contain himself no longer, but, in the usual vituperative style of Anglo-Indian pamphleteers, proceeds to denounce those special sections of the Act which have the effect of reducing the zemindar from the condition of a feudal baron of the twelfth to a plain landlord of the nineteenth century. The Act undoubtedly has its defects like most measures framed to meet an emergency, and that it has remained so long unamended is probably owing to the fact that the Government have still under consideration the whole complicated question of land tenure in Bengal. But at the time it was framed, the tyranny and oppression of the zemindar had resulted in agrarian outrages which threatened to become a serious sequel to the Indian Mutiny; and Act X. had at once the effect of suppressing them, and abrogating the law of Lynch, so much in favour with landowning "Lovers of Justice."

So many entertaining volumes have been produced by travellers who have paid but the shortest visit to the East, that we were prepared, on taking up a single volume, entitled the "Company and the Crown,"[9] by an author whose name is new to us, to meet with another of those sparkling ephemeræ, such as the "Competition Wallah," or "Up the Country." But Mr. Hovell-Thurlow, who leads us to infer that he spent at most but two years in India, and whose position as Private Secretary to Lord Elgin "enabled him to know the truth," does not write to entertain, but with no less an object than "to endeavour to dispel the cloud of error which dulls the public eye on all regarding India." As no particular popular errors are specified, we must presume that where the author's statements differ from generally accepted facts, the public eye has been at fault. We note a few instances in which this difference seems apparent. At page 6, it is stated that, during the mutiny, "Some classes were convulsed with fear, foremost among them the merchants of Calcutta." On the contrary, they formed themselves into a corps of volunteers, and patrolled the streets at night. At page 29, Colonel Balfour is said to have been succeeded by a Major Mallison as chief of the Military Finance Department. A reference to the Government *Gazette* of the period would show that Colonel Broome, of the Royal Artillery, took Colonel Balfour's place. At page 32, we are told that Lord Harris, "by dismantling his own Presidency of both guns and men, enabled Lord Canning and Lord Clyde to reconquer Northern India." And at page 35, the cool sea breeze which, nightly blowing over Calcutta during the hottest season, alone makes the place habitable to Europeans, is described as "fatal" and "deadly." We do not find throughout the work that Mr. Hovell-Thurlow corrects the public on any points of more importance than such as these which we find at its commencement. If he lays down his pen with the idea that he has dispelled "a cloud of error," he must write for a very different public from ours. Even his public, we think, will read with distrust the extravagant panegyric with which every civilian high in office is belauded. By name is brought before us such a host of faultless statesmen, that the abolition of Haileybury, which bred them all, would seem little less than idiotcy. For the rest, such subjects as the Home, Foreign, Political, and Military Departments are treated in the vaguest and most general terms, and in a style of fatuous complacency most baffling and irritating to any reader in search of real information. But if all the departments like the political are "surrounded with a halo of romance and genius," we are not surprised at Mr. Hovell-Thurlow's inability to deal with them.

M. Henry Bohan,[10] is a *Breton* and full of that patriotism of the De Boissy school, whose peculiarity consists in an uncompromising hatred of the English. Though he appears only to have visited the coast, he tells his readers that throughout India the French are loved and the English hated; that our prestige has vanished now that the key to India, the Suez canal of M. de Lesseps, is about to be completed and

[8] "The Permanent Settlement Imperilled; or, Act X. of 1859 in its True Colours." By a Lover of Justice. Calcutta: Printed at the "Englishman" Press, 2, Hare-street. 1865.

[9] "The Company and the Crown." By the Hon. T. J. Hovell-Thurlow. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. 1866.

[10] "Voyage aux Indes Orientales coup d'œil sur leur importance politique et commerciale, recherches sur différentes origines." Par Henri Bohan, juge au tribunal civil de Roanne, ancien procureur du Roi dans l'Inde. Avec Illustrations. Paris: Librairie Chamerot et Lauwereyns, Rue du Jardinet, 13. 1866.

placed in the hands of France. Our perfidious seizure of the island of Perim is represented as being an attempt to command the Red Sea, as we formerly did the ocean route, by our possession of the Cape of Good Hope. Russia is the foe in presence of whose encroachments England is for ever trembling for her Eastern possessions, and with good reason, for a little Sebastopol once established on the Caspian, and "nous verrons ce que deviendra la puissance Anglaise dans le Bengale" (p. 229). At the same time—

"Supposons en effet que le vieil orgueil britannique, fidèle à ses traditions jalouses et surannées, oubli eun jour ce qu'il ne devrait jamais oublier, c'est-à-dire que l'existence actuelle des Anglais au Bengale est due à la magnanimité de la France; qu'il suffirait pendant une révolte de laisser partir cinquante sous-officiers français pour diriger cette masse indisciplinée, et un millier *d'enfants perdus* aptes à lui apprendre à se servir de la baïonnette, pour amener Néna Sahib triomphant au gouvernement de Calcutta et pour fair du fort William la prison et le lieu de tortures des derniers Anglais, supposons &c. &c. . . . . qu'advientrait-il?"—p. 232.

M. Bohan knows best the calibre of the class for whom he writes, and seasons his modest previsions accordingly with a few romantic and improbable anecdotes, and a very glowing description of the Bayadères or nautch girls of Pondicherry, whose lascivious graces naturally found favour with such a fervid patriot. The volume is illustrated with feeble lithographs from drawings by the author.

The first volume of a new edition of M'Culloch's well-known Geographical Dictionary Revised,[11] with all the statistical matter brought up to the latest returns, by the author of the "Statesman's Handbook," has just appeared. In all the places to which we have referred, we find that it fully comes up to the claims it makes. This was to have been expected at Mr. Martin's hands. These scientific dictionaries, for which the house that published them has been so long famous, are as much a necessity to an Englishman's library as Murray's Hand-books are to his travelling bag. They are not only the best and most complete manuals on their subjects, but are got up with a care in paper, print, and binding, which makes them a positive satisfaction both to sight and touch.

Mr. Bullock's description of his ride across Mexico,[12] gives a very full and particular account of all the personal annoyances to which a traveller can be subjected in that country of primitive conveyances. He makes you painfully aware that you travel through a hot and unwholesome low country, and climb up a gradual ascent, which travellers in general describe as the most lovely region in the world, and even he allows to be beautiful, till you come to the Mexican table-land, where he finds nothing but barrenness and discomfort. But if he is not easily pleased, Mr. Bullock is as little likely to be discouraged by the discomforts he paints so feelingly. He crossed the entire country to San Blas, and, after returning to Mexico, left it by Tampico. It will give some idea of the care with which he has endeavoured to make his book instructive, that when describing the process of Patio amalgamation at Real del Monte, he contents himself with saying, "these mud mashes consist of the good docile ores ground into powder and mixed with water, and require to be stirred up in this strange fashion (by driving horses about in them) to enable them to reap the full benefit of atmospheric action." If silver ores could be recovered by merely mixing them, when triturated, with water only, it would be a fine thing for the Real del Monte shareholders. The reader will look in vain for any light on the general social condition of the country, for any attempt at a judgment on the prospects of the new dynasty, or for any estimate of the future of either Indian or Creole. If the time consumed in this journey and in its description were not wasted, as much can hardly be said for that spent in its perusal.

Mr. Hopkins has published a second edition of his "Hawaii,[13] or the Past, Present, and Future of the Sandwich Islands." As Consul-General for the little kingdom he enjoys peculiar facilities for arriving at a correct estimate of their commercial resources, and the present edition carries out all kinds of statistical reports to the latest attainable dates. This, together with a carefully-compiled account of the first discovery of the group, and of the progress made in its intercourse with Europe and America, gives a certain value to the volume. It also contains the first attempt at a continuous history of the native dynasty which has for some time occupied the throne. Several very interesting reports of ascents made to investigate the Crater of Kilauea, the largest and most remarkable in the world, are quoted from the works of the explorers. Mr. Hopkins has evidently avoided no trouble which would render his book as complete as possible; but it is to be regretted that the style in which he has written it is so overloaded with theological platitudes which out-Tupperize Tupper, and is at the same time so full of an unctuous Court Guide politeness, that it interferes most disadvantageously with the general usefulness of his labours. There is perhaps no more interesting subject of study than that presented by such a community. Nowhere has European civilization come in contact with a more simple race of savages, and nowhere else can its immediate results be more clearly displayed. It requires a large amount of philosophical stoicism to re-

[11] "A Dictionary, Geographical, Statistical, and Historical, of the various Country Places and Principal Natural Objects in the World." By J. R. M'Culloch. New Edition, carefully revised by J. Martin, Author of the "Statesman's Hand-book." In 4 vols. London: Longmans and Co. 1866.

[12] "Across Mexico in 1864-5." By W. H. Bullock. London: Macmillan and Co. 1866.

[13] "Hawaii." By Manley Hopkins, Hawaian Consul-General, &c. With a Preface by the Bishop of Oxford. 2nd Edition. London: Longmans and Co. 1866.

concile oneself to what it would appear is the inevitable consequence. In forty years the population has decreased seventy-five per cent. New wants and new forms of disease seem to be the most certain gifts at our disposal. The best intentions only bring about a condition of things fitly represented by the good fortune of a child's pet kitten, which is too much fondled to have any chance of growing up to be a cat. And too often helpless kittens, like the Sandwich Islanders, are fondled by whole families, who quarrel over them as to what unwholesome thing is most likely to suit European notions of their needs. Mr. Hopkins' panacea is a Bishop of the Church of England, and his whole history is but a preparation for that crowning influence of European civilization. Infinite gossip and unctuous adulation are the chief features of the theological parts of the volume, and where the theological tone is dropped for a philosophical one, the following extract will give the best notion of its quality:—

"Theoretically considered, the rights of men living in society are hexagons. This is deducible from the antecedent proposition that the right of each individual, in isolation, extends as a circle round the person; and were the wills of all men of equal intensity, the circles would be of equal diameter. By the gravitating force of society, a pressure being exerted on all the circles, they become converted into hexagons, coterminous and again theoretically, impenetrable. But in practice, stronger wills extend larger circles and harder outlines. Thus, other right-cells are crushed, deformed, and obliterated; and the will of a leviathan annihilates the operative will of millions, reducing them to nonentities, or mere rudimentary existences—nails, and screws, and unseen bricks in the social pyramid. It is rare indeed to find the leviathan voluntarily denuding himself of his monopoly. It is sometimes wrung from him by knowledge, which, gradually reanimating the dead nails and screws, and restoring the elasticity of the crushed dissepiments, restores in part the personality of the multitude, and clothes them in part with some defigurated rights."

In spite, however, of such hindrances, a continuous account of the condition of these islands is not elsewhere to be had; and those who are interested in their productions and politics must put up with Mr. Hopkins' scientific and theological vagaries.

Herr Julius Fröbel, who was an energetic member of the German Parliament at Frankfort, and accompanied the unfortunate Blum to Vienna, has for many years been a refugee in the United States, where he has in various parts of the Union either edited or contributed to the numerous journals published for his countrymen in America. He has just published a collection of his shorter contributions[14] to the political questions which have agitated his adopted country since 1852. They do not, however, come down beyond the date of Fremont's candidature for the presidentship. The latter half of the volume is concerned with questions of German politics. In one very amusing and humorous letter he falls foul of Arnold Ruge, on account of his *brochure* published in 1860, on "Italy, Hungary, and the German people at the Downfall of Austria." Ruge's programme has in so many points been carried out by Prussia under the leadership of Bismark, that the laugh is now turned against his clever correspondent. On the necessary conditions of German policy Herr Fröbel's letter of the same date would have then appeared much more serious and statesmanlike, and may now be read with great advantage, in spite of the different conditions of the time, by all who debate with themselves whether the portentous changes brought about in Germany are to result in Prussianizing the whole land, or whether the national feeling of those States she will absorb or attract will be too powerful to admit of any other solution than the opposite one of Prussia being lost in a new and great Germany.

The period of commercial distress from which we are now recovering has produced the usual crop of currency pamphlets and banking theories. The war of definitions, under which form this controversy is usually carried on, abounds in specifications which exhibit every form of ingeniously begging the question at issue. One term only, not a very commercial one we admit, is rarely subjected to this sort of manipulation, and it really deserves its turn, for could the majority of these gentlemen show us that "ready money" means, in fact, money in some one else's pocket, they would then have completed the proper circle of new financial definitions. Mr. Joplin[15] shows us the wonderful efficiency of bankers' balances, which he maintains are currency, and consequently money. That they are a medium of exchange seems to him to be conclusive, without farther reference to the fact that they are also a form of credit, which may differ to any extent from money.

Another essay, by Cosmopolite,[16] is mainly devoted to the advocacy of the policy of issuing one pound notes, and securing them by the pledge of Government Securities. This panacea, which was supported by every available argument by the late Mr. Wilson, would at best be but a palliative, as the precious metals once withdrawn from circulation by the substitution of notes for the existing sovereigns, would exactly measure the sole and only gain which would result from the operation. Mr. Wilson, it is true, never proposed to support such a circulation by the deposit of Government Securities, which seems to us a curious plan of eating your cake and having it. This pamphlet contains diagrams showing the position of the bank account in every item, after the manner which is popular in colonial price lists, but which we do not think peculiarly convenient for the purposes they are intended to serve. An abstract and epitome of the various Acts of

[14] "Kleine politische Schriften." Von Julius Fröbel. Stuttgart: J. G. Cotta. London: Williams and Norgate. 1866.

[15] "A letter on Fluctuations in the Money Market." By W. Joplin. London: Hamilton, Adams and Co. 1866.

[16] "The Bank of England, the Bank Acts, and the Currency." By Cosmopolite. London: W. Blackwood. 1866.

Parliament referring to the Bank of England is given in an appendix.

A more handy and useful set of tables, by Mr. Willich,[17] showing the changes in the rate of discount, the stock of bullion, bank notes in reserve, and in the hands of the public, with the price of consols in parallel columns, and actual figures, from July, 1844, to May, 1866, is, in our opinion, much more useful and accessible. A comparison of the rates at the bank of France, is also given for the same period.

Another pamphlet, by Mr. Roy,[18] consists of two letters to the Commission of Enquiry on the Bank of France, forwarding some former works of the author, which, as we have not seen, we cannot, from the allusive style in which the letters are written, make anything of his plan for insuring an uniformly low rate of interest. In some shape or other all these, as well as so many other pamphlets, confuse to the best of their ability the notions of credit and capital, and may be summarized as agitations against the hard necessity which weighs upon the mercantile classes of really and substantially meeting their commercial liabilities. This agitation is the exact counterpart of that which was got up by or for the working classes in 1848. In the one case the *droit du crédit* is as much assumed to be an inalienable right as the *droit du travail* was in the other. The abuse of credit and paper money exposes the first class to the same risks and dangers that recourse to a potato diet brings upon the second. If for the sake of immediate enjoyment the Irish peasant is content to populate down to a diet so precarious, the free banking commercialist is equally willing, in the hope of immediate wealth, to speculate up to a limit as dangerous, and as much exposed to every vicissitude of the seasons. But he ought to be precluded by his supposed education from appealing to a sense of justice in the hope of mystifying it, and be reduced like the equally improvident class on which he can, when occasion calls for it, be eloquent enough, to simple gratitude for any relaxation of principles that would be capitally punitive. The suspension of the Bank Act, and a ten per cent. discount, is no more savoury than a dish of stirabout, which saved many from starvation for the moment, and considerably lessened the cultivation of the potato.

SCIENCE.

A LITTLE Manual of Electricity,[1] by Dr. Ferguson, just published in "Chambers's Educational Course," gives a good account of the general principles of electricity, galvanism, and magnetism, and also of the practical applications which have been made of these forms of force. The explanations are exceedingly clear, and the author has added greatly to the value of his work by adding to each section a chronological history of the discoveries made in the department treated of.

One of the applications of electricity, namely, the electric telegraph, is described by M. de Parville in the first series of his "Modern Discoveries and Inventions."[2] This little work, which is written in a lucid and elegant style and beautifully illustrated, contains, besides an elaborate section on the electric telegraph, a historical and descriptive treatise on the steam engine, and its application to the purpose of locomotion in steam-boats and on railways, and a similar account of the invention and manufacture of gunpowder, gun-cotton, and fireworks.

Practical engineers and mechanics will be very grateful to Professor Rankine for the valuable series of "Rules and Tables"[3] which he has just published. The tables, which constitute the first part of the work, furnish a ready means of calculating a host of problems in which squares, cubes, square and cube-roots, logarithms, the areas of various figures, and similar intractable quantities, form ingredients; and the "rules" explain the uses of the tables, show how in many cases they may be applied to a variety of purposes, and in the latter part of the work relate to all the more important questions with which engineers have to deal. The little volume also includes tables of comparison of British and foreign weights and measures.

We have to record the appearance of a second German edition of Professor Harting's admirable work "On the Microscope,"[4] the first two volumes of which are now before us. The value of this book is too generally recognised to need any recommendation at our hands. The first volume contains an account of the structure of the microscope and its appliances, with an explanation of the theoretical laws of its construction; the second volume is devoted to the mode of working with this important instrument of research, and of preserving microscopical preparations. The former is enriched with a description of the various plans which have been devised of late for giving the microscopic observer the benefit of binocular vision. The history of these efforts, as of the progress of the microscope in general, will form the subject of the author's third volume.

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[17] "Bank of England Charter Act, Results, &c." By C. M. Willich. London: Longmans and Co. 1866.

[18] "The Suspension of the Bank Charter Act." By H. Roy. London: J. C. Newby.

[1] "Electricity." By R. M. Ferguson, Ph.D. Edinburgh and London: Chambers. 1866.

[2] "Découvertes et Inventions Modernes." Par Henri de Parville. Première Série. Paris: F. Savy. 1866.

[3] "Useful Rules and Tables relating to Mensuration, Engineering, Structures, and Machines." By W. J. Macquorn Rankine. London: C. Griffin and Co. 1866.

[4] "Das Mikroskop: Theorie, Gebrauch, Geschichte und gegenwärtiger Zustand desselben." Von P. Harting. Deutsche Originalausgabe, vom Verfasser revidirt und vervollständigt, herausgegeben von Dr. F. W. Theile. 3 vols. Brunswick: Vieweg. 1866.

In April last we noticed a German work on Grindelwald and its glaciers, and now we have before us a fine quarto volume on the mountains of the Bernese Oberland,[5] on the borders of which Grindelwald lies. This includes descriptions of ascents of some of the most noted peaks of the Alps, such as Finisteraarhorn, the Viescherhorn, and the Jungfrau, with the fine glaciers which cover their upper slopes. The proceedings of the party are detailed in an agreeable manner, free from that slangy style which disfigures so many records of Alpine, as of sporting adventure; and the author gives some valuable directions, by the observance of which, as he says, the ice-world may be reached and its glories enjoyed by many who generally regard even the lower extremity of a glacier almost inaccessible. The object of the party, which included two ladies among its members, was to take photographs of various glacier scenes, a work, it would appear, of no small difficulty, but which, in most cases, has been very successfully performed, many of the views illustrating the volume being exceedingly beautiful, although lacking grandeur.

In his "Geschichte der Erde," Friedrich Mohr[6] aims at giving the principles of Geology from a new point of view, namely, that of pure chemistry and physics. The letters employed in writing the history of the earth are the elements of which minerals are composed; the words are the minerals themselves; and it is the business of geology to make us understand the language thus constituted. The author is an uncompromising Neptunist, and handles the adherents of Plutonistic views rather roughly in many passages. He finds evidence of the aqueous origin of the crystalline minerals in their contained water, which, he states, is enclosed in minute cavities of the mineral, and not chemically combined with its substance; metamorphism is said to be due to infiltration; basalt is also an aqueous rock, and the columnar form assumed by it is the effect of a diminution of volume, caused by the conversion of its spatheisenstein into magnetic iron. The internal heat of the earth is ascribed to physical causes of constant operation, and not to the presence of a hot mass—an idea which the author treats with ridicule. Lastly, and perhaps this view may comfort some who are lamenting over the probable exhaustion of existing coal-fields, the formation of coal is said not to be peculiar to any period of the earth's history, but to be in constant progress, and the great mass of the coal-beds is described as produced from gigantic seaweeds, the vascular plants whose remains are undoubtedly found therein being only accidentally introduced. Geologists will undoubtedly dissent, and in many cases perhaps with reason, from many of M. Mohr's views, but they will also find in his pages a great number of facts placed in a new point of view, which can hardly be otherwise than beneficial. The book is an eminently suggestive one.

Professor Haughton's "Manual of Geology,"[7] of which the second edition is before us, takes a different view of matters. The author accepts the doctrine of the central heat, and of course assumes that this has had an influence upon the geological history of our planet, which is denied by Mohr; but at the same time he does justice to the Neptunistic theory and admits the occurrence of granites of aqueous origin. The greater part of his manual is, however, devoted to the Palæontological aspect of geology, which is well treated by him. Professor Haughton is strongly opposed to the Darwinian theory, and, as stated by some of the reviewers of his first edition, takes the orthodox view of the operations of the Creator. He seems, however, from his preface, to object to the charge of Anthropomorphism, which has been brought against him, and says that he prefers an Anthropomorphic to what he calls a "Pithecomorphic" view of nature, on the ground that he is a man, and not an ape. Nevertheless, when we find the professor objecting to the assumption of an "infinite" lapse of time for geological operations, and then telling us, in an appendix, that this, after all, is only his fun, and that he admits the only thing that sane geologists ever contended for—namely, a period which, being beyond our comprehension, is practically infinite—there does seem to be a strong twang of the original monkey in such a proceeding. And his method of giving Greek explanations of the derivations of scientific, if it be not, as we should hope it is, a piece of Cercopithecoid pleasantry, is certainly a pedantic affectation. It must be observed, moreover, that Professor Haughton does not seem very clearly to understand the nature of the Darwinian hypothesis.

Dr. Bernhard von Cotta has attempted, in his "Geologie der Gegenwart,"[8] to sketch the present condition of geological science. Unlike his countryman, M. Mohr, he is contented with the old geological views, and accepts the theory of the formation of the earth as we see it, by the gradual cooling of a hot fluid mass. In this respect he agrees with Professor Haughton, but he differs from that gentleman in being a firm believer in the Darwinian hypothesis, which he regards as having already arrived at the rank of a theory. Professor Cotta's work furnishes an interesting and exceedingly readable summary of the generally received opinions upon geological matters, and even enters upon subjects which, notwithstanding their evident connexion with geology, are not commonly discussed in treatises on that science—such as the Pile-dwellings of Switzerland, and

[5] "The Oberland and its Glaciers, Explored and Illustrated with Ice-axe and Camera." By H. B. George, M.A., F.R.G.S. With 28 Photographic Illustrations by Ernest Edwards, B.A. London: A. W. Bennett. 1866.

[6] "Geschichte der Erde: Eine Geologie auf neuer Grundlage." Von Friedrich Mohr. Bonn: M. Cohen und Sohn. 1866.

[7] "Manual of Geology." By the Rev. Samuel Haughton, M.D., F.R.S. Second Edition. London: Longmans. 1866.

[8] "Die Geologie der Gegenwart," dargestellt und beleuchtet von Bernhard von Cotta. Leipzig: J. J. Weber. 1866.

other countries, and our knowledge of prehistoric man, and the relations of geology with astronomy, poetry, and philosophy. It also contains a good account of the present state of our knowledge of the action of ice and glaciers.

A small volume, forming part of a series published by Mr. Hardwicke, gives a good popular account of those tolerably well-known animals the British land and fresh-water molluscæ.[9] Mr. Ralph Tate is the author of this little work, which besides the lighter notes on habits which are supposed to tickle the mental palate of the general public, and a short account of the general structure of molluscs, contains tolerable descriptions of all the species, which, with the help of the coloured plates, ought to enable the tyro to make out the names of at least the greater part of the species he may meet with. In the larger genera, Mr. Tate has assisted his prospective students by tabulating the characters of the species.

Dr. F. Monin's "Physiologie de l'Abeille"[10] ought rather to be denominated a Bee-keeper's guide, for with the exception of a fanciful chapter on the psychological manifestations of the bee, and a not very complete account of its natural history, the little volume consists only of practical instructions. The physiological knowledge of the author is shown by the fact that he does not mention Siebold's demonstration of the mode of production of drones; indeed, Siebold's book appears to be unknown to him, as he does not even mention it in his Bibliothèque de l'Apiculteur."

Professor Keller, of Zürich, the original discoverer of those remarkable lake-dwellings which seemed to have formed the favourite residence of the earlier inhabitants of Europe, has continued his investigations of the remains concealed beneath the waters of the Swiss lakes, and communicated from time to time reports on the results arrived at to the Antiquarian Association of Zürich. These reports, six in number, extending over a period of about eleven years, have now been translated and worked up into a connected form by Mr. Lee.[11] The general results of these investigations revealing the existence of a people dwelling upon platforms supported upon piles driven into the bottom of the lakes, must be perfectly familiar to every one, but this volume is valuable as giving the opinions of one who is certainly entitled to speak with some authority on this subject, and also as containing an enormous mass of detailed facts, as to the nature of the remains found. Its importance is materially enhanced by the great quantity of plates, nearly 100, with which it is illustrated; these contain plans, sections, and sketches of some of the localities of the pile-dwellings, and figures of an immense number of weapons, tools, pottery, and utensils of all kinds which have been exhumed from the mud where they have lain for ages. Professor Keller does not, however, appear to attribute to these objects so high an antiquity as has sometimes been claimed for them; he regards them all as of Celtic origin, and as indicating in their advance from the use of stone to that of bronze and iron, the gradual progress in civilization of the same people. The resemblance of many of the objects represented in the plates to those found in undoubted Celtic tumuli is very close, and this applies more or less to the whole series of remains. It has been suggested, especially by Diser, that these lake-dwellings were used only as temporary habitations by their builders, or as magazines and gathering places. This view, however, is negatived in Professor Keller's opinion, by the evidence of domestic occupation furnished by the objects imbedded in the mud among the piles, by the presence of remains of plants, which, as pointed out by Heer, indicate that these dwellings were used throughout the year, and further, total absence of any indications of settlements on the shores of the lakes during the period when the pile-dwellings were in use. It is indeed almost impossible to doubt that the sketch of the mode of life of the lake-dwellers given by the author (pp. 289—307) is pretty nearly the truth—such masses of articles of human workmanship could hardly have been accumulated in the manner described, except by the continuous residence of people upon the platforms to support which these piles were driven into the lake-bottom. The prevalence of this mode of life is very remarkable—the author gives a list of the localities in which lake-dwellings have been found in Switzerland and the neighbouring countries, which extends over twenty-four pages, and this includes no notice of the examples discovered in the Carinthian and other lakes of the Austrian empire, and in Northern Italy. The Crannoges of Ireland and Scotland are also traces of the same habits of life, which would therefore appear to have been adopted by all the early Celtic inhabitants of lake districts.

Some time since Valentin, the laudable aim of whose scientific labours has ever been to raise medicine to a position nearer to that of an exact science, published in two volumes a "Physiological Pathology of the Nerves." It was a work which, though by the nature of the case wanting in exactness and completeness of information, contained a vast amount of valuable scientific material not to be had in an available form elsewhere, and suggested new points of view of great present interest and of more fruitful promise. We have now from the same author the first volume of a similar work on "The Physiological Pathology of the Blood."[12] In a

[9] "A Plain and Easy Account of the Land and Fresh-water Mollusks of Great Britain." With Woodcuts and 11 Plates. By Ralph Tate, F.G.S., &c. London: Hardwicke. 1866.

[10] "Physiologie d l'Abeille, suivie de l'Art de soigner et d'Exploiter les Abeilles, d'après une Méthode simple, facile, et applicable à toutes sortes de Ruches." Par le Dr. F. Monin. Paris: Baillière. 1866.

[11] "The Lake Dwellings of Switzerland and other Parts of Europe." By Dr. Ferdinand Keller. Translated and arranged by John Edward Lee, F.S.A., F.G.S. London: Longmans. 1866.

[12] "Versuch einer Physiologischen Pathologie des Herzens und der Blutgefasse." Von G. Valentin. Leipzig. 1866.

preliminary section marked by the display of great and varied learning, he treats at considerable length of the general principles of hydrostatics and hydrodynamics, and then proceeds to a full discussion of the facts known and the views propounded concerning the physical qualities and chemical composition of the blood, the action of the heart and the vessels ministering to the circulation. We cannot help thinking the preliminary section an excellent feature in the book. Day by day it does become more evidently necessary that whoever aspires to be a thorough physiologist must have a good knowledge of mechanical as well as chemical science. It can hardly admit of doubt that some physiological theories would never have seen the light of day if their authors had only been equipped with this requisite preliminary knowledge. And without going so far as to hold physiology to be nothing more than applied physics and applied chemistry, we may believe that just conceptions of the physical conditions of vital action would not fail to render the phenomena of life less obsure and mysterious. In this, as in his former works, Valentin has contributed to this end, by steadily keeping before the mind the weighty fact that the vital phenomena which we do observe are the gross results, or the sums, of an infinite number of infinitely little and various operations which Nature works at in her secret chambers with microscopic tools. The sensible results of these insensible actions were all that physiologists knew anything about till quite recently; while pathologists were unable to recognise diseases until the sums of the insensible operations had become so gross and palpable as to strike the unaided senses. Now, however, all this is changed; and the physiological investigator sets himself to work with elaborate appliances and ingenious instruments to wrest from Nature the secret of her inmost operations, and to measure them with a numerical exactness. In this regard, as in other regards, the volume now published contains much valuable information collected from all quarters, and gives a full account and a fair estimate of the different theories that are in favour for the purpose of embracing phenomena not yet satisfactorily explained. Nothing of importance will be found omitted, while profitable thought will be suggested by the new points of view from which familiar facts are sometimes regarded.

Asked often by students in the course of clinical instruction given to them, "What was the best English book to read on skin diseases?" Dr. Hillier found himself unable to give a satisfactory answer, and so determined to write a book which he could recommend.[13] This manner of introducing himself is not well calculated to produce a favourable impression, and is likely to be misconstrued; it would be natural to suppose from it either that Dr. Hillier was about to give to the world a profound and exhaustive treatise on skin diseases which would be the palpable justification of his seeming depreciation of existing books on the subject, or that he was afflicted with an overweening self-esteem, and thought little of other writers because he thought so highly of himself. Neither of these suppositions would be correct; the book is what it professes to be—a practical handbook, and is well adapted to the use of students; and the information which it gives is of a solid scientific character, such as makes it contrast favourably with some of the recent works on skin diseases that have been published in this country. For its own plain positive merits the book may be safely recommended, and at a time when each author who writes about affections of the skin seems to think it necessary to his credit to propound some theory of his own, or to make some original discovery, it is no small additional recommendation to a manual that it should be free from vague theories, and that its facts should be reliable.

A second edition of Mr. Wharton Jones's popular medical half-crown book on "Defects of Sight" must be held to prove the existence of some demand for it.[14] We are at a loss, however, to think to whom such a book can be useful. It imparts a kind of information which on reflection one perceives to be only the semblance of information, giving a promise to the eye, but breaking it to the understanding. The principal feature in the book is certainly the index, which fills as many as twelve pages—not to speak of a table of contents, which fills six more—and from its elaborate character excites wonder how so many things can be contained in so small a book. On putting the index to the test, however, by a reference to the text, the wonder quickly disappears, and it is seen how the feat is accomplished. For example, one line in the index runs thus:—Ophthalmoscope, use of, p. 88;" when on reference to the page mentioned all that we find is, "For this purpose exploration of the interior of the eye by means of the *ophthalmoscope* is necessary." Such a work is hardly worthy the position of a Professor of Ophthalmic Medicine and Surgery, and we know not to whom it can be properly recommended.

Several points of considerable practical importance in reference to the ventilation, diet, and health of emigrants will be found treated of in Dr. Pearse's little volume.[15] The author makes some sensible remarks on the different natural tendencies to disease and death manifested by those who make up the class of emigrants, and throughout his book writes as one that hath had experience, and has not failed to profit by it. A passion for grand generalizations concerning disease, and the desire to impress them upon the reader as he is

[13] "Handbook of Skin Diseases for Students and Practitioners." By Thoms Hillier, M.D. London: Walton and Maberly. 1865.

[14] "Defects of Sight and Hearing: their Nature, Causes, Prevention, and General Management." By T. Wharton Jones, F.R.S., &c. Churchill and Sons. 1866.

[15] "Notes on Health in Calcutta and British Emigrant Ships; including Ventilation, Diet, and Disease." By W. H. Pearse, M.D. Churchill and Sons. 1866.

impressed with them himself, lead to some rather vague writing, and to not unfrequent repetition; but, on the whole, these "Notes" will be found worthy the attention of all those who have to do with emigrants.

Some of the writings and official reports of one who certainly well earned the right to be called the "father of sanitary reform," Dr. Southwood Smith, have been opportunely edited by Mr. Baker.[16] "The human family," says Dr. Smith, "have now lived together in communities more than six thousand years, yet they have not learnt to make their habitations clean. At last we are beginning to learn the lesson. When we shall have mastered it, we shall have conquered epidemics." And he proceeds to point out in a clear, eloquent, and philosophic manner our duties and our hopes in this respect.

"We must improve the sanitary condition of the people. Until this is done, no civilizing influence can touch them. The schoolmaster will labour in vain; the minister of religion will labour in vain; neither can make any progress in the fufilment of their mission in a den of filth. Moral purity is incompatible with bodily impurity. Moral degradation is indissolubly united with physical squalor. The depression and discomfort of the hovel produce and foster obtuseness of mind, hardness of heart, selfish and sensual indulgence, violence and crime. It is the home that makes the man; it is the home that educates the family. It is the distinction and the curse of barbarism that it is without a home; it is the distinction and the blessing of civilization that it prepares a home in which Christianity may abide, and guide, and govern."

Dr. Southwood Smith had strong convictions, which he expressed in strong language, of the utter inutility of quarantine; he held that it was not only useless, but positively pernicious, and that the only means of preventing the origin and spread of epidemic disease was the adoption of sanitary measures. Right or wrong in this respect his arguments are worthy of the best attention; and no one can read what he has written on this and other questions of sanitary science without being interested, instructed, gratified, and improved.

Dr. Reich appears to be a prolific writer, and to select subjects which allow him to gratify easily his passion for production.[17] His last work is chiefly made up of quotations from ancient and modern authors in condemnation of immoralities and excesses of all kinds. Throughout his book, however, he endeavours to show that the true way of eradicating these vices is to improve the sanitary condition of the people, to raise their social and political state, to make a good education universal, to abolish the evil examples of salaried idleness and indolent luxury, and to work upon the hearts of men by means of a moral system in accordance with nature. Then will the bawling of the preachers, which is at present, he holds, more pernicious than useful, "pass by the people without mischief, rather perhaps be of use to their digestion by a wholesome shaking of the diaphragm, whereas it now brings forth every sort of wickedness, stupidity and madness."

So long as there may be any one willing to be at the useless pains of writing a refutation of the so-called principles of homœopathy, it is to be wished that he may write as philosophically as the author of the "True and the False Sciences."[18] He has certainly succeeded in pointing out in a clear and vigorous manner the true position of medicine as a science and art, and has laid bare the hollow pretensions and shallow sophistry of homœopathy. Were the question one in which evidence had any weight, or argument availed aught, there could be no further ground of dispute; but credulity has never yet shown itself affected by argument, and a system which rests on no principle but the principle that there are many people always ready to be deceived by a boldly sustained imposture, and which has no rule of practice really adhered to by its disciples, is not likely to suffer much from the most logical demonstration of its falseness. Medicine is concerned with matters which are so uncertain and of which the general public are so entirely ignorant, that it is hopeless, we fear, to expect to get rid of unfounded pretension on the one side and credulity on the other, until science and scientific education have made much greater progress.

"A Winter in Paris," is the title of a small volume containing a gossiping account of the different hospitals of Paris and of their mode of administration.[19] The author modestly confesses the desultory and discursive character of what he has written, and pleads, as his excuse for publication, that he has employed many an idle evening in committing his observations to paper. Without doubt it was well that he should be profitably employed while prosecuting his studies in Paris, but it admits of considerable doubt whether it was well advised in him to commit to print in a book his cursory experiences and rambling remarks. His work is not likely to attract attention beyond the circle of his immediate friends.

A paper read before a medical society has been printed as a pamphlet by Dr. Althaus.[20] In it he sums up the broad results of recent investigations into the disease now called "Progressive Locomotor Ataxy," and though he has not added anything new to the knowledge of the disease from his own observations, he gives a useful summary of what is known of it.

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[16] "The Common Nature of Epidemics, and their Relation to Climate and Civilization. Also Remarks on Contagion and Quarantine." From Writings and Official Reports of Southwood Smith, M.D. Edited by T. Baker, Esq. Trübner and Co. 1866.

[17] "Unsittlichkeit und Unmassigkeit aus dem Gesichtspunkte der medicinischen, hygienischen, und politisch-moralischen Wissenschaften." Von Dr. E. Reich. Leipzig. 1866.

[18] "The True and False Sciences. A Letter on Homœopathy." Churchill and Sons. 1866.

[19] "A Winter in Paris: being a New Experiences and Observations of French Medical and Sanitary Matters." By Frederick Sims, M. B. Churchill and Sons. 1866.

[20] "Progressive Locomotor Ataxy: its Symptoms, Diagnosis, and Treatment." By Julius Althaus, M.D. Churchill and Sons. 1866.

Another paper, read before a medical society and afterwards printed in a medical journal, has now been reprinted as a pamphlet by its author.[21] Dr. Foster gives a description of the sphygmograph and of its mode of application to get the tracings of the pulse, and discusses its application to the study of disease. The instrument has recently been introduced from France, where its inventor, M. Marey, has made valuable use of it in his studies of the physiology and pathology of the circulation of the blood. Dr. Foster is one of those physicians in this country who has early recognised and endeavored to set forth its probable utility in the investigation of disease.

From an examination of the statistics of death-rates and of the causes of death in districts in the neighbourhood of Oxford, Mr. Rowell thinks he is able to prove not only "that the villages in the Oxford valley are more healthy than those at a higher elevation on the hills in its neighbourhood, but also that the dampest and most affected by floods are far more healthy than the drier villages in the same valley."[22] Indeed, he holds to the belief that, as far as regards England, the opinion that hills are more healthy than valleys is altogether a popular error. In the Oxford valley he found the death-rate to be seven per cent. less than on the hills, and the average of life ten per cent. longer. Mr. Rowell has stated with candour the facts upon which he grounds his belief, and appears to have given much honest labour to the investigation which he undertook.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

In the second volume of his generally unimpassioned and reflective history, Mr. George Long[1] continues faithful to the principles of composition maintained and exemplified in the first. He still protests against the rhetorical exaggerations of the fashionable historical style: against the love of ornament and the bedizening of plain facts. There can be no doubt that in all cases where embellishment leads both to imperfect representation and misrepresentation, pictorial narrative is sufficiently censurable. But does it follow that a historian with a sympathetic imagination, that realizes the past and interprets its phenomena the more truly, because it sees them the more distinctly, is an impossibility? The union of the disciplined intellect with the vivid power of evocation and the talent of picturesque dramatic representation may be rare; but we cannot doubt that the highest historical faculty includes in it somewhat of both these elements. We are pleased, however, to have the plain, unadorned eloquence of the author of the "Decline of the Roman Republic," with his dry and sober, though often interesting statement of facts. It may serve to contrast excess or defect of statement in writers of the opposite school. If they have too many flowers of speech, Mr. Long's paucity of these decorations may help to show us where the redundancy is objectionable. Strictly speaking, indeed, Mr. Long affects rather the weeds than the flowers of speech, and his intermittent fever of emotion stimulates the growth of such rhetorical exotics as "young puppy," "pestilent fellows," and "beastly barbarians." In one instance, Mr. Long, with all his profound and conscientious scholarship, has himself, in all probability, altered the meaning of an ancient writer by dressing it in his own words. In page 124 he says:—"Lactantius also affirms that even to his day Jupiter Latiaris, whose temple was on the summit of the Alban mountains, received human offerings,—an assertion which is certainly false." We have not a copy of Lactantius before us, but we know the passage, and we believe the words in question are, "Etiam nunc sanguine colitur humano;" words which Mr. Long, we suppose, understands to imply that human sacrifices were presented to Jupiter, but which have certainly not their precise equivalents in the version adopted by him, *Jupiter Latiaris received human offerings*, since they may refer, and have been held by competent scholars to refer, only to a libation of the blood of gladiators. From minute, as from general criticism, passing on to an examination of the contents of the volume before us, we find it includes the history of about thirty-five years of Roman Decline, with circumstantial narrative of the invasion of the Cimbri (who Mr. Long thinks had nothing to do with the Cimmerii, or Cymri, but were more probably, though not certainly, *Kaemper*, "fighters," in Latin form Cimbri, a German tribe), the Second Slave War in Sicily, the Social War, the War with Mithridates, the career of Sulla in Greece and Italy, together with the civil war and the dictatorship of that sanguinary aristocrat, and the adventurous enterprise of Sertorius in Spain. In addition to the narrative sections, Mr. Long has interspersed chapters which are essays on the Lex Servilia and on the Reforms of Sulla. Perhaps the most striking, we might say the most masterly portion of the volume, is that in which the fortunes of this extraordinary man are related. Of this seemingly paradoxical character, this originally tender-hearted but ultimately cruel man, Mr. Long draws a remarkable portrait. Some of his reflections, suggested by the career of Sulla, in whom "exalted sensibility became fury," are worth quoting, though the thought itself is not altogether new:—

"Sulla was, as Carbo said, both lion and fox. He was both man and woman too: he felt like a woman, he had the energy of a man. His character was not fully shown until opportunity came. His behaviour, when he was absolute master, led some to think that

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[21] "On the use of the Sphygmograph in the Investigation of Disease." By B. W. Foster, M. D. Churchill and Sons. 1866.

[22] "On the Effects of Elevation and Floods on Health; and the General Health of Oxford, compared with that of other districts." By G. A. Rowell. Williams and Norgate. 1866.

[1] "The Decline of the Roman Republic." By George Long. Vol. ii. London: Bell and Daldy. 1866.

Power changes men's tempers and makes them violent, proud, and inhuman. Plutarch raises the question without settling it: whether change of fortune really changes a man's temper, or whether power merely discovers the bad qualities which have hitherto been concealed? The answer to the question is not difficult: most men, nearly all, are capable of crime under certain circumstances. Fortunately for the world opportunity does not come to all; but no man who has lived half a century and observed human nature, can doubt that we always are what we were born, somewhat improved or made worse, according to the circumstances by which we have been surrounded. Experience shows that power, place, opportunity, adversity, prosperity, and temptation discover in a man qualities unknown to others, and not suspected even by himself. Sometimes the man becomes great and noble; sometimes mean, cruel, and contemptible. It is power which gives the greatest opportunity for the display of bad qualities. We see it daily in men who rise to high station, and even in those who are invested with the smallest authority over others. A Greek said truly, that power shows the man."

Overlooking the remains of the Roman City of Verulam stood on a commanding eminence the Benedictine Abbey of St. Albans. Prior to the Norman Conquest the monastery founded by Offa, the powerful sovereign of Mercia, was distinguished by no literary efforts (unless Abbot Ælfric was really the author of the Anglo-Saxon Homilies, &c.), but after that event books began to be written and transcribed, till in the reign of King John the so-called "Historical School of St. Albans" began to exist.[2] At St. Albans, Roger of Wendover, who died in May, 1236, commenced the great work subsequently known as the "Chronica Magna or Chronica Majora Sancti Albani." Roger's name, however, was obscured by that of his continuator,—Matthew Paris. The larger chronicle of Matthew Paris is based on that of Wendover. The smaller history has been attributed to a "phantom who never existed," and the present editor, Sir Frederick Madden, observes that even the late Mr. Buckle was so deceived by the general tone of confidence manifested in quoting this writer that he characterizes him as, after Froissart, the most celebrated historian of the fourteenth century. The mystery of the "phantom historian" has been happily unveiled by Sir Frederick Madden, whose correct anticipation is unexpectedly confirmed by his discovery of the original copy of the work, now in the Chetham Library at Manchester. "This manuscript establishes beyond all doubt that the largest portion of the Flores Historiarum attributed to the pseudo 'Matthew of Westminster,' was written at St. Albans, under the eye and by direction of Matthew Paris, as an abridgment of his greater chronicle; and the text from the close of the year 1241 to about two-thirds of 1249, is in his own hand-writing." This manuscript, continued after his death by another hand on the same plan, down to the issue of the battle of Evesham in 1265, ceased after that date to be written at St. Albans, and passed eventually into the library of the monastery of St. Peter at Westminster. The author of the first continuation, after the manuscript had left St. Albans, was, Sir F. Madden thinks, John Bevere, otherwise named John of London, It was brought down by Bevere to the year 1306. A special class of manuscripts, including the Eton MS. of Matthew of Westminster, implicitly follows Bevere's chronicle, but in the original copy of the "Flores Historiarum," after it came to Westminster, Bevere's text is abridged, but under some years there are additions, under others abbreviations. The entire work is carried on to the year 1305:—

"It was," says Sir Frederick, "no doubt from the fact that the latter portion of the *Flores Historiarum* was composed by a Westminster monk, that the entire work was afterwards attributed to a *Matthew of Westminster*, for the name of *Matthew* really belonged to Matthew *Paris*, whilst the affix of Westminster was supplied by conjecture; and this pseudonym having been recognised by Bale and Joscelin, and adopted by Archbishop Parker, the error has been perpetuated to our own time."

To this account, extracted from Sir Frederick Madden's preface, we shall add only that the work seems carefully and conscientiously edited; that a critical estimate of it, with an appreciation of such biographical and other notices as we possess, is promised on a future occasion; and that one other volume will complete the work.

The Abbey of St. Albans, like all those erected before the Conquest, was, as we have seen, of the Benedictine order. The Abbey of Meaux, founded in the year 1150, when Stephen was reigning, and Bernard, the father of the order to which it belonged, was still living, was a Cistercian House. It stood a few miles east of Beverly, in Yorkshire. In his interesting preface to the Chronicles of Meaux, Mr. Bond[3] tells us that Cistercian monasteries were established in places remote from human intercourse, that no ornamentation was allowed in these buildings, even coloured glass being prohibited, except where the monastery had formerly belonged to another order, in which case the old windows might be retained. No works on Canon or Civil law were permitted to be kept in the book chests of the abbey; the dress of the monks was to be of the plainest description; wealth and splendour were foresworn, abstinence from animal food was

[2] "Matthæi Parisiensis, Monachi Sancti Albani, Historia Anglorum, sive ut vulgo dicitur, Historia Minor, item, ejusdem abbreviatio Chronicorum Angliæ." Edited by Sir Frederick Madden, K.H., F.R.S., Keeper of the Department of Manuscripts, British Museum. Vol. I. A.D. 1067—1189. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury. London: Longmans. 1866.

[3] "Chronica Monasterii de Melsa, a fundatione usque ad annum 1396." Auctore Thoma de Burton Abbate. Accedit continuatio ad annum 1406, a monacho quodam ipsius domus. Edited from the Autographs of the Authors by Edward H. Bond, Assistant-Keeper of the Manuscripts and Egerton Librarian in the British Museum. Published by Authority, &c. Vol. I. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1866.

enjoined, and the practice and enjoyment of the fine arts was forbidden to a silent and self-denying brotherhood. The Abbey of Meaux was erected by a great abbey-founder, William le Gros, Earl of Albemarle, in commutation of a vow to go to Jerusalem. The *Chronicles*, which extend over a period of two centuries and a half, were commenced by the nineteenth abbot, Thomas de Burton, who, according to his continuator, resigned the abbacy in the year 1399, and occupied the leisure secured by his retirement till about eight years before his death, in 1437, in composing the annals of the monastery. Besides the instructive essay which introduces the first and as yet only published volume of the work, we find the Latin text down to the year 1225, tables of chapters, indices of lands ranged under the abbots, and appropriate appendices. In the *Chronicles* occur many passages of general history, some of them quoted from Ralph Higden, some from Martinus Polerius, some from John of Brompton. The portions in which the chronicler exhibits many variations from received authorities Mr. Bond promises to examine at a future opportunity.

A ninth volume of the Domestic Series of the Calendar of State Papers of Charles I.,[4] testifies at once to the affluence of documentary material of the period, and to the patient faculty of work which distinguishes the editor, Mr. John Bruce. The first instalment is rich in valuable illustrative and evidentiary matter. Relating to a brief interval of about a year, 1635–1636, it shows us how uneasy Archbishop Laud, who was no financier, found his position as First Lord of the Treasury, and in what spirit he regarded official enemies like Lord Cottington, or receding friends like Secretary Windebank. In an excellent preface Mr. Bruce points out how the career of Laud as finance minister was marked by the issuing of the second writ for ship money. The first, or Noy's writ, of 20th October, 1634, assumed to be founded on precedent, and was directed to the ports and maritime places. Laud's writ, dated 4th August, 1635, was sent generally throughout the kingdom; and the levying of the obnoxious impost was entrusted to the sheriff of the county. The manner in which the commission was executed is exemplified in the case of Gervase Markham. Gervase Markham was by no means the mere hackney writer that mistaken inference has reported him to have been. He was a gentleman of distinction, a younger son of Robert Markham of Cotham, whose family had produced in the fifteenth century two eminent judges—one of them a Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and honourably known in after ages by the title of the Upright Judge. Gervase Markham was wealthy enough to become a conspicuous object for arbitrary assessments. The contemporary sheriff of Nottingham was Sir John Byron, the first peer of that name. Byron, Markham being now old and bedridden, assessed the suffering invalid at the excessive sum of 50*l.* Markham wrote a letter complaining of this intolerable oppression, and representing that men far richer than himself and higher in social position, Lord Chaworth and Sir Gervase Clifton for instance, were assessed at only 35*l.* Sir John Byron, offended with certain strong expressions in Markham's letter, addressed the council, complaining in his turn that Markham was the only refractory person whom he had encountered, conjecturing his income to be 800*l.* a year in land, and 40,000*l.* in money, and his total annual expenditure not to exceed 48*l.*, with no legitimate children to inherit it. The counsel sided with the sheriff, and despatched a sergeant-at-arms to bring the offender up to London. Markham had been two years or more in bed, and was unable to move without assistance. While the sergeant or others were considering how to convey him 150 miles to receive punishment at the hands of the counsel for his "injurious letter," Sir John's term of office came to an end. Sir Hardolphe Wasteneys was appointed his successor, and being busy and unwell, desired not to interfere. In the end the constable certified that Markham was "so infirm and useless in all parts of his body, that he was not portable to London." This statement, confirmed by the clergyman of the parish, who testified also to Markham's churchly piety, was followed by an humble and submissive letter from the invalid, which was accepted by the counsel as a substitute for his presence, and proceedings were stayed. Notwithstanding the exertions of the sheriff, the ship-money proved insufficient: two fleets were equipped; large debts were incurred: the royal creditors were greatly distressed; the ladies and gentlemen of the household, unable to procure their usual allowance, turned project mongers. Such was the conduct of the Government in the case of this abominable impost. Besides his comments on ship-money, Mr. Bruce animadverts on the Court of High Commission, whose proceedings he says are fully laid open in the published abstracts. Briefly the course was this:—Information was secretly given or obtained against any obnoxious person; from this information, put in writing, articles of accusation were preferred. The defendant was then summoned to appear before the commissioners. On his appearance he was required to take an oath to answer articles of accusation, without being informed of their nature, or told by whom they were exhibited, or confronted with his accuser. If he refused to take the oath, he was committed for contempt of court. If he took the oath, he was called on to prepare for his examination, and to give bond not to depart without leave. If he submitted to the examination, the process was often harassing and protracted. If he did not appear his bond was put in suit, fines were threatened, inflicted, and levied. "Few defendants," concludes Mr. Bruce,

[4] "Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of Charles I., 1635–1636," preserved in Her Majesty's Record Office. Edited by John Bruce, Esq., F.S.A., under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls, &c. London: Longmans, Green, Reader, and Dyer. 1866.

"were able to escape from the multiplied meshes which the court wove around them. Once within its grasp for anything which was deemed an offence by the authorities in Church or State, submission and ruin were the only alternatives proposed; and happy was the defendant who did not discover that ruin could not be avoided by submission." There is much more valuable remark in the preface to this volume, and the notices it includes present, we are told by the editor, an amount of authentic information respecting the acts of the Government, and the manners and feelings of the people, which it would be in vain to look for elsewhere. A splendid clue to the intricacies of this miscellaneous information will be found in the seemingly exhaustive index with which the volume is equipped.

In the reign of Henry VIII. the English people or the English Parliament accommodated itself to royal caprice and tyrannical exaction with far more promptitude than in that of Charles I. In an admirable historical review of the Tudor period, by Wilhelm Maurenbrecher,[*] the obsequious and servile character of the parliament, with occasional exceptions, is insisted on as an undeniable fact. The constitutional independence of later days had still to be conquered. Absolutism, dictating, interfering, intimidating, was the rule accepted alike in the national council, by the clergy, and by the jury that condemned Anne Boleyn. As regards the culpability or innocence of this unhappy queen, the author of this essay pronounces the question to be one difficult of decision. Mr. Froude's argument, however, does not convince him, and he lays especial stress on the inconsistency exhibited by the men who, while declaring the marriage with Henry to be no marriage because of the precontract with Seymour, at the same time persevered in accusing an unwedded woman of adultery. The preliminary history of this tragical transaction is related with great clearness. The confluence of the political with the personal motives is excellently described. On the one hand, it was Wolsey's policy, after the imperial successes in Italy, to oppose a check to the growing ascendancy of Charles V., to procure the divorce of Catherine, who violently opposed his project, and to form a matrimonial alliance with France. This policy was also accordant with the wishes of the people, and capable of being justified by considerations of public expediency. Hitherto no woman had ever sat on the English throne. In the event of the marriage of Henry's only surviving daughter, the Princess Mary, with a foreign potentate, the security of the nation might have been imperilled. The divorce of Catherine and the remarriage of Henry, in order to provide a male successor, was therefore a plausible and even popular project. On the other hand, though Henry might have had some justification for the divorce in motives of this nature, Maurenbrecher utterly rejects Mr. Froude's account of the matter, arguing, that the true reason for the king's conduct was that he was tired of Catherine and passionately in love with Anne. In freely criticising and sometimes strongly censuring Mr. Froude's historical representations, the German author is by no means insensible to the services rendered by Mr. Froude. In particular, he commends his just appreciation of the crisis in Edward VI.'s time, though he thinks Froude's judgment of Somerset harsh and unfair, and his right apprehension of the Scottish policy of Cecil at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign. This great minister our author considers to be the true founder of the new social order established in her days—not Elizabeth herself, to whom, while acknowledging her courage and accomplishments, he assigns only a secondary position. Cecil, indeed, he regards as her good genius, correcting her aberrations, controlling her caprice, and fighting her battles. Besides separate studies on Henry VIII. and his "man-minded offset," Maurenbrecher's miniature history contains two essays on Mary Stuart and Scotland, and one on Edward VI. and Mary Tudor. The vexed question of Mary Stuart's guilt is carefully reconsidered here, and the verdict returned is unfavourable. Maurenbrecher sees no reason to doubt that she was an accomplice in the murder of Darnley. With Ranke, with Hume, with Robertson, with Hallam, with Teulet, with Froude, and others he regards the famous Casket Letters as undoubtedly genuine. After careful study of the classical histories of the Tudor period; after independent personal researches; after ample examination of the older documents and the more recent State Papers that elucidate these times—on the whole, Maurenbrecher has pronounced a seemingly unbiassed judgment on the memorable transactions in Church and State under the Tudor dynasty, which resulted in the development of a free Protestant England, of a United Great Britain, distinguishing between what was sound, noble, and rational in the Reformation, and what was violent, unworthy, and personal. If we do not agree with all that he says, the fault may be in the critic, not in the author. To us he appears to write with strong conviction, clear judgment, and competent knowledge; and in his pamphlet-history of about a hundred pages, in which the matter is admirably arranged and the composition transparently clear, we seem to find, though not an exhaustive, yet a comprehensive and intelligent survey of a century of English action, which it would be difficult to parallel in any analogous essay of the same limited extent.

In the reign of Henry VIII. England afforded a home to an eminent foreign artist, Hans Holbein the younger. Befriended by Erasmus, Holbein was introduced through his recommendation to the then Chancellor, Sir Thomas More, who received him into his house and procured for him the protection of the king himself. The discovery of Holbein's will in 1863, has led to an important chronological correction in his history. His death, usually referred to the year 1554, must now be placed twelve years earlier. His birth, by his latest

[*] "England in Reformationszeitalter." Vier Vorträge. Von Wilhelm Maurenbrecher. London: Williams and Norgate. 1866.

biographer, is traced back to the year 1495,[6] so that the correction of time thus indicated is a decided gain for German patriotism, since Holbein is thus shown to have passed nine years more of his life in his native land than has been hitherto supposed (he was thirty-one years of age when he left it for England in 1526). The place of his birth has been as much debated as the date of it. Usually he is said to have been born at Grünstadt, but Dr. Voltmann refuses to waste time in discussing this point, satisfied with connecting Holbein and his family with the local sphere of his professional activity, Augsburg. Much of Dr. Voltmann's ample, perhaps redundant disquisition is critical, artistic, and antiquarian. He has collected various notices of the Holbeins and their works, but according to a prevailing practice, he diverges into the history of their times, comparing the past and present, glancing at the Reformation, the Renaissance, and describing political and social phenomena. Of Holbein's genius he has a very exalted opinion. In particular he admires Holbein's impressive realism, and in speaking of his paintings in the Hall at Basle, pronounced them superior in the idea which animates them to the famous cartoons of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo. One volume only of Dr. Voltmann's projected work is published. It terminates with Holbein's arrival in England. It is enriched with a photograph and thirty one woodcuts, in illustration of that artist's productions, and attesting the force and energy of his creative genius.

Henry VIII., whatever were the motives that prompted the measure, did a great national service in emancipating England from Papal servitude. The sway of Rome had become intolerably oppressive, and it was time to terminate it. We do not, however, rank ourselves in the number of those who can see nothing but fraud and ambition and tyranny in the great Catholic Church of the Middle Ages. Doubtless of these bad ingredients there was enough and more than enough in the composition of that powerful corporation; but the kings and nobles of those troubled times, extortionate, grasping, insidious, and despotic, would have been still more disposed to the excesses of their characteristic passions, if they had been released from all spiritual control; while at the same time the establishment of a universal secular monarchy, as one political alternative, was effectually resisted by the tendencies of a theocratic or quasi-theocratic *regime*. On the other hand, the embodiment of the idea of Christian unity in the Papal See became increasingly hostile to national development, till with the Church Reformation came the beneficent and inevitable reaction. The subject of the Pontifical power is a difficult one to handle. M. Viennet' has written its history with a condemnatory emphasis. He is very far from being a mere vituperator, however, nor does he write in a spirit of blind partisanship, or antagonism to religious orthodoxy. His admiring appreciation of Athanasius and Ambrose is a sufficient proof that he possesses an intellect that can discern moral excellence. On the other hand, we quite agree with him on the question of St. Peter's supremacy; that is to say, we see no evidence that St. Peter was ever at Rome, or that the bishops of Rome were his divinely appointed successors. This admission, however, by no means implies that the Church of Rome had not a certain title, grounded on social and political exigencies and adaptations, to act as a representative of ecclesiastical unity and authority, as long as her influence was in the main a beneficial one. M. Viennet is not favourable to the pretensions of the Roman Pontiffs, and he has composed, not without a fair amount of research, the history of the pontificate, from the earliest period down to the time of Henry II. and Alexander III. The book itself appears to be written without animosity. The indignation element would seem to be confined to the preface. M. Viennet, if we rightly understand the matter, has been calumniated by ultramontane or other opponents. The society of Freemasons, to which he belongs, has been aspersed: its members have been denounced as atheists, revolutionists, and bandits, and he naturally feels indignant that the thunders of the Holy See should have been hurled at the unoffending heads of the adepts of this virtuous and philanthropic brotherhood. His indignation becomes greater as he contemplates his own moral excellences, and recalls that from his childhood he has been a slave to duty and to conscience, till he fairly boils over at the thought that the Papal fulminations have been directed against "moi, le plus désintéressé des hommes dans un siècle de cupidité effrénée;" reminding us of his countryman Dumas, who, when resenting the accusation of impiety, expressed his astonishment that such a charge should be brought against him,—him, the *religious man par excellence!* In spite of this prefatory effervescence, M. Viennet's "History of the Pontifical Power" will be found by no means an intemperate book.

M. Léon de Poncins, in the introduction to his "Cahiers de '89,"[8] excites a passing apprehension by the audacity with which he stalks for a moment or two on his rhetorical stilts when, in eulogizing the divine method of introducing equality into the world, so superior to the human, he informs us "quand il [Dieu] a voulu égaliser le chaos, il a pris dans l'abime des débris informes, en a fait les mondes, et les a librement disséminés dans l'espace." We are happy to say, however, that like M. Viennet, he confines his extravagances to the introductory portion of his work, and that his treatise is a really sensible and business-like production. M. de Poncins, while adopting the animating ideas of the French Revolution,

[6] "Holbein und seine Zeit." Von Dr. Alfred Voltmann. Erster Theil. Mit 31 Holtzschnitten und eine Photolithographie. London: Trübner and Co. 1866.

[7] "Histoire de la Puissance Pontificale." Par M. Viennet, de l'Académie Française. In 2 vols. London: Williams and Norgate. 1866.

[8] "Les Cahiers de '89, ou les vrais principes libéraux." Par Léon de Poncins. London: Williams and Norgate. 1866.

wishes to correct excesses and supply defects. He accepts fraternity, while regretting that we have so little of it; he believes in equality, by which he seems to mean little more than equality before the law, with abolition of unjust privileges, but he is of opinion that liberty ought to precede equality, and not to be sought through it or postponed to it, an opinion with which we entirely agree. On other points we do not always find ourselves in accordance with M. de Poncins. The distinguishing feature of his book is the prominence which he gives to the position that, in 1789, when the French nation became conscious of its social and political wants, a complete reformation of the existing institutions, on the bases of liberty and equality, and not a destructive revolution, was the object contemplated with a remarkable unanimity by all the social constituencies of the French nation. The movement was not individual, he maintains, but collective. From the month of December, '88, to that of May, '89, the mass was everything, men were nothing. The acts done, the words spoken were not the deeds or the words of eminent persons, but the expression of the general will, the voice of universal France. This expression, this voice, he has sought in the "Cahiers of '89." The "Cahiers of '89" are printed papers or manuscripts, usually marked by their brevity, and intended to indicate the wishes of the electors to their representatives in the Etats Généraux, on all the various points which were about to form topics of discussion. In an analysis of these papers, continued through many chapters, the author shows the identity of the requisitions and the peremptoriness of the language in which they are particularized. The electors of '89, the third estate, the clergy, the noblesse, were agreed not only on the general principles of the contemplated reform, but in restricting the action of their delegates, instructing them in their duties, and insisting on a certain type of reform. In the exceptional circumstances of the case, M. de Poncins thinks that this preliminary limitation was justifiable. The character of the reform thus desired and delineated is shown in detail by citations from the papers in question, in which the instructions given by the electors on the subjects of the constitution, the functions of the sovereignty, the status of the nobility, liberty of the press, the Church, taxation, &c., are set forth. The views sustained in the body of the work are supported by an appendix of elucidatory documents at the end of it.

A cognate but more comprehensive and philosophical book, is one on the Political and Social Law of the French Revolution, itself a constituent portion of a projected larger work on the Constitutional History of the different States of Europe. After all that has been written on the grand explosion of the last century the author of the volume before us[9] has still something to say that bears the impress of original thought and evinces new and independent treatment. The ruling idea of the ample treatise, which we have but imperfectly examined, is an appreciation of the nature and objects of the French Revolution by a study of the legal enactments of the period 1789-1804, in which last year Dr. Carl Richter is of opinion that that fiery and tumultuous movement was finally suppressed by the Imperial Constitution of May 18. The book therefore, though abounding in historical presentments, and even offering personal sketches, as of Mirabeau, Danton, Lafayette, and others, is properly speaking not a history of the French Revolution, but a history of the legislation which marked the several stages of its development under the Constitutional Monarchy, the National Convention, the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire. Every public question which interests us now, and which the Revolution passionately, ignorantly, and prematurely attempted to solve, appears to receive some notice in this almost exhausted survey of that terrific outbreak. Dr. Carl Richter explains, at the commencement of his labours, that while regarding the French Revolution as a European event, and the French people as taking the initiative in a movement common to the nations of Europe, he does not come forward as a party writer. On the one hand he cannot recognise in the Revolution a providential retributive judgment on sinful men; on the other, the Revolution is not for him an embodiment of the supposed truth, that in order to be great and free a people must be revolutionary; nor does he see in it an historical phenomenon teaching by example how revolutions *ought* to be made. The French Revolution, in his eyes, is simply the introduction into the world of the spirit of freedom which animates the nineteenth century, of the protest against oppression and injustice, of the struggle for right, and a higher, better life, which he believes will yet have victorious issues. So, again, he does not look upon the French people as a model people, but as an extremely susceptible, precipitate people, adoring accident, power, success; fonder of noise than of real reputation; the most passionate, dangerous, brilliant people of Europe, and thus peculiarly adapted to play a great part in the world's drama; high above all nations as the people of civilization,—a political conception; below nearly all as the people of culture or education in the deepest and widest sense of the word,—a moral conception. On this versatile, many-glancing, recklessly spirited people, devolved in the last century the part of preferring the claims of humanity against a system that had grown powerless for good, and that impeded the legitimate advances of human intellect and human will. Dr. Carl Richter, while sharply reprobating the attempts to explain the rights of man, and maintaining that the enormities of the reign of terror are traceable to the explanations of those rights embodied in the articles of the constitution of '93, vindicates the preliminary recognition of the rights of man. He insists that the first National Assembly never claimed for itself the merit of a new discovery in its

[9] "Staats- und Gesellschaftsrecht der Französischen Revolution von 1789—1804." Dargestellt von Dr. Carl Richter. 2 vols. London: Williams and Norgate. 1866.

simple specification of rights, that it merely and justifiably asserted, without metaphysical refinements or precise interpretations, that liberty and that equality, the sense of which has been evolved as a last result of the education of mankind, and which are implied in all modern society. The orginal assertion of them as rights was not put forth by one part in opposition to another part of the nation. It was the necessary enunciation from the highest depository of law of the simple principles of social life and Christianity, the elementary truths of human consciousness, in opposition to an aggregate of officials without conscience, of a corrupt spiritual power, and an effete nobility. It was intended only to proclaim the rights of men to freedom and equality in the language of plain common sense, and that this freedom was afterwards defined as a freedom to do this or that, or this equality as equality of property, or equality of anything, was the fault not of the first National Assembly, but of the enthusiasts and fanatics that misinterpreted and misapplied the principle. The right to freedom is the main argument of our author's book. Its due adjustment is the political problem still to be solved. Freedom has three phases, to which are correspondent the three great divisions of a state having its foundation in law. Freedom, as *possession*, has for its equivalent, in the political organism, the representation of the people by an assembly. This assembly is not to represent interests, for there is but one interest to represent,—that of the people. The *preservation* of freedom is intrusted to a Senate as the appropriate organ, with the function of superintending the applications of the laws. The third element, the *regulation* of freedom, has for its correspondent a Council of State. This council advises and prepares, as auxiliary to the others; it also represents the interests of the State;—nobility, clergy, trade and industry, arts and sciences being all alike summoned in it to a participation in the more special forms of State activity. If all this seems rather vague, a set-off to its haziness will be found in the decisiveness with which Dr. Carl Richter expresses his opinion on the extent or area of the constituent body. The suffrage is to be universal; for all representation that is less than universal is party representation. The people has a right to freedom; and only where the representative aggregate influences the fortunes and the history of the country, is the people in reality possessed of freedom. Universal suffrage, however, does not imply the right of a miscellaneous mass to a miscellaneous exercise thereof, as in the National Convention. This principle alone must be considered as settled; the form which it is to take is a subject for discussion. It requires regulation. Its basis lies in the status of the citizen, not the citizen of the Monarchy of July, not the *bourgeois* citizen, not the mere tax-paying citizen, but the citizen who is a *bonâ fide* member of the State, and who is connected with it by public duties and obligations. Here again our author becomes perhaps not quite satisfactory; but he seems to leave the mode of exercising the function of universal suffrage purposely indefinite, insisting only on the principle. The difficulty, if we rightly apprehend his view, would be to produce his ideal or legally constituted citizen. We presume he would say that every educated *man*, free from crime, and who had personally discharged, or was liable to personally discharge some public office, was such a legally constituted citizen. We write *man* advisedly, because Dr. Carl Richter has no sympathy with the views of Bentham, Mill, or Bailey, on the title of women to the electoral franchise. In a striking section on the heroines of the French Revolution, he sharply repudiates the speculations of these eminent thinkers on this subject. We are bound to say that we see very little force in Dr. Richter's arguments, or what we assume to be his arguments; nor do we think that German authors are at present the best qualified judges on this question; Jean Paul's notion of what a woman ought to be—a creature to cook something nice, and reflect the smiles and sighs of the man, being, we fancy, the prevailing idea with them. We do not see that it follows because a woman has a vote she must necessarily shoulder a musket; or because she is a mother during a limited number of years, she is to rock cradles or follow perambulators for the rest of the term of her natural life; to waive the fact that a large number of women are never mothers at all. As, however, we are not professed champions of woman's rights, we leave the discussion to those who are. Full as Dr. Richter's treatise is of valuable criticism and suggestion, such as we have rapidly indicated, it possesses also a great deal of attractive material, in which he illustrates or leads up to his main subject. His historical estimate of the past of France and of Europe, of the Reformation, the Crusades, the policy of Louis XI., the statesmanship of Richelieu, may be cited as instances of this extra subject-matter. Other instances will not be difficult to find.

In the establishment of the empire by Napoleon, the revolution closed, the tyranny of the past was restored, and the oppressive character of the military despotism which he strove to erect into permanence and universality, led to a reaction which terminated in the return of the Bourbons and the treaties of Vienna, though history has subsequently shown that this reaction could only be temporary, and that the enduring element in the great European movement of which the French Revolution was the first frantic expression, was destined to resume its progress, deposing worn-out tyrannies, summoning nations into existence, or extending the liberties of nations already existing. With Dr. Richter's estimate of the Emperor Napoleon the honourable soldier-writer Lieut.-Colonel Charras, whose opinion as a strategist is of recognised authority, entirely agrees. In 1813 Charras, resolutely refusing to regard Napoleon as the armed representative of the Revolution, denounced him as the most formidable promoter of the counter-revolution. He gladly welcomed and heartily commended the patriotic insurrection of Germany in that eventful year. His history of that insurrection has recently

been given to the world.[10] Edited by M. Chauffour-Kestner, with the aid and under the supervision of Madame Charras, to whom the duty had been specially confided, it appears unfortunately as an incomplete work, fragmentary, or rather, perhaps, a fragment; but fragmentary without any attempt to supply deficiencies—a fragment without any ill-advised effort at restoration. It commences with the return of the army of Russia, or the relics of that army—relates the military, political, and diplomatic history of the tragical year 1813, and breaks off with the rupture of the Austrian alliance, without even a record of the famous battle of Lützen.

Dr. Carl Richter, who disapproves of the heroines of the French Revolution, and of all or most womanly demonstrations, will hardly refuse his sympathy to the beautiful and pure-hearted deliverer of France, whose story has been retold so simply, so touchingly, so wisely, so sincerely, and so sweetly by Miss Harriet Parr, better known, it may be, as Holme Lee.[11] We heartily praise the work which she has done. Indeed, with the exception of a word here and there which is distasteful to us, or of a superfluous sentence now and then, we see nothing in it that admits of improvement. The life and death of the marvellous heroine of France, half shepherdess, half prophetess, stands out here in all its sorrow and beauty, from the day when she danced with her young playmates round the "Beautiful May"—the fatal tree of the Elf-Ladies—till musing over the prophecy, that a maid was to save the desolated land of France, she dreamt that she might be that maid, and went forth, believing that she was called of heaven to the deliverance of her beloved country, to the day when she ceased to be the inspired sibyl, the victorious champion, the mysterious saviour, around whom admiring men and women thronged, pressing to touch her horse or her clothes, or even kneeling as she passed—and stood, with her glory gone, with sense of desertion and failure of self-confidence, before her misguided judges; or lamented over Rouen, as she beheld its towers; or died, once more triumphant with reviving faith, in the flames of that great martyrdom which French priests and English nobles, grave divines and learned schoolmen sanctioned, promoted, perpetrated. It is sad to think that those flames were kindled by representatives of mediæval piety and chivalry—that among those who took a prominent part in the condemnation of Joan of Arc was Thomas de Courcelles, the deliverer of France from papal despotism, he who next to the soldier-maid "had in that generation served his country best." This history of the Maid is a very strange history—a sort of picture-like condensation of the life of the Middle Ages, in its poetry, its devotion, its piety, its valour, its ignorance, its malignant orthodoxy, and its deadly superstition. The success of this memorable peasant-girl was owing, in part, to her own high qualities, her education, her early training, and her physical organization, and partly to the wild beliefs and misleading supernaturalisms of her age. The age was prepared to accept her, for it believed in the prophecies which had stirred her own heart to action—in visions like her own of St. Michael the Archangel, of the sweet crowned faces of St. Catherine and St. Margaret that guarded her, of the voices that called and counselled her. But these unrealities—the imaginative embodiments of excessive and inexplicable emotion—necessary as they were in that age for incentive and corroboration, would have been nugatory, or worse than nugatory, unaccompanied by the natural energies and gifts of the young girl, whose true inspiration was her own greatness. For her real mission lay in her self-devotion, her purity of aim, her intense love and pity for the realm of France, her intrepidity and enthusiastic courage. Jeanne had a wonderful ardour and a strange physical strength, combining with robust force the most acute sensibility. Violent exertion, instead of wearying, stimulated her, shone on her countenance, and made her look like one possessed. This young girl, who saw angelic forms and dazzling lights, who heard heavenly voices and trumpets ringing, could ride like a trooper, bear a lance like a knight, deal heavy blows in combat, sleep in the woods, and endure all hardships, all fatigue. But with all this strength was united that fatal weakness in herself and in her age that was the occasion or the pretext of her destruction, as it had been of her renown and her triumph. Her inspiration might be of God or the Devil. Having once persuaded men to believe that it was of God, she had little difficulty in inducing them to follow her guidance as long as she brought them success, for that success proved to them that her mission was divine; but when failure came they turned away from her, deciding that she was a sorceress, whose inspiration was from the devil. Thus the holy maid who had saved France was pronounced impious. The noble woman who had saved a realm, was sold, betrayed, imprisoned, tried, condemned, and burnt. The story is not at all to the credit of the chivalry, or religion, or humanity of the Middle Ages. A general repentance, however, followed the unjust sentence, and the memory of Joan of Arc, about fifteen years after her death, was solemnly relieved from the infamous reprobation that weighed on it. Even before this a reaction had ensued, and legend began to take possession of the maid's name. When Paris was restored to the obedience of Charles, there flew abroad a rumour that "Jeanne was alive again, that she had never been burned at Rouen, that she had escaped the fire by a miraculous holiness." Sensible men saw through the imposture which gave rise to this belief, but the simple, credulous people who in her lifetime had adored Jeanne eagerly accepted the new wonder. The false Jeanne, however, vanished into obscurity; but out of her half-

[10] "Histoire de la Guerre de 1813 en Allemagne." Par le Lt.-Colonel Charras. Avec cartes spéciales. Leipzig. 1866.

[11] "The Life and Death of Jeanne d'Arc, called the Maid." By Harriet Parr, author of "In the Silver Age," &c. In 2 vols. London: Smith and Elder. 1866.

fabulous exploits and the well-known victories of the true Maid, romancers constructed a heroine whose adventures rivalled those of the Arthurian or Carolingian knights. Thus, continues Miss Parr, had ten years' space sufficed to develop Jeanne d'Arc into an almost mythical personage. We shall only add that the present biography is drawn from the authentic documents collected and published by the Society of the History of France, in five demy octavo volumes.

In Anne of Austria, the mother of Louis XIV., and Queen Regent during the minority of her son, we have a very different type of womanhood, though Anne, too, was undaunted enough, and not without resources of her own. The narrative of her regency, in which the principal events were the war of the Fronde and the Treaty of Westphalia, has been narrated by a lady who has evidently taken some pains with the subject, and has placed fairly before us the actors in that period of violence and intrigue—Molé, Mazarin, Condé, and others.[12] Miss Freer never makes the past live, and has scarcely the talent for bringing out the real significance of social or political events, but she gives the details which she undertakes to give intelligibly, and in straightforward, respectable, though rather heavy and not always refined, English. Some of her expressions, "without bit or sup," "breath out of his body," "pink of courtiers," are not very pleasing. And when she tells us that "Anne of Austria was now omnipotent *and mighty*," she reminds us of the scenery that was reported to be not only sublime *but pretty*.

In the "Vignettes" of Miss Bessie Rayner Parkes, twelve women, most admirable for a combination of intellect, force, and tenderness of heart, manifested in devotion to the welfare of others, are portrayed with a gentle yet not uncertain touch.[13] Three of the number claim to be strictly original—Madame Luce of Algiers, Madame Pape-Carpentier, and Mrs. Jameson; the five sketches of Madame Swetchine, La Sœur Rosalie, Madame Lamartine, Harriet K. Hunt, and Madame Mosson, are translated and abridged from books not generally known; the remaining four—Mrs. Winthrop, Miss Cornelia Knight, Miss Bosanquet, and Mrs. Delany, are biographical variations derived from accessible sources. The twelve women thus depicted were different in nation, in creed, in pursuits. In their utter dissimilarity lies a moral which their accomplished delineator leaves us to discover. What the intended moral is we do not profess to know; but we may at least suggest that the spirit of love and hope which issued in kind services for others, was the common gift of their common humanity, irrespective of all dogma. In the instances of theological conversion to which Miss Parkes refers, we regret to say that we see evidence only of the predominance of instinctive emotion over reason. To believe a proposition because we have convincing testimony of its truth is one thing; to believe it because it harmonizes with our feelings, or satisfies some aching void in our nature, or coincides with practical exigencies, is another. Hell-fire is not true *because* we are afraid of it; nor the heavenly blessedness real *because* we long for it.

Mr. William Jerdan's hasty glance at the "Men whom I have Known,"[14] though placed by us next to Miss Parkes's "Vision of Good Women," has nothing in common with it. His portraits of philosophers, statesmen, poets, and scholars, above fifty in number, have no family likeness. They are very slight sketches, for the most part; and though such a book can hardly fail to afford amusement, it is not entitled to any very great commendation. It is not always that we can approve of even the style in which it is written. What can be more detestable writing than—"Slopperton! [for Sloperton] where the lyrist Moore in failing health, exhaled his parting breath, oblivious of song!" The feud of Byron and Southey is well known; but we learn for the first time, and are sorry to learn, that Southey could thus lampoon another great poet:—

> "One may marry a wife and make love to his slave,
> Then, felon-like, fly off and send o'er the wave;
> His God may deny, and his king call a fool,
> And still be the foremost in Shelleycot school."

Miscellaneous biography seems in favour at present. In Otto Jahn's volume we have sketches of the lives of Winckelmann, Gotfried Hermann, Ludwig Ross, T. W. Danzel, and Ludwig Richter.[15] The remaining papers relate to Goethe, to his youth in Leipzig, his acquaintance with the painter Oeser, his speech on Shakspeare, and the famous Werther letters, or correspondence with the Kestner family.

In the same category of mixed biography we may place six "Essays and Lectures on Indian Historical Subjects," by an Officer of the Bengal Staff Corps.[16] In the first of these essays we have an interesting account of the small Mahomedan state of Bhopal and its rulers, in particular of Her Highness Secunder Begum, to whom the narrator ascribes "the strong constancy and deep feeling of woman's character, with the energy, the daring, the long-sighted perseverance which are generally supposed to

[12] "The Regency of Anne of Austria, Queen Regent of France, Mother of Louis XIV." From numerous Unpublished Sources, &c. By Martha Walker Freer, author of "Married Life of Anne of Austria," &c. In 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1866.

[13] "Vignettes. Twelve Biographical Sketches." By Bessie Rayner Parkes, author of "Essays on Woman's Work," &c. London: Alexander Strahan. 1866.

[14] "Men I have Known." By William Jerdan, Corresponding Member of the Real Academia de la Historia of Spain, &c. Illustrated with Fac-simile Autographs. London: George Routledge and Sons. 1866.

[15] "Biographische Aussätze. Von Otto Jahn. London and Edinburgh: Williams and Norgate. 1866.

[16] "Essays and Lectures on Indian Historical Subjects," &c. By an Officer of the Bengal Staff Corps. London: Trübner and Co. Calcutta: Lepage and Co. 1866.

be more peculiarly the property of the rougher sex." In the last of the six lectures ample justice is done to Sir Hugh Rose, whose services have recently won him a peerage. The subjects of the remaining essays are Lord Lake, of Laswarrie, Count Lally, Havelock, and Hyder Ali's last war.

Pierre Albert and Jean de Lawnay, heralds-at-arms in the Duchy of Brabant, in the period 1643–1687, for various fabrications of pedigrees and trafficking in the sale of false titles, were prosecuted, and Jean, the more guilty of the two, condemned to death. The history of their trial has been written by G. M. L. Galesloot, with considerable detail, yet, as he assures us, not without compression.[17]

In the "Life of Facundo Quiroga," we have not only a biographical curiosity, but a study of the manners, the customs, and character of the people of the Argentine Republic, in which the celebrated chief of the Gauchos played so important a part.[18] Written in Spanish by M. Sarmiento, of the University of Chili, it has been translated into French by M. A. Giraud, who has prefixed to it a geographical and historical notice of the provinces of La Plata. In a paper on the original work by M. Ch. de Mazade in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1846, the author is commended no less for brilliancy of style than vigour of thought. The translation was published thirteen years ago, and its appearance in our *Contemporary Literature* is therefore scarcely permissible.

At the request of four young Hindoos, now resident in England, a narrative of the life of their illustrious countryman, Rammohun Roy, the first Hindoo reformer,[19] has been edited by Miss Mary Carpenter, who was personally acquainted with him. The memoir was prepared by the late Dr. L. Carpenter. The volume, unsatisfactory as it is, will probably answer its purpose. It contains interesting material, but is fragmentary, lifeless, colourless, and—Unitarian.

The two remaining works of a biographical character on our list are "Memorials of the Tower of London," by Lord de Ros,[20] and "The Model Man. An oration on Washington," by T. W. Hort, in the true American-Eagle style of eloquence.[21]

Want of space must be our apology for a laconic welcome of an elaborate history of Delaware County, Pennsylvania, by Dr. George Smith;[22] a meritorious sketch of *Our Country's Story*, included by Mr. J. S. Laurie in his "National Standard Course of Elementary Instruction;"[23] and the volume for 1865 of that serviceable survey of public events, the Annual Register.[24]

Our two last books, treating of the same generic subject—Art, may be bracketed together. In "The Condition of the Artists of Greece in Ancient Times," by M. Bazin, we find distributed into thirteen chapters a mass of information on the social position, the character, honours, and rewards of the old Greek painters and sculptors, and the action of art on religion.[25] In their "Historical Tableaux of the Fine Arts,"[26] or the Fair Arts, as we would gladly call them, MM. Louis et Réné Ménard have investigated the cause of the progress and decline of Art—chiefly of the art of painting, professedly beginning with the Renaissance, and ending with the eighteenth century, but introducing their principal theme by a chapter on Byzantine and Mediæval art. The book is a prize essay, and more than deserves that distinction. We take a sentence or two from the volume, as it lies open before us:—

"Les artistes de l'antiquité et de la Renaissance faisaient du nu, ceux du xviii. siècle ont fait des nudités, ce qui est tout autre chose. Diderot a eu raison de dire que ce n'est pas une femme nue qui est indécente, mais une femme dont la draperie est retroussée indécemment."

BELLES LETTRES.

Formerly we imagined that only actresses had the privilege of re-christening themselves, and standing as their own godmothers. These

[17] "Pierre Albert et Jean de Lawnay," &c. Par L. Galesloot, Chef de Section aux Archives du Royaume. London and Edinburgh: Williams and Norgate. 1866.

[18] "Civilisation et Barbarie, etc. Facundo Quiroga et Aldao." Par Domingo F. Sarmiento. Traduit de l'Espagnol et enrichi de notes, par A. Giraud, enseigne de Vaisseau. Paris: Bertrand. 1853.

[19] "The Last Days in England of the Rajah Rammohun Roy." Edited by Mary Carpenter, of Bristol. London: Trübner and Co. Calcutta: Lepage and Co. 1866.

[20] "Memorials of the Tower of London." By Lieut.-General Lord de Ros, Lieut.-Governor of the Tower. With Illustrations. London: Murray. 1866.

[21] "The Model Man. An Oration on Washington, in which he is compared with the Sages," &c., &c. By T. W. Hort, President of the St. Louis Literary and Philosophical Association. St. Louis, U.S. 1866.

[22] "History of Delaware County, Pennsylvania, from the Discovery of the Territory included within its Limits to the Present Time; with a Notice of the Geology of the County, Catalogues of its Minerals, Plants, Quadrupeds, and Birds, written under the Direction and Appointment of the Delaware County Institute of Science." By George Smith, M.D. London: Trübner and Co. 1862.

[23] "Manual of English History Simplified; or, Our Country's Story told by a Lady." Edited by J. S. Laurie, formerly H. M.'s Inspector of Schools. London: Thomas Murbie. 1866.

[24] "The Annual Register. A Review of Public Events at Home and Abroad. For the Year 1865. New Series." London: Rivingtons. 1866.

[25] "De la Condition des Artistes dans l'antiquité Grecque. Thèse présentée à la faculté des lettres de Paris." Par H. Bazin, ancien élève de l'Ecole normale, etc. London and Edinburgh: Williams and Norgate. 1866.

[26] "Tableaux historiques des Beaux Arts depuis la Renaissance jusqu'à la fin du dix-huitième siècle." Par MM. Louis et Réné Ménard. Ouvrage couronné par l'Academie des Beaux Arts. London and Edinburgh: Williams and Norgate.

young ladies, we knew, would suddenly emerge from their chrysalis state of plain Jane Smith or Sarah Brown, and come fluttering out as the lovely Fotheringay or heavenly Céleste. But there the matter ended. They never disguised their sex. This has been reserved for female novelists. George Eliot and George Sand are the most conspicuous offenders. Possibly they have their reasons. In parts of Berkshire a woman employed upon man's work is sometimes spoken of as "he." But this is a provincialism which it is not well to imitate. Historical precedents, however, may be quoted. Thus the Hungarians, though Mr. Carlyle doubts the fact, elevated Maria Theresa to the dignity of the male sex. But this, it may be said, was rather the result of a sudden outburst of enthusiasm than of mature reflection. The same objection, however, cannot be urged against the famous line,

"Rex erat Elizabeth, sed erat regina Jacobus."

Here, evidently, is a precedent. We, however, in our admiration of lady novelists can go no further than to say of one of them, as Frederick the Great is reported to have said of his sister, "Vir ingenio, sexu fœmina," and as we shall not mention her name, any lady-novelist is welcome to apply the expression to herself. But we must make a stand against epicene surnames. We have now a perfect androgynous nomenclature of Holme Lees, Talbot Gwynnes, and Currer Bells. The leech and the earthworm unite in themselves both sexes, but we can see nothing in these two animals that should make women wish to imitate them. Last of all has arisen "Ouida,"[1] full of sound and fury, yet signifying nothing to the general reader. Some critics have compared it to "Slapbang." Others have thought that it was the author's peculiar way of spelling the Greek "oudemia," a theory which is considerably strengthened by the fact that she calls the sea "thalassis." Slang, however, and not classical lore, is Ouida's strong point. But the real mystery is not in the name, but in the author's choice. Why any woman should wish to be known by a French hybrid word, is indeed a mystery; for we have been assured, on excellent authority, that "Ouida" is a woman. People even go so far as to say that they know her. We don't believe them. No man nor woman could write such hybrid stuff as "Chandos." The author is like "ouida" itself—neither one thing nor the other. The internal evidence, too, favours our theory. Only some epicene could utter such a sentiment as, "There lives not the man who could prefer a wife to Paris." (vol. i. p. 63.) It evidently knows nothing either of a man or a wife. Its style, too, is hybrid. It takes equal portions of Bulwer and Braddon—one we may suppose for the masculine, the other for the feminine element, and mixes them both together. Plainly Teiresias or the Chevalier d'Eon has arisen from the tomb. If the latter, it has forgotten its French; if the former, we can find some excuse for its bad English.

So much for the name and the authorship. The book itself, too, is like "Ouida," neither fish nor flesh. It attempts to paint high life and low life, and is in both equally unsuccessful. It represents the former by making an English gentleman keep Georgian and Circassian slaves in Park-lane. We lately saw advertised in an enterprising furrier's window, "Real seal-skin furs of our own make:" so here we have some real aristocratic life of our own make. It apes low life by making an old Devonshire yokel speak a dialect, which is about as much like Devonshire as London milk is like Devonshire cream. The style, too, is ornamented with careless but inimitable touches of ignorance. Thus Ouida believes that Æschylus wrote hexameters, and talks of "the silver eloquence of Demosthenes." We certainly do not know where to find the silver eloquence of the orator of the Philippics, but can easily put our hand on some brazen rhetoric nearer at home.

In ornithology, also, we are most favourably impressed with the author's capacity for ignorance. The nightingale is represented as commonly singing in Devonshire, and grouse as breeding there. In the latter case, ostriches would be about as near the mark. Then we read of black eagles and gyrfalcons in the Devonshire woods "soaring in the light of summer days," and the blue-warbler "poising itself above a river plant." Why not, Ouida, at once say, the jail-bird and the lovely mudlark perched on the oaks, and flocks of round-robins sang in the clouds? It would be just about as true, and sound twenty per cent. finer. Then, too, the habits of the cuckoo are thus described: "We are all cuckoos at soul, and kick out those who feed us." We must in the first place remark that cuckoos don't kick, and in the second place that if they did they would not kick out those who feed them, but those who are fed with them.

The botanical blunders equally bear the marks of a master-hand. One specimen will be enough:—"A cluster of tall copper-beeches stood out before a dark screen of crag and wood, and tossed together in grand confusion, and wild as they had been in the days of the Druids." (Vol. i. p. 294.) The grand confusion here is not of the beeches, but of the author's mind, for the copper beech was not introduced into England till about the middle of the last century. But probably Ouida thinks there were Druids then, for the peace of ignorance passes all understanding. The characters, however, act stranger than the cuckoos and the copper-beeches. Noblemen shake their grand old heads, and talk a mixture of Lemprière and Babel. Ladies possess smiles "which thrill with fire, and strike like ice," a correlation of forces hitherto unsuspected in a smile. The villain "crashes an oath through the locked firmness of his clenched teeth," which sounds to us something like profane conjuring; whilst the hero has his "eyes scorched by lightning" without being hurt, which we think is too much like a miracle for this sceptical age.

[1] "Chandos." By Ouida. London: Chapman and Hall. 1866.

Somewhere or another we have seen it stated that eight new novels appear weekly—that is to say, one a day and two for Sunday. But this is evidently a mistake; one new novel appears, perhaps, in ten years; all the rest are imitations or parodies. And then, after a time, the writers imitate and parody themselves. This is conspicuously the case in Mr. Yates's new novel. Not long ago we described the chief characteristics of this gentleman's writings, and the school to which he belongs. We have no desire to go over old ground; we should only find again exactly the same old faults. It is but fair, however, to say, that Mr. Yates has a large circle of admirers, and that his books are in some quarters eagerly read. "Land at Last,"[2] appears to us neither better nor worse than its predecessors. The characters are much of the same stamp, and the conversation of the same vein.

Mrs. Riddell has also taken to parodying herself. Her previous work—as we remarked at the time—was weak and thin, and the same may be said of the present.[3] This is much to be regretted, for Mrs. Riddell has shown how well she can delineate both scenery and character. She stands out from the herd of novelists by her poetical feeling and dramatic power. In the former she is alone surpassed by "George Eliot." "The Race for Wealth" does not do her justice. The reason, however, is not difficult to find; novels cannot be produced, like a hundred watch-springs, from a pennyworth of raw material. One sermon a week is thought too much for a clergyman, and certainly two novels in twelve months are too much for any author. The results of over-writing are seen in every chapter,—long descriptions instead of dramatic power, and platitudes in the place of epigrams. And yet Mrs. Riddell's "padding" is better than the writing of ninety novelists out of a hundred. She is artist enough to make her plot interesting; whilst she possesses sufficient knowledge of the world to give colouring to her scenes. But this is very poor praise to bestow on the author of "George Geith."

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald appears to be doing his best to bring his style down to the level of "All the Year Round," in which his new novel first[4] appeared. Thus the second paragraph of the first chapter begins in this way:—

"The evening train left Waterloo Station at 'three thirty,' and it was now three thirty-one. Not being one of the 'expresses,' which were always breaking away up and down the line, but a sober, provincial, old-fashioned train, which ambled on from station to station, it was treated by the officials with the sort of unceremonious respect they kept for old ladies with baskets, who delayed them with questions. It was not kept up to time very closely, nor very full. As it 'toddled' out of the station, &c."—p. 2.

Now here we have all the faults of Mr. Dickens's worst style—repetition, loose grammatical construction, and grotesque verbiage. Nothing is easier than this sort of writing, and nothing, to our thinking, is in worse taste. Why Mr. Fitzgerald, who can write really nervous and powerful prose, should have adopted it, is indeed a mystery; but adopted it he has with a vengeance. He is worse than Mr. Dickens himself. Thus, in the next page we read—

"Henry Graves Tillotson looked quickly from one window to the other, as the 'doudy' train moved on, and jerked and shook over intersecting rails, and glided by huge rambling boarding houses where engines 'bait' or board, like great circuses, and the surgeries and hospitals where they are taken in and have their wounds dressed."

It is worth noticing how the fun is manufactured. You simply take a set of words which are commonly applied to the requirements of human beings, and apply them to the wants of an iron machine; you, in fact, speak of a locomotive as if it were something between a horse and a man. A wounded Centaur might, perhaps, require a stable and a hospital combined, but hardly a broken-down locomotive. We, however, suppose that Mr. Fitzgerald has accommodated his style for the benefit of the admirers of Mr. Dickens. We trust, however, that he will in his next novel do himself more justice. He has no need to borrow either style or characters from anybody.

"The Three Louisas"[5] is decidedly, of its kind, the most sparkling novel we have read for a long time. Mr. Edwards makes no pretensions to high art; his aim is simply to amuse, and he accomplishes his aim. His story is a succession of brilliant scenes; the situations are always amusing, and the conversation epigrammatic. It would, indeed, be easy to find fault, to say that the scenes are too brilliant—for critics will say this when they can find no other fault—to describe the story as all plums without any dough. We can only wish that these faults were of more frequent occurrence in other novels. If, however, any reader should be too much dazzled with the wit and repartee, the remedy may easily be found in a course of Mrs. Wood or Trollope. The really weak part of the story is the plot, and the lucky coincidences that are so constantly happening. Its strong points are its knowledge of the world, and the happy sayings, which the author hits off without seemingly the slightest effort. Thus, to take one or two at random. "Prince Muchtofriski loved his country, but not liking the ways of its rulers, and being unable to change them, lived abroad. 'Die for Poland!' he once said; 'yes, I can understand that; but live there—never!'" (Vol. ii. p. 123.) Again, old Lord Saltern thus soliloquizes:—"'I don't object to mothers; they often do more good than harm. A young girl like Louisa trusts entirely to her heart, which does not warm very readily to a man of my age. But the mother,

[2] "Land at Last." A Novel, in three books. By Edmund Yates. London: Chapman and Hall. 1866.

[3] "The Race for Wealth." A Novel. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1866.

[4] "The Second Mrs. Tillotson." A Story. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1866.

[5] "The Three Louisas." A Novel. By H. Sutherland Edwards. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1866.

no doubt, thinks she has a head, and we know how easily that may be turned.'" (Vol. ii. p. 115.) Once more, the schoolmistress, Mrs. Fitz-Henry, thus moralizes upon bells:—"'Oh! that's the bell for the girls to go into school. The more bells you ring the better; it gives a notion of order.'" (Vol. ii. 147.) But each chapter is crammed with good things, and the last volume is crammed with good chapters. The characters are all hit off, too, with a few brilliant strokes. Thus, Miss Rodgers, the good Puritanical old maid of the tale, is described as always "having a large supply of common sense on draught;" and the prodigal Flingsby, as "liking his angels fallen." The minor personages are all, too, drawn with equal force, from the stage-manager Turpin, who, though he would have "scorned to mix his wines, could not help now and then confusing his metaphors," down to the leading-article writer, O'Fiddle, who, whenever any of his friends died, "had always a tear and a paragraph to give them." All is light and sparkling. We do not remember so brilliant a novel since Mr. Whitty's "Friends in Bohemia." It is, however, but right to repeat, that the style is not high. As we have hinted, the higher requirements of art are all wanting. A great deal more is necessary for a good novel than sparkling dialogue and amusing situations. Mr. Sutherland Edwards doubtless knows this quite as well as we do. He probably, too, knows his own strength, and this is just what the majority of writers do not know. He makes, however, one or two mistakes even when he is on ground where he is strongest. Thus, he brings Louisa into scrapes that border upon farce; the illusion is thus destroyed. Again, he allows the names of his characters to smack too much of the nomenclature of the mere farce-writer. O'Fiddle, Haulingswell, and Muchtofriski, might pass on a Strand play-bill, but are decidedly out of place in a three volume novel. Few novelists are really happy with their names. Thackeray's are the neatest, and Dickens' the vulgarest. George Eliot's belong to the soil from whence she has drawn her scenes. The Poysers and Dodsons are familiar surnames to all those who know Derbyshire and Warwickshire. So much, then, for some of Mr. Edwards' faults. "The Three Louisas" is, we believe, his first novel; we sincerely trust that it will not be his last. We cannot afford to lose so much humour and wit. In novels also Halévy's words hold good—"Il est plus facile de faire dix andantes passables qu'un bon allegro."

Captain Colomb's[6] style is exactly the reverse of Mr. Edwards'. His descriptions are wearisome and his conversation wooden. Captain Colomb, we suppose, must have seen a good deal of the world, but he is perfectly unable to do justice to his knowledge. To write a novel is not the easy matter which is generally supposed. Captain Colomb's work, however, is a good sample of the ordinary style of literary workmanship. The best thing about it is the quotation on the title-page.

"Rosewarn"[7] is, we should suppose, a first attempt. It is a great advance upon Captain Colomb's performance, but it is no more a work of art than the "Shadows of Destiny." Half of our novelists appear to sit down to a novel without any plan. The chapter of accidents is their only idea of a plot. Description and conversation apparently have no other meaning except to fill up a certain number of pages. If novelists would for six months study Miss Austen, simply to learn the mere mechanical portion of a novel, a great improvement would soon be apparent. To draw character is the work of genius, and we do not look for character in the ordinary novel. But we have a right to demand a certain amount of interest, and this we cannot find in "Rosewarn." The best thing in it is the picture of Lady Rosewarn demanding to know what right beggars have to come and die in her park.

Like "Rosewarn," "Farnorth"[8] is also apparently another first attempt, and also apparently by a lady, although in the former we are fatigued with Latin quotations, and in the latter with reference to men's dress. "Farnorth," however, aims much higher than "Rosewarn." "Diamonds," "sparkling eyes," and "floods of tears," make up its staple. Everything is painted with the big brush. Tall talk takes the place of thought, and punning of wit.

After a long interval Mr. Harrison Ainsworth[9] again reappears. He again repeats the "big bow-wow" style, as Scott would say. His book reads like James and water. Here is the beginning:—

"On a fine day, in the early part of June, 1523, a splendid cavalcade, consisting of three hundred well-mounted gentlemen, habited in velvet, and each wearing a massive gold chain round his neck, entered the Forest of Fontainebleau from the side of Nemours, and proceeded along an avenue, bordered by noble trees, towards the palace. For the most part, the persons composing this brilliant troop were young and handsome cavaliers, whose looks and haughty bearing proclaimed their high birth; but there were some veterans among them, whose bronzed visages and martial deportments showed that they had served in many a hard campaign; but all were equally richly attired in the sumptuous livery of their leader—black velvet embroidered with gold—and their pourpoints and the housings of their steeds bore a princely badge, woven in gold, together with a sword wrought in the same material, which denoted that their lord held the office of Constable, one of the highest military dignities of France. The leader of the troop, a very striking personage, whom it was impossible to regard without interest, was a man of large stature, with handsome strongly-marked features, very stern in expression. An ample chest and muscular throat indicated the possession of great personal strength; but his frame, though stalwart, was admirably proportioned, and it was easy to discern, from the manner in which he bestrode his steed—a powerful black charger—that he was a consummate

[6] "The Shadows of Destiny." A Romance. By Captain Colomb. London: Chapman and Hall. 1866.

[7] "Rosewarn." A Novel. By C. Sylvester. London: Chapman and Hall. 1866.

[8] "Farnorth." By Theo. Kennedy. London: Chapman and Hall. 1866.

[9] "The Constable de Bourbon." By William Harrison Ainsworth. London: Chapman and Hall. 1866.

horseman. His looks and deportment were those of one accustomed to command. If not absolutely young, he was in the very prime of life, being just thirty-three. His complexion was swarthy, his eyes dark and piercing, and his beard, which he wore exceedingly long, black as jet. His fine-set mouth betokened inflexible resolution, whilst his towering forehead indicated great sagacity. Though he was magnificently arrayed, his bearing showed that he was not one of the silken gallants who thronged the gay and chivalrous court of Francois I., and who delighted in the banquet, the masquerade, or the tournay, but a hardy warrior, who had displayed prowess in the field, and could lead hosts to conquest. Like his followers, this noble-looking personage was clad in black velvet, but his habiliments were ornamented with precious stones. His girdle was set thick with gems, as was the handle of his poniard, and his plumed toque was ornamented in a similar manner." —Vol. i. pp. 3–6.

And here is the ending—

"Bourbon found a place of sepulture in the chapel of the Castle of Gaeta, where a magnificent monument was reared over him by his soldiers."—Vol. iii. pp. 291.

And now, with the beginning and the ending given, and a few phrases like "By Saint Denis!" and "Fair cousin," and "Foi de gentilhomme," and "Avaunt, false traitor, avaunt!" we believe that any reader of moderate ability may be able to construct the rest of Mr. Ainsworth's story.

As usual, after the novels volumes of poetry are the most numerous. Here they are in bindings of all colours,

"Violet, indigo, bleu, vert, jaune, orangè, rouge;"

and each containing about as much poetry as that famous Alexandrine. First of all comes Mr. Matthews,[10] apparently a Canadian, very orthodox and very loyal. He thus welcomes the Prince of Wales to Canada:—

"And the Celt and Saxon raise
The cheer that ever has thrilled,
When they dashed thine England's foes,
And triumphed on wave and field."

From this short extract it will be seen that Mr. Matthews' loyalty is better than his rhyme.

Miss Butcher's[11] poems may be recommended for their plain good sense. Thus she writes about the Future:—

"We are storing our gold and our silver
In a bank that will probably break,
But we never will think of its failure,
Each moment increases the stake."

After the money-panic of the past summer, and the recent commercial failure, this is sound advice; and, coming from a poet and a woman, is very remarkable. But all Miss Butcher's poems are distinguished by their common-sense. Thus, in a little piece on "Summer Pleasures," she well says:—

"Or let me be wandering
Where tempting fruits grow,
Where red currants glisten,
Where bright cherries glow;
Where gooseberries hang
Like to transparent gold,
And the strawberry peeps
From her leaf's sheltering fold."

This, we think, is far more sensible than sighing after "shady groves" and "purling brooks," as poets generally do in the summer time.

Mr. Bliss,[12] however, keeps to the old traditional style. Thus he makes Nero exclaim that Thecla is fairer

"Than clouds that glisten to the rainbow's gleam,
Or Zephyr's dalliance with the moonlit stream;
Why, how you tremble, as an aspen shade,
A startled fawn, or filly foal dismayed."

To compare your mistress to a "filly foal" is, however, both sporting and original. It is a positive relief to turn from such stuff to Professor Plumptre's new volume.[13] Professor Plumptre is not a poet in the widest sense of the term. He lacks creative power. His roses, though not artificial, give you the idea of being forced. Everywhere you see the marks of cultivation and the gloss of refinement. But art with him overpowers nature. We like him better in his translations than in his original pieces. His present volume will certainly add to his reputation. It is worthy to be put on the same shelf with Heber and his own favourite, Keble. He is, however, the poet of a class rather than of the multitude. With a few he will be a favourite.

Mr. Buchanan's "London Poems"[14] are defaced by one of the most sycophantic prefaces we ever read. The poems, however, are quite good enough for the occasion. The following lines are unintelligible:

"Cries of waves that anguished, and went white
Under the eyes of lightnings."

The following are untrue:—

"The leafy nook wherein
The chaffinch breasts her five blue speckled eggs."

For the eggs of the chaffinch are not blue. The following do not rhyme:—

"Then more of tipsiness and drunken dizziness,
And rage at things done in the way of business."

The following have neither rhyme nor reason:—

"Or the robe of a vestal virgin,
Or a nun's grey gabardine,
And keeping a brother and sister
By standing and looking divine."

For a nun does not wear a gabardine, and if she did it would not rhyme to "divine." So we might go on criticising. Mr. Buchanan

[10] "Poems." By Richard F. Matthews. London: Dawson and Brothers. 1866.

[11] "A Waif on the Stream." By S. M. Butcher. London: Trübner and Co. 1866.

[12] "Thecla." A Drama. By Henry Bliss. London: Williams and Norgate. 1866.

[13] "Master and Scholar." By E. H. Plumptre, M.A. London: Alexander Strahan. 1866.

[14] "London Poems." By Robert Buchanan. London: Alexander Strahan. 1866.

once promised better things, and we still hope he may yet accomplish them. At present, however, he appears to be quite spoilt by flattery and bad criticism.

One of the most interesting collections of poetry which have been lately published is the "Songs and Ballads of Cumberland."[15] How many people know anything of Miss Blamire? Yet she was the author of that most beautiful and pathetic of ballads beginning—

"And ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller hae to spare,
Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,
Nor think o' Donald mair.
O wha wad buy a silken gown
Wi' a poor broken heart?
Or what's to me a siller crown,
Gin frae my love I part?"

And yet Miss Blamire is unknown. Every one will, therefore, thank the editor for the conscientious way in which he has collected her pieces, and given us some account of her life. It was she, too, who wrote that other equally beautiful ballad, worth of Lady Anne Lindsay—

"What ails this heart o' mine?
What ails this watery e'e?
What gars me a' turn cauld as death
When I take leave of thee?
When thou art far awa,
Thou'lt dearer grow to me;
But change o' place and change o' folk
May gar thy fancy jee.

When I gae out at e'en,
Or walk at morning air,
Ilk rustling bush will seem to say
I us'd to meet thee there;
Then I'll sit down and cry,
And live aneath the tree,
And when a leaf fa's i' my lap
I'll ca't a word frae thee.

I'll hie me to the bower
That thou wi' roses tied,
And where, wi' mony a blushing bud,
I strove myself to hide.
I'll doat on ilka spot.
Where I ha'e been wi' thee,
And ca' to mind some kindly word
By ilka burn and tree.

Wi' sic thoughts i' my mind,
Time through the world may gae,
And find my heart in twenty years
The same as 'tis to-day.
'Tis thoughts that bind the soul,
And keep friends i' the e'e;
And gin I think I see thee aye,
What can part thee and me?"

This, in our opinion, is poetry full of truth and tenderness. Indeed, we should be disposed to look upon it as a critical touchstone, and to say that those who did not like it could not possibly appreciate true poetry. The line, "And live aneath the tree," is Shakspearian. The third stanza is a little weak. The "blushing bud" strikes us as somewhat false. But the last stanza is again perfect, both in thought and in expression. The editor, however, has not only collected the poems of Miss Blamire, but those of her friend and fellow poet, Miss Gilpin. She appears to have possessed more humour than Miss Blamire. Here, for example, is a short specimen from "The Village Club:"—

"I lives in a neat little cottage,
I rents me a neyce little farm,
On Sundays I dresses me handsome,
On Mondays I dresses me warm.
I goes to the sign of the Anchor,
I sits myself quietly down,
To wait till the lads are all ready,
For we hev' a club i' the town.

O lozes o' me! we are merry,
I nobbet but wish ye could hear;
Dick Spriggins he acts sae leyke players,
Ye niver heard naething sae queer.

* * * *

Then up wi' Dick Spriggins for ever!
May he leeve a' days of his life,
May his bairns be as honest as he's been,
And may he aye maister his wife."

This is noticeable for that peculiar vein of humour which has distinguished so many gifted women, notably the authoress of "Adam Bede," and the writer of the "Devonshire Dialogue," the sister of Sir Joshua Reynolds. But besides the songs of Miss Blamire and Miss Gilpin, will be found those of all the other Cumberland poets from Wordsworth to Relph. We wish we had room to give further specimens. We can only advise the reader to buy the book, and we feel sure that he, like ourselves, will be thankful to the editor. One fault only have we to find. The glossary is not full enough. It should, too, be illustrated by examples taken from various sources. The north-country dialect is fast disappearing, and a good glossary would give an additional value to the book. We trust Mr. Gilpin will not lose sight of this great want in a future edition, for another edition is sure to be required.

The translations this quarter are very poor. Klopstock[16] is little read in Germany, and still less in England. The new translation of the first canto of his "Messiah" will certainly not add to his popularity. The translation, however, is not so remarkable as a long note, where we learn that "alkohol was introduced by Satan into the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil in Paradise, before our first parents partook of it, and was attended with the very same effects then, which have followed its use ever since."

"Omega," in his preface to his translation of the first book of the "Iliad,"[17] opens up the

[15] "The Songs and Ballads of Cumberland." To which are added Dialect and other Poems. With Biographical Sketches, Notes, and Glossary. Edited by Sidney Gilpin. London: Routledge and Sons. 1866.

[16] "The First Canto of Klopstock's Messiah." Translated from the original German into English Heroic Metre. With an Appendix. Cambridge. 1866.

[17] "The First Book of the Iliad of Homer." Rendered in the Heroic Couplet by Omega. London: Hatchard and Co. 1866.

whole question of translation. We cannot go into the matter again. The question really now rests with the public. Neither "Omega's" preface nor translation alters our opinion so often expressed. We prefer the fragment which he gives us at the end from the eighth book, but it will not bear a moment's comparison with either Lord Derby's or Tennyson's version.

Mr. Cartwright has translated for us three plays of Euripides,[18] of which the Medea is in every way the finest. As he himself says, the general meaning, rather than an accurate rendering, has been given. The tide of popularity has lately set so strongly in favor of Sophokles and Æschylus, that both the beauties and peculiar views of the younger dramatist have been quite overlooked. We therefore feel grateful to Mr. Cartwright for his attempt. The rendering of the dialogue is better than that of the choruses. Few, we think, will see the beauty and melody of the original—

"Ανω ποταμῶν ἱερῶν χωροῦσι παγαὶ,
Καὶ δίκα καὶ πάντα πάλιν στρέφεται.
Ανδράσι μὲν δολίαι βουλαὶ, θεῶν δ'
Οὐκέτι πίστις ἄραρε.
Τὰν δ' ἐμὰν ἔυκλειαν ἔχειν βιοτὰν στρέψουσι φᾶμαι.
Ἔρχεται τιμὰ γυναικείῳ γένει,"

in the prosaic—

"Back flows the source of every sacred stream,
And justice, like all else, is turned aside.
Men's counsels are deceitful, and the faith
E'en of the Gods is scorned. But future fame
Will one day vindicate our character,
And give due honor to the female race."

The *τιμὰ γυναικείῳ γένει* is, however, we trust at last coming in the nineteenth century. And, as a first instalment of it, we must say we prefer the recent translations of Miss Swanwick and Mrs. Webster, as far as they can be compared, in every respect to Mr. Cartwright's. We trust they may be induced to attempt the task in which he has failed.

Volumes of essays are fast multiplying. The two most notable this quarter are the "Plain Papers,"[19] and the "Gentle Philosopher."[20] They are the representatives of two different classes. The author of the "Plain Papers" belongs to the matter-of-fact school, whilst the "Gentle Philosopher" is a kind of a cross between "A. K. H. B." and the "Manchester Man," of *Fraser's Magazine*. Of the two we certainly prefer "Pikestaff." He is at all events intelligible, which is more than we can always say for his rival. The reader, however, can judge for himself as to the merits of their respective styles, for it so happens that they have both given us essays on the same subject. "Pikestaff" entitles his paper "Timber Trees," and the "Gentle Philosopher," "On Trees." The former title is suggestive of practical utility, whilst the latter may mean anything. "Pikestaff" is plain and prosaic, the "Gentle Philosopher" slightly vague. Thus writes "Pikestaff":—

"There are a few oak trees of very great age to be found here and there in England, though their exact age cannot be known. These also are of immense size. We are told of one that measures 20 feet in girth at five feet above the ground, 68 feet round the roots, and that the branches grow to the extent of 48 feet from the trunk on every side, which would be upwards of 300 feet round. About fifty years ago the value of the timber in this single tree was more than £200. There was one in the county of Warwick which, near a hundred years ago, was 37 feet round at six feet above the ground."—p. 135.

Now this is good, solid information, which is worth knowing. The only fault we have to find is, that here, as elsewhere, no authorities for the statements are given. "We are told," is a little too vague. But listen to the "Gentle Philosopher" "On Trees."

"Trees are equally liberal in politics, and the slenderest sapling is entitled to a vote. The speakers hold forth just in proportion to their powers of oratory. The pompous, oily-tongued Cedar, however well he may descant upon the rights of Church and State, with a tear of enthusiasm in his eye, recalling the splendour of old families he has known in his day, is always respectful to his poetical friend the Willow."—p. 15.

This is simply sentiment run mad. But it is an excellent specimen of the whole book. We should call it the worst of styles, did we not know what nonsense Mr. Halliday[21] can write. He, too, is the representative of another school of sentimental humour. He takes a place somewhere between Mr. Yates and Dickens. His style is loud, and his mirth noisy. We have, however, some regard for the humour of Addison and Lamb, and this, perhaps, accounts for our disliking both the writings of Mr. Halliday and the "Gentle Philosopher."

Mr. Hannay[22] widely differs from the Cockney *γελωτοποιὸς*. Everything that he writes is marked by thought and cultivation. He can interest us without the aid of buffoonery. He has no need of the stereotyped horse-collar grin. His humour is grave and dignified. After Thackeray, his satire is the most trenchant of the present generation. His "Satire and Satirists" may be put side by side with the "English Humorists." Still, he has, in our opinion, very grave faults. There is a sort of "damn-the-people" air about all that he writes. He does not, indeed, belong to the silver-fork, but the silver-spoon school. He is constantly knocking us down with the latter instrument. Pedigrees, titles, family-trees are his mania. In literature, at all events, we might be spared this sort of thing. But Mr. Hannay is always dragging it before us. In his present work we

[18] "Translations from Euripides." By J. Cartwright, A.M. London: D. Nutt and Co. 1866.

[19] "Plain Papers by Pikestaff." London: N. Trübner and Co. 1866.

[20] "The Gentle Philosopher; or, Home Thoughts for Home Thinkers." London: James Blackwood and Co. 1866.

[21] "Sunnyside Papers." By Andrew Halliday. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1866.

[22] "A Course of English Literature." By James Hannay. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1866.

are reminded that Herrick was "of a Leicestershire family;" that Lovelace was a "ruined Cavalier;" that Fielding was "sprung from princes and warriors;" that Smollet, had he lived, would have succeeded to the "ancient family estate;" whilst, on the other hand, it is carefully noted, that there was something about Defoe "*bourgeois* and pertinaciously matter-of-fact, like the birth, position, and career of the man," and that Richardson was "the son of a trader, and a trader himself." A scholar like Mr. Hannay has no need to wear plush. Setting this fault aside, "A course of English literature" may be commended both for its style, and on the whole, for its critical power. We think that Mr. Hannay looks back upon the past with too strong a bias, and does not sufficiently appreciate the tendencies of the present day. We are inclined, too, to question his judgments on the literary powers of Disraeli and Bulwer. We are surprised, too, at some of the omissions; as, for instance, the name of Miss Austen from the novelists of the past, and that of "George Eliot" from those of the present. But, on the whole, the book is very readable, and also very characteristic of the writer.

The old-fashioned topographical quarto or folio is fast disappearing. "Murray" is driving them out of the library. Now and then a solitary specimen appears like Thompson's Boston. This is much to be regretted. The light handbook, containing a week's holiday in Yorkshire, or a three-days' visit to the Land's End, is only fit to live for those exact periods of time. We are glad, therefore, to see an intermediate class springing up. Mr. Nall's work[23] is a very favourable specimen of the kind. And we call especial attention to it, because such books are likely to be overlooked. They are not in request at the railway stall or at Mudie's. Mr. Nall's volume, however, is deserving of far more than a merely local reputation. Every one who cares to know something of the eastern coast of England should read it. It embraces, too, a very wide field. Chapters on the natural history, geology, and archæology of the district are given. And they are written too with great care and knowledge. No man, however, can hope to know everything. And we should advise Mr. Nall to call in some assistance, more especially in the ornithological portion, where some inaccuracies and misprints appear. The most valuable chapter, however, is that on the Dialect and Provincialisms of East Anglia. Especial pains have here been taken. Mr. Nall has not only availed himself of the labours of his predecessors and fellow-workers in the same district, but has carefully collated the East-Anglian forms with those in other countries. Generally speaking the local glossarist is ignorant of all other dialects but his own, and consequently the value of his labours is much impaired. For the etymologist Mr. Nall's glossary will thus have a peculiar value. For the mere visitor we have only to add that the descriptions of local scenery, and the local history, are written in a plain, sensible style, and that the work is made doubly useful by the addition of several good maps.

Herr Björnson's[24] style is so utterly different from anything we are at present accustomed to in England, that the translators must not be surprised at his not winning an immediate popularity. A novel that relies only on a quiet vein of humour, delicate fancy, and poetry, can have no chance against the sensational stories of murder and bigamy which have, thanks to the *Times*, become so popular. For those, however, who do not require such stimulants, "Arne" may be recommended as a true prose idyl. At times, perhaps, it is a little too fanciful for the sober, unimaginative English intellect, as in the opening chapter. The music is a little too weird; but when once we have become accustomed to the strain, it wins us over. It is, in fact, a fairy book for men and women.

Of French works there is an unusually small supply. Amongst the novels, however, may be selected "Les Extrêmes."[25] Its author is already well known in England. The title hardly serves to indicate the scope and tendency of the writing. For it has been always by avoiding anything extravagant that J. T. de Saint-Germain has won his reputation. Here, too, however, the same good taste as in his other books prevails. Dedicated to the late Dr. Baffos, the most interesting chapter is "La Maison du Docteur."

We should have been far more pleased to have had a continuous essay on Dante and Goethe, and their times, from Daniel Stern,[26] than a series of dialogues. For dialogues, when unrelieved by descriptive passages, are sure to become wearisome, and when relieved by them, as in the present case, are apt to distract the reader's attention. So much allowance, too, has to be made for each speaker's individuality, that we are never sure that we have caught the author's real drift. If we attempt to criticise any particular passage, we find that we are only criticising the opinion of an individual speaker. The dialogue here is, however, always clever, and sometimes subtle. But we cannot possibly analyse the speeches. The setting, however, we may add, is charmingly managed, and the descriptions of scenery very beautiful.

Recent events have, perhaps, made Shakspeare's "Julius Cæsar" popular in France. Certain it is that two translations of it—one by M. Barbier, and another by M. Carlhant—have

[23] "Great Yarmouth and Lowestoft: a Handbook for Visitors and Residents." With chapters on the Archæology, Natural History, &c., &c., of the District; a History with statistics, of the East Coast Herring Fishery; and an Entymological and Comparative Glossary of the Dialect of East Anglia. By John Greaves Nall. London: Longmans, Green, Reader, and Dyer. 1866.

[24] "Arne." A Sketch of Norwegian Country Life. By Björnstjerne Björnson. Translated from the Norwegian by Augusta Plesner and S. Rugely-Powers. London: Alexander Strahan. 1866.

[25] "Les Extrêmes." Legende. Par J. T. de Saint-Germain. Paris: Jules Tardieu. 1866.

[26] "Dante et Goethe." Dialogues. Par Daniel Stern. Paris: Didier et C^ie^. 1866.

appeared within the last ten years. And now we have a third.[27] "Julius Cæsar" does not present so many difficulties to the translator in the way of archaisms as some other plays; but how untranslatable some of his most familiar passages are may be learnt by M. de Chatelain's version of "Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war—"

"Sus ! sus ! pas de quartier ! que les chiens de la guerre
On les lâche," &c.

M. Barbier is certainly happier with—

"Carnage ! et laissera sans frein
Aboyer et bondir les dogues de la guerre ;"

but it is not Shakspeare. And each new translation only shows how impossible it is to render him in French.

With regard to French artists, no one will deny the great power of Doré.[28] We cannot, however, congratulate the editor on his selection. The illustrations from "Captain Castagnette" are intensely vulgar both in design and execution. Of the others we prefer the forest scenery in Perrault's "Fairy Tales." There is true poetry in the lines of the fir trunks and the curve of the fir branches. The roots, however, are disfigured by over-grotesqueness. The same fault, though less conspicuous, may be found in the scenes in the wood in the "Inferno."

Of dictionaries and school books it is impossible to form any opinion without having put them to the practical test of use. We must, however, give Blackley and Friedländer's Dictionary[29] great praise for its typography and mechanical arrangement. As far, too, as we have examined it, the promises in the preface, of conciseness and facility of reference, have been faithfully kept. Two German Exercise and Reading Books[30] may here be noticed as being up to the usual mark of the series to which they belong.

As usual, too, we have to acknowledge several novels in Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co.'s excellent series of monthly volumes.[31]

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[27] "Julius César." Tragédie en 5 Actes de W. Shakspeare. Traduite en vers Français. Par le Chevalier de Chatelain. Rolandi. 1866.

[28] "A Dozen Specimens of Gustave Doré, from his 'Inferno of Dante,' 'Fairy Tales of Perrault,' and 'Capain Castagnette of Manuel.'" London: Samuel Orchart Beeton. 1866.

[29] "A Practical Dictionary of the German and English Languages." By the Rev. William Lewery Blackley, M.A., and Carl Martin Friedländer, M.D., Ph.D. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1866.

[30] (1.) "The Little Scholar's First Step in the German Language." By Mrs. Falk Lebahn. (2.) "The Little Scholar's First Step in German Reading." Containing Fifty Short Moral Tales by Christoph von Schmid. With Grammatical Notes and a Complete Vocabulary, by Mrs. Falk Lebahn. London: Lockwood and Co. 1866.

[31] (1) "An Old Debt." By Florence Dawson. (2.) "Uncle Crotty's Relations." By Herbert Glyn. (3.) "Grey's Court." Edited by Lady Chatterton. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1866.

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